THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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For Employed Chauffeurs

$5,000 In 208 Cash PRIZES

Important to Car Owners

THIS Third Annual Ajax Tire Mileage Contest for Employed Drivers of cars, now in progress, is of great importance to car owners. These tire mileage competitions were organized by us two years ago to inspire drivers to take more care and better care of tires, and to demonstrate that conserving the owner's tire investment by guarding against abuse, misuse and neglect, makes for *tire economy*. The opportunity is ours, too, to reward chauffeurs who realize the highest mileage.

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For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young

These "Nothing" Coats

Are the Features of Six New Summer Models

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They combine style and *utility* in a most unusual way. See if you want to wear clothes that lack these qualities. Note what these models mean in summer.

Called "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits

These new models are known as "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits because of their perfect comfort.

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These clothes are for business or general wear—not merely for outing use.

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Society Brand prices range from $20 up—dress clothes from $35 up.

No Garment is genuine unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

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SUSPICION

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

OLD RELIABLE had his suspicions. Zack suspected that young white man from the first minute Colonel Spottiswoode brought him home and ordered Mr. Fenton's gripsacks into that big front room on the left-hand side of the hall. It didn't convince Zack for all the quality folks to make a fuss over Mr. Fenton. No trouble to fool white folks. And the Colonel would take up with anybody that talked nice about cotton, like a woman making friends with the stranger who notices her baby. And, moreover, Zack didn't approve of the way that city man kept gallivanting round Miss Betty.

Of course Zack couldn't breathe his distrust to the Colonel; niggers had no business totin' tales between white folks. Neither could he talk in the kitchen, being married to Selina, who conducted kitchen conversation.

It was nearly dusk, and none of the white folks had come home. Zack and Selina were upstairs, alone in the Colonel's sitting room. Zack simmered with suspicion and sparred for an opening.

"Seliny, I thinks ——"

"What wid?"

Selina had a grouch. This was her regular church night, and Colonel had just telephoned that he expected some friends at eight o'clock, and to fix things.

"Den on top o' dat," Selina grumbled, "Miss Betty tuk a notion to give a dance in de hall downstairs."

The competent woman flung newspapers and magazines from the Colonel's table, then wheeled: "Zack, quit grinnin' at me like a baked possum. Go git dat julep tray."

"I Will Pay You Half a Million Dollars—Cash"

Far be it from Zack to renew a touchy argument with Selina. He tried to hold in; he retreated as far as the door, then his mouth tore loose: "I don't care how much money Mr. Fenton is got, he ain't no more'n po' white trash."

Selina had waddled to the corner with both hands full of books. She could only stop and glare. "Dry up, Zack, low-ratin' Cunnel's comp'ny."

Zack got prudently out of the door, then thrust in his head and added: "Seliny, I ain't no Jeremiah, but I prophesy Mr. Fenton is fixin' to grab sumpin'."

The huge woman backed herself, came about ponderously as a steamboat, and headed for Zack. "Grab sumpin'! What you mean?"

"O' cose white folks don't grab things same as niggers; he'll grab de cotehouse, or some o' Cunnel's plantations."

Selina stopped and eyed him scornfully. "Don't Mr. Fenton give you a dollar eve'y time you turns round?"

"Yes, an' soon as he turns round I bites dat dollar to make sho it's good—Look out, Seliny, here dey come." Zack hustled out the door, passing a tall old man in a white linen suit, who stood aside and pointed the way for his guest.

"Now, Mr. Fenton, I have shown you some of the richest cotton lands on the globe. Thirty years ago millions of those acres were not considered worth the taxes."

"Our syndicate will be keenly interested," Fenton nodded.

Fenton and Spottiswoode belonged to different worlds, distinct as was the pliant panama from the stiff-brimmed, accurately shaped straw that Fenton wore. It wasn't so much the difference between slender young manhood and sturdy age; between gray hairs and glossy black; between the nattiest of fashionable attire and the comfortable negligence of the Colonel's linens. Their clean-cut differentiation lay deeper. Fenton had mastered the externals of good breeding until they became more than an appearance. Irreproachable manners fitted him as perfectly as his clothes or business habits. But he could discard them as a garment that did not suit the function.

Courtesy in Colonel Spottiswoode was quite unconscious, being the applied kindness of his heart. As Zack expressed it: "Cunnel never makes a nigger feel like a nigger."

When Zack entered with the julep tray Colonel was still talking about cotton and Fenton politely attentive. But the negro saw that Fenton was not interested until the Colonel inquired: "Zack, where is Miss Betty?"

Zack grinned maliciously. "Ain't come in yit. She gone ridin' wid Mr. Murray Duncan."

At mention of Murray Duncan the handsome young New Yorker tossed his head with a start of surprise. Zack noticed that he was paying attention.

The Colonel was pleased. "I did not know that Mr. Duncan had arrived."

"Yas, suh, he telephoned up from de evenin' train. Him an' Miss Betty rid off together." It tickled Zack to see the frown deepen on Fenton's face.

He kept arranging and rearranging the julep tray, trying to stay and see what happened.

"Come 'long, Zack." Selina caught his arm and made him follow her downstairs to prepare for Miss Betty's dance.

Unaware that his guest was not listening, the amiable Spottiswoode pursued that topic which lay nearest to his heart: "It sounds like Aladdin's tale, the way those lands have developed and increased in value. For instance, when Betty's father died I invested two hundred dollars of her money in wild land, at one dollar an acre. Put some negroes on it, rent free for five years; they put the jungles into cultivation. After that the crops paid for Betty's clothing, education and a trip abroad. Two weeks ago she sold it for one hundred dollars per acre—cash."

"Remarkable! Remarkable!" Fenton replied absently. He was considering the awkward mischance which brought himself and Murray Duncan into the same house. This was an unforeseen accident, and he shrewdly calculated how it might be used to his advantage.

Colonel Spottiswoode rose. "Mr. Fenton, we ought to be dressing. The young people will soon arrive."

Fenton stood undecided as the Colonel laid a hand upon the knob of his own door. But Fenton was no man to hesitate; he had not gained his millions by dillydally methods.

"One moment, Colonel." Concisely he stated the proposition: "I have found something more important to me than cotton lands—being deeply interested in your niece."

"What, in four days?"

"In four minutes."

The Colonel looked at him with a big, broad smile, good-humored and wholly friendly.

"Why, bless my soul, Fenton!" he said, laying a hand upon the young man's shoulder. "Have you spoken to Betty?"

"No, not finally—that is, we were interrupted."

"Mr. Fenton, naturally I should advise Betty. But she will make her own choice, and ——"

"Has already made it?"

"That's for Betty to say."

Given a fair opportunity Fenton could have wormed this information from the Colonel himself, of which that gentleman was possibly aware, for he turned to welcome the light, swift steps that came running upstairs. Brown-haired Betty burst into the room: "Oh, Uncle, Uncle, Murray came very near getting killed," with a friendly nod to Fenton.

"What?"

"We rode up to Lake Moccasin, and were sitting on that big log talking about old times. I left my vanity box. Murray went back for it, while I waited in the road—and heard the pistol shot. When Murray came out I made him tell me what happened. A drunken man had found my box and wouldn't give it up. Murray tried to reason with him. The man jerked a pistol from his fishing basket and Murray snatched it away. And, he says, it went off accidentally."

"Oh, well, there was nobody hurt."

"No. The man fell and knocked his head against a tree; he was very drunk. Now, Mr. Fenton, don't smile like that. I know you think we are all desperadoes."

"Worse things happen in New York."

"Oh, I nearly forgot my party." Betty scarcely paused for breath. "Get ready quickly, Mr. Fenton; the girls are expecting you to teach them all the new dances."

"Not the new ones," Fenton laughed. "Remember, I've been away from New York more than a week."

Betty hurried to her room, glancing back as she went: "Uncle, Murray will be here about fifteen minutes to eight. Wants to confer with you before the bankers come."

Fenton held his face discreetly blank, although he knew exactly what Murray Duncan had come all the way from Central America to get—thirty thousand dollars, which Fenton had come from New York to see that he didn't get.

With Betty gone there was no temptation for Fenton to linger. He opened a door opposite the Colonel's and dressed in haste. Haste with Fenton never implied a lack of care, yet with apparent carelessness he left his door ajar—and listened. He had finished dressing some minutes before Betty reappeared, then strolled out, immaculate.

"Miss Spottiswoode, may I detain you just a moment, please?"

The most fastidious connoisseur of women could have found no fault with Betty. Fenton looked for none. He dropped his hat on a chair, moving between her and the door. "How perfectly stunning you are! You'd create a sensation in New York."

"Wouldn't that be fun?" Betty laughed; then with a shake of the head: "No New York for me, not this year. Uncle says he simply will not go."

The girl tried to pass him and get out, but Fenton stood squarely in her way. For the first time since maturity he found himself speaking impulsively, without balancing to a nicety the weight of every word.

"Then go with me! With me! Answer now. I shall be here only two days longer and never come back, unless ——" He was striving to look into her averted face.

This headlong attack disconcerted Betty, routed her from that surest of all refuges, her sense of humor. Fenton had made love to her, of course, being Uncle Beverly's guest. They had fenced charmingly for points. Now the buttons were off their foils. He refused to be turned aside with a laugh.

"Betty, you may live in New York. No woman shall have better position. We shall spend July and August in Switzerland or at Deauville. This autumn I go to Russia to inspect our beet-sugar plantations. When the cold comes we shall fly away to Central America, a wonderful, make-believe mountain republic, looking after our silver mines in marvelous little Astorga."

"Astorga!" Betty grasped at the chance, looked up in frank surprise and repeated: "Astorga!"

Fenton realized instantly that he had said too much, and for the moment it confused him.

Zack shuffled in with a telegram. He knew from the way they were standing, not looking at each other, that "Mr. Fenton done overspoke hisse'f about sumpin'."

"Telegram, Miss Betty, fer Mister Murray."

She read and re-read the address, which gave time to remobilize herself. "Thank you, Zack; put it on the table."

Which Zack did, and went out shaking his head.

"Astorga—that's very queer." Betty was skirmishing back to neutral territory. "We have a friend—Mr. Duncan—who owns a silver mine in Astorga. He'll be here to-night—that telegram is for him."

Having attracted his attention to the yellow envelope Betty dodged past him and reached the door:

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Fenton, until the girls arrive." Then she was gone.

Abruptly Fenton turned to that telegram lying on the table, addressed to R. M. Duncan. It might as well have been addressed to himself. Fenton opened it, and smiled grimly as he read that a New Orleans banker would be glad to lend thirty thousand dollars to Mr. Duncan, but unfortunately had no available funds until July third.

Fenton deftly resealed the envelope and kept smiling. His New Orleans agents were not asleep. Now he must see that Duncan also failed to get the money in Vicksburg.

He crossed to the telephone and peremptorily rang up his lawyer. His voice became dictatorial:

"Look here, Adams, why didn't you inform me that Duncan had arrived? That's what I'm paying you for. Call up every one of those bankers to-night, now. I'm at Colonel Spottiswoode's. . . . No, I dare not phone from here. If Duncan attempts to borrow money they are to notify me. . . . What? . . . This is a mere business precaution, and you are not so squeamish about taking my fee. . . . Very well, I shall rely on you."

"How Perfectly Stunning You Are!"

There was something lovable about the unselfish curiosity of that white-haired, big-framed man who went downstairs to meet Murray Duncan, eager to find out what his young friend meant by that mystifying long-distance call from New Orleans. Duncan waited restlessly in the den, when he might have been helping Betty in the pantry, which was significant to begin with. He greeted the Colonel very quietly, closed the door and remained standing. The fervid tropics had scorched his cheeks; his eyes, always direct, had now become steady. But the laugh had gone out of them. For Murray shouldered the responsibilities of a tottering enterprise.

"My boy, you're looking fit as a fiddlestring!"

"Yes; they can't get my health away from me."

"Sit down; sit down. What's wrong?" The Colonel sat; Murray kept his feet.

"I must pay thirty thousand dollars to the Astorga Government before July first."

"Do you owe it?"

"Yes, the final payment on our concession."

"Then where's the hitch?"

"I can't get the money."

"What! Can't raise thirty thousand?"

"Only need nineteen thousand more. I sold Bannockburn in New Orleans for eleven thousand cash."

"Eleven! Bannockburn is worth fifty!" This sacrifice of his father's favorite plantation convinced the Colonel of Duncan's desperate need for cash. Briefly, Duncan outlined the situation, with much of which the Colonel was already familiar. Ten years ago General Duncan opened their mine under a concession from the Astorga Government. They spent four hundred and eighty thousand dollars developing the most valuable silver property in Central America, and met all obligations except this final payment. Francesco Oveda, President of the Republic, was their stanch friend. He told Murray to go ahead, furnish employment to his people, and the government would wait. Then a revolution broke out and Oveda was assassinated. The new Dictator assured Murray that he could arrange this last payment to meet his own convenience.

"Then why such a rush?" Spottiswoode broke in.

"Well, Colonel, the Dictator is lying to me. That revolution was instigated and financed by the Zunita Securities Company—the money trust, you know—for the purpose of absorbing our mine. If I fail to pay that thirty thousand on the first of July my concession will be declared forfeited, and will be turned over to the Zunita. Of course they'll slip the Dictator a hundred thousand or so."

"Why not borrow? You have unlimited credit."

The old gentleman listened incredulously as Murray told him how the bankers in Astorga, usually anxious to lend him a hundred thousand at a time, had been warned off by their government. Failing to raise a dollar in Astorga he came to New Orleans, where the bankers delayed him with polite evasions.

"Murray, I can't understand that. You've never had trouble getting money in New Orleans."

The boy smiled. "Can't you see, Colonel? The Zunita Company controls the banks. That's why I telephoned you and came home, as a last resort."

"All right; we'll show 'em that sort of thing doesn't go in Vicksburg."

"Don't deceive yourself, Colonel. Their spies knew every move I made in New Orleans, and they won't overlook Vicksburg. I thought if you got the bankers here to-night you might raise the money in your name."

The amiable Colonel was no child. He had successfully managed his large and deeply involved properties. But at this season of the year every dollar was invested in growing crops, returns from which were not yet coming in, which made him a very large borrower.

"Murray, I'm sorry not to have that much cash myself. But I can get it for you in twenty minutes. Come upstairs. Archer and Barnes will be here at eight."

"No, sir; I'll keep out of the way until you get the money." Twice in New Orleans he had apparently settled negotiations when the bankers had backed out, giving flimsy reasons.

The Colonel's eyes twinkled as Duncan alluded to this angle of the situation, wire-pulling being difficult for him to comprehend. He rose with a smile. "Consider it settled."

"But, Colonel, I must leave Vicksburg to-morrow night at ten-thirty. That's the last train to catch my steamer."

"You can catch the one-forty-five to-morrow afternoon."

When his banker friends arrived Colonel Spottiswoode led them upstairs, where they were accustomed to play bridge. Archer and Spottiswoode were about the same age, but John Archer ran decidedly to rotundity and curves. Worthington Barnes, younger, slighter and with side-whiskers, prided himself upon injecting modern vigor into the musty banking business.

"Sit down, boys. Hate to invite you here for a business conference," their host apologized.

John Archer squeezed his amplitude into a huge chintz-covered chair, and nodded comfortably at the julep tray. "Here's something better than a conference."

"We'll get to that—presently." The Colonel faced them both. "I want nineteen thousand dollars to-morrow morning, for sixty days."

Archer's fat arms were barely long enough to lace his fingers across his paunch. When Spottiswoode mentioned money Archer's fingers slipped: "See here, Spot, thought I was going to hear something, after all this mystery."

Barnes had a sharp nose for poking into puzzles, and there was no puzzle—it was good banking. "I'll take the loan," he spoke briskly, "or give Mr. Archer half."

Archer nodded. "Sure, Spot, I'll handle it for you—all or any part. Now we can pass on to legitimate affairs," smacking his lips at the julep tray.

"Good! We've got business off our chest." The Colonel smiled his complete satisfaction and moved toward Fenton's door. "That's what I told Murray Duncan when he phoned from New Orleans—I could get that money for him in ten minutes."

"Duncan!" The word came with a snap from Barnes as he sat bolt upright. Barnes had been discreetly advised, from a certain powerful quarter, against making a thirty-thousand-dollar loan to the Duncan Syndicate before July first. It was good banking to follow suggestions from that powerful quarter. Nobody had politely suggested that he had better not lend nineteen thousand to Colonel Spottiswoode. His nose got keener and more suspicious as he glanced at Mr. Archer.

Archer's fingers came unlaced again; both hands gripped the arms of his chair. With an expression of almost silly astonishment he was watching the Colonel. Then Archer looked quickly at Barnes and Barnes looked at Archer. Until that illuminating instant neither of them knew that the same veiled intimation from the same powerful quarter had been made to anybody else. Their eyes met; their minds met; each knew that both knew. Which happened swiftly, before the Colonel could reach Fenton's door.

"Hold on, Spot," Archer blurted out; "you say this money is for Murray Duncan?"

"Yes." He knocked on Fenton's door. "Murray needs it to make final payment on his silver-mining concessions in Astorga. Mr. Fenton! Oh, Fenton! We are now prepared to initiate you into the gentle art of making a julep."

The Colonel's first call of "Fenton" seemed to be a cue for Barnes and Archer to bound to their feet and look startled. Both dropped back into their chairs, simulating indifference, when Fenton appeared, linked his arm into the Colonel's and came toward them, his face betraying no other thought than to enjoy the genial humor of his host.

"Mr. Fenton, there never was but one mixologist in New York who could build a proper julep. But he commenced pandering to depraved tastes, and I had to quit him. Pardon me, gentlemen—Mr. Fenton, Mr. Archer; and this is Mr. Barnes, Mr. Fenton."

Fenton played perfectly his part; the local talent did not do so well. Zack would have had suspicions that the gentlemen were no strangers. The Colonel had none.

Having served a friend in need, joviality and happiness radiated from the Colonel's face. These trusted neighbors, this stranger within his gates, were to partake of his simple hospitality.

"Zack! Oh, Zack! Crushed ice. Archer, you and Barnes sit down. Mr. Fenton, stand here please and watch closely."

A white-haired conjurer of good cheer, he stood erect behind his own table, with hands outspread above the decanter and mystical ingredients which waited the magic of his touch. Glances passed between Fenton and the others. The Colonel saw them not. Deceit, mistrust and all uncharitableness had no place beneath his roof.

Zack entered with a flourish and a bowl of crushed ice. Betty made her charming little old-fashioned curtsey at the door: "Uncle, can I help?"

"Certainly, dear, always."

After the Colonel had made the juleps, Betty garnished the cups and stuck in the straws.

Nobody seemed inclined to say anything, so Betty started a little diverting conversation: "Uncle, Mr. Fenton also has silver mining interests in Astorga."

"Good. Maybe he knows Murray Duncan."

Fenton reached for his julep, but the Colonel stopped him. "Be not tumultuous nor overhasty. A julep, sir, is not an incident, it is a function."

Betty knew it, she just knew it: something was wrong—four men sipping juleps, and three of them speaking not a solitary word.

Suddenly the Colonel turned to Zack: "Here, Zack! Oh, Zack, run downstairs and tell Mr. Duncan to come up."

Betty didn't know that Murray was in the house. What did it all mean?

Old John Archer wriggled in his chair, which was a tight fit. Barnes pushed aside his scarcely tasted glass. Betty saw that Mr. Barnes wanted to say something, and felt that she was in the way.

The emergency of Duncan's coming caught Fenton unprepared. He hated anything rough, or a scene, in the way of business—it was so crude, so primitive; his favorite methods were more adroit. He must think of something at once, for Duncan was rapidly mounting the stairs.

From the dead silence of that room Betty knew that she was out of place, glanced at the clock and rose: "Those girls will be coming in a few minutes."

Fenton promptly sprang up: "Permit me! I'll go with you."

Something more important than a julep was calling Murray upstairs. Betty could tell that much from the expectant air with which he entered. Her uneasiness increased, not at anything that Murray did or said, it was just the way he looked at her. Barnes and Archer scarcely glanced up. Even her uncle acted as if he were hiding something.

"Oh, here you are, Murray." Betty tried to appear at ease. "Mr. Fenton, let me introduce Mr. Duncan."

John Archer gripped the arms of his chair and ducked his head for artillery. There was none. As a matter of fact Duncan had never seen Fenton, and the name in Vicksburg suggested nothing. Cordially he exchanged greetings with Betty's friend, but showed no disposition to linger. Still less did Fenton. He and Betty passed down the stairs.

John Archer let out a long breath, then grabbed it in again. Here was old Bev. Spottiswoode to be reckoned with. Barnes sat up, uncomfortably rigid, bracing himself for a bad five minutes. Banking complications of this sort should be adjusted by correspondence.

"Come in, Murray," the Colonel nodded genially.

Mr. Archer and Mr. Barnes had always been good friends of the Duncan family; Murray now failed to observe their lack of enthusiastic welcome.

"Sit down, Murray." The Colonel shoved a cup toward him. "Here's your julep. Needn't hurry; everything is satisfactorily arranged."

"Good!" His face showed how good it was—the julep and the news.

Barnes was anxious for Archer to begin. Archer waited for Barnes to draw the first and heaviest fire. Being the more placid Archer could sit still the longer. Barnes fidgetted and began with a jerk: "Wait a minute, Colonel, let's talk it over."

Spottiswoode shook his head with good-humored finality. "No more business to-night. Fix up the papers to-morrow."

Barnes squirmed out to the edge of his chair; he didn't look at anybody. "I never understood that this money was going out of the country."

At the first hint of objection Murray Duncan realized that these men had been coached. He listened needlessly, well knowing what they would say.

Spottiswoode demolished their arguments, driving them from one subterfuge to another, until Barnes finally admitted: "We have influential connections who object to this character of loan."

Then Duncan leaned forward and tried to catch Barnes' eye. "This character of loan, or this particular loan? Say it."

"This particular loan." Barnes fumbled his cup.

"To me?" Directly and straight at him.

"To you," Barnes answered into space.

Archer hadn't said a word, but kept nodding his concurrence. Spottiswoode disliked addressing a man who refused to look at him, so he turned to Archer.

"Well, John, what's your objection to Murray Duncan?"

His blunt question took Archer unawares, and jolted out a reply: "You'll have to ask Mr. Fenton."

"Mr. Fenton?" It surprised the Colonel.

"Fenton!" Duncan ejaculated. The name had a sinister familiarity, and he ransacked his mind to recall it.

Archer shrank deeper in his chair. Barnes scowled at him for letting out the cat.

To the straightforward Colonel this clarified the situation. "I did not know of Mr. Fenton's being interested in your banks." He started to the door.

"Wait, Colonel."

"Hold on, Spot."

The Colonel neither waited nor held on. He leaned over the balustrade and called: "Zack! Oh, Zack, say to Mr. Fenton that I should be obliged if he will kindly join us." Then, turning back into the room: "Now we shall settle this in short order."

Archer lifted a fat, protesting hand. "Don't bring Mr. Fenton up here, Spot, don't! I can fix this for you, say, on July second."

"July second!" These words lifted Duncan to his feet. Every man of them realized that they were not dealing with a boy.

"Mr. Archer, would you mind telling me who instructed you to say that?"

Archer had made another slip, being unaccustomed to stand with the wicked in slippery places. Duncan pressed him. "Bankers in New Orleans repeated that same lesson with sheeplike unanimity—'after July first'—the date on which my payment is due in Astorga. Who told you to say that?"

Archer sat glum; Barnes kept fumbling his cup. The Colonel's face hardened into granite lines. Nobody spoke until Fenton, the perfection of composure, looked in at the door and shook his head: "Thanks, Colonel, I can't join you in another julep, one's my limit."

It was neatly done, and Fenton might have got away with it but for the Colonel's promptness. "Don't go, Mr. Fenton," catching his arm. "Pardon my insistence, but come in."

When Betty had presented this stranger Murray had scarcely looked at him. Even now, under steady search, the New Yorker's face recalled nothing. But the name that flashed to Duncan—a certain J. Lawrence Fenton was third vice-president of the Zunita Securities Company. Fenton betrayed no annoyance. The personification of graceful deference, he listened to the Colonel.

"Mr. Fenton, I regret to interrupt your evening; this is no place to talk business. But our friends here seem to be laboring under a misapprehension."

"Indeed? How so?" with polite interest, but no more.

"These bankers agreed to advance me nineteen thousand dollars. They learn it is for Mr. Duncan, and decline because of your objections. I merely want you to set them straight."

Fenton stiffened perceptibly: "My objections? Who brought my name into it?"

John Archer glanced up. "I did. It slipped."

"You should not have let it slip."

Spottiswoode lifted a pacifying hand: "That's all right, Mr. Fenton. Nobody repeats what passes here. Just tell 'em to go ahead."

For one tense moment of absolute stillness Duncan and the Colonel looked to Fenton; Barnes and Archer looked down. Fenton stepped forward. It was as if their rightful leader had thrown aside disguise and assumed command. With firm hand resting upon the table he announced: "Can't do it, Colonel. I represent interests antagonistic to those of the Duncan Syndicate."

Colonel Spottiswoode settled back slowly into his chair. What he had derided as a wild tale of Murray Duncan's now confronted him as an actuality. Cut-throat finance was invading his own house. He had read such ravings in partisan newspapers; flannel-mouthed demagogues were always ranting about them from the stump. Here was the fight at his own table. And there sat sturdy John Archer, his friend from boyhood, lifting no finger to stop this monstrous wrong.

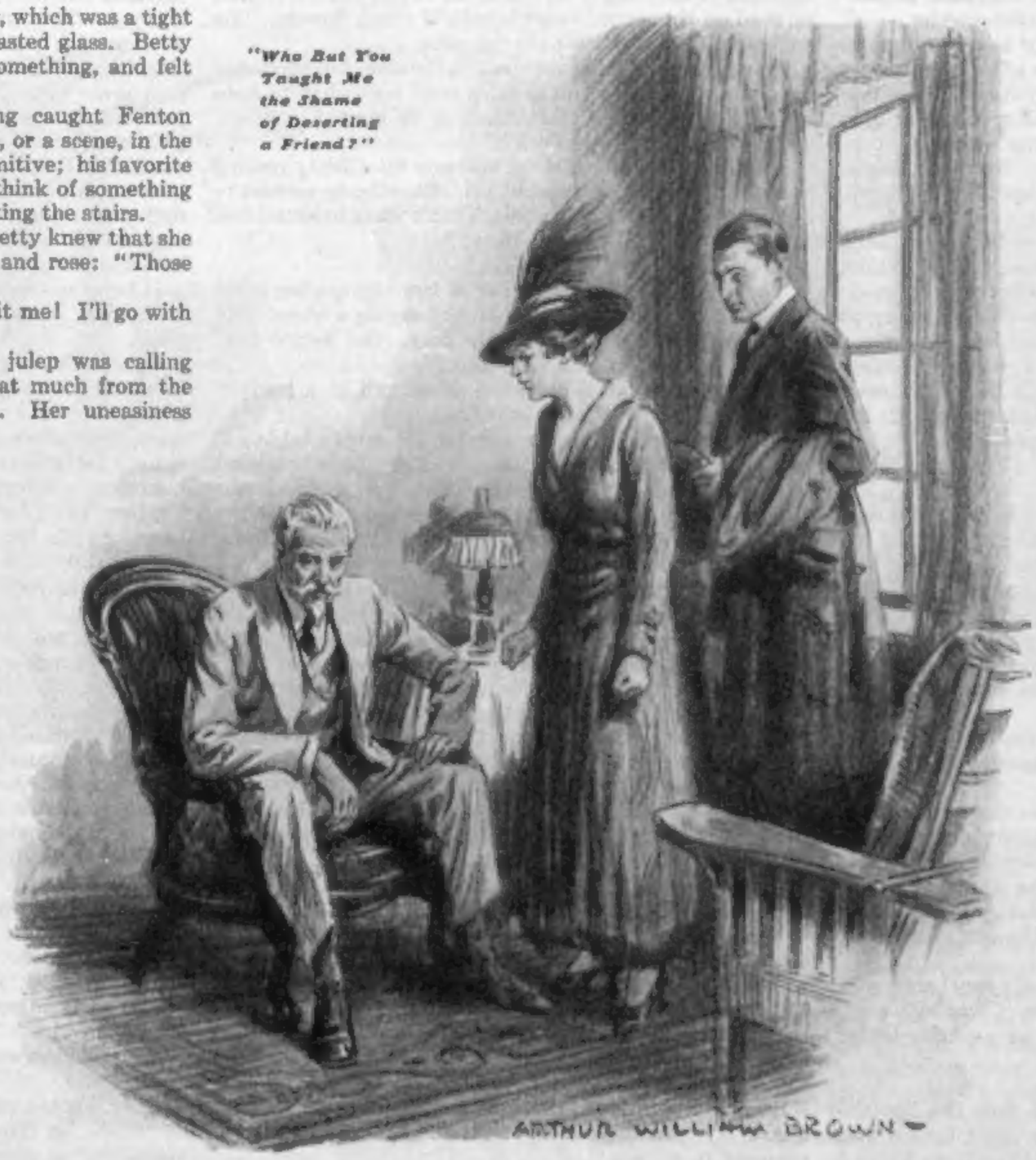
"John Archer, look at me. Do you stand for that—the destruction of a friend, a Vicksburg boy?"

Archer laced his fingers tighter and said absolutely nothing. It was Barnes who tried oil, but he was pouring it on the fire and not on the waters.

"Colonel, you fail to realize that Mr. Fenton represents financial institutions to which our bank must look for help in time of stringency. I cannot incur their enmity for my depositors and stockholders."

Spottiswoode rose, magnificently erect in all the six-foot-two of his indignant manhood. "The upshot of this rigmarole is that you refuse to lend me—me, Beverly Spottiswoode—nineteen thousand dollars on gilt-edge security."

Barnes wasn't really alarmed, not beneath the Colonel's own roof; but he also rose and backed off before replying: "Yes, unless you will assure me that this money is not for the Duncan Syndicate."



"Who But You Taught Me the Shame of Deserting a Friend?"

Duncan had never once taken his eyes from Fenton, who exhibited only such interest as he might bestow upon any business detail.

Archer sat huddled in the big armchair, while Spottiswoode wheeled upon him: "What do you say, John? Out with it!"

At first rugged old John seemed to waver, then stood firm under Fenton's compelling eye. "Spot, I'm sorry to agree with Barnes, but he's right. A banker can have no sentiment. He's nothing but a depository for widows' and children's money."

The Colonel sizzled like a safety valve. "I'd like to be in your bank where I could tell you fellows what I think of you."

John Archer writhed. "Now, Spot, be reasonable. After July first ——"

Duncan bounded to his feet. "Is all the money in the world tied up until after July first?"

Fenton bowed, and smiled indulgently from across the table. "No, only so far as the Duncan Syndicate is concerned."

The arrogance of Fenton's triumph riled John Archer's fighting blood. The old man had plenty of good red blood, and most of it rushed into his face. First and deliberately came the unwieldy operation of getting up. "Murray Duncan, call at my bank, nine to-morrow morning, and get that money."

"Bully for you, John!" Spottiswoode grasped his hand with renewed confidence in humanity.

Archer pulled away angrily. "Lemme get out of here. First thing I know I'll get mad—dammit, I'll get mad!"

John Archer didn't want to be shaken hands with or mouthed over. He wanted to get out, and he got out, with Spottiswoode and Barnes stalking behind him down the stairs.

This left Duncan and Fenton confronting each other across the table. Fenton continued smiling, as a man smiles when he hears something, but knows better. Invincibly composed, he leaned slightly forward. "This is an opportunity for us to understand each other, Mr. Duncan. You are butting your head against a stone wall. Zunita, as you know, is allied with the most powerful financial group on the globe. You see what we can accomplish in Astorga, New Orleans, Vicksburg, St. Petersburg, it matters not where. My associates have offered a fair price for your mine. You refuse to sell. Very good, we acquire it—otherwise."

"Hide That Money Until To-Morrow and I'll Give You a Thousand Dollars"

Duncan's restraint surprised himself. "You propose to acquire my property by fomenting a revolution, assassinating that aged president, and bribing his successor ——"

"Mr. Duncan, I cannot plead guilty to assassination, while admitting the encouragement of a patriotic uprising. Business is war. A wise general reconnoiters the position and force of the enemy, while concealing his own. No commander neglects to cut off an enemy's supplies, capture his ammunition, or prevent him from gaining a fortified position. Do I make myself clear?"

"Brutally so."

Fenton considered a moment, then went on coldly, without prejudice or sympathy: "I know your situation. With thirty thousand dollars cash, in Astorga at noon on July first, you win. Your last train leaves Vicksburg at ten-thirty to-morrow night. If some accident, let us say, prevents you from catching that train, with the money, you lose. You cannot possibly raise the money. I respectfully suggest that you surrender, marching out with the honors of war—and something more substantial."

Fenton produced a checkbook. "I will pay you half a million dollars—cash."

"Not half a cent!" Duncan's face glowed hotly through its tan. "And I warn you I will get the money yet."

"From Mr. Archer? His mind will be changed for him before morning. I know." Fenton spoke with such convincing certainty that it staggered Duncan. Slightly, very slightly, he gave way, then most resolutely advanced. His right hand was half raised; his left rested on the table, holding an unlighted cigarette. Yet he could not forget the roof that sheltered them.

"Fenton, you are employing the brute force of money to rob me. I may be compelled to use another brute force, and use it first ——"

Fenton never flickered by so much as the tremor of an eyelash. Nor did he show relief when Betty's voice called out: "Oh, Murray! Murray! Mr. Fenton!" Another moment and the girl herself stood in the door.

In that moment Duncan straightened. Fenton bent over, struck a match and held it to Duncan's cigarette, which Duncan mechanically lighted.

That's what Betty saw. "You men can't stay here smoking while my girls are waiting downstairs. Come with me."

Fenton turned. "Mr. Duncan and I were getting better acquainted."

"Much better," from Duncan.

Old Reliable had brought suspicion into the Spottiswoode home. Infection developed the night before, and everybody seemed to catch it. Trivial incidents loomed big with sinister undermeanings. Everybody glanced sideways at everybody else.

Through a restless night Betty brooded upon misgivings so persistent as to defy the radiance of a mid-June morning. What were Murray and Mr. Fenton doing upstairs alone when she surprised them? Murray could never fool her; she knew him too well. "Uncle has never concealed anything from me. If I just knew what it is ——"

Her bedroom windows were open wide, and sunshine streamed across her as she dressed. There she stood, half-listening to the song of an insolently happy mocker, borne upward on the warm, sweet breath of many flowers. She smiled and brushed aside the cobwebs.

In the big front hall upstairs Old Reliable was replacing cups and ingredients on the julep tray, mumbling to himself: "Sumpin' sho is takin' place in dis house."

"What's that, Uncle Zack?"

He glanced round, startled, and saw Miss Betty coming in from her room. Zack shut up. Everybody seemed to shut up when Betty appeared. That's what irritated her.

"Has Uncle had his breakfast?"

"N'm; he sleep yit."

That julep tray reminded her of last night, when those men sat fumbling their cups and not saying a word. Old Reliable tried to escape with the tray. She halted him. "Uncle Zack, where is Mr. Fenton?"

"Done et breakfas' an' gone downtown in a hurry." Zack hustled himself out of the door.

Betty dropped into a chair beside the empty table. It was singular of Mr. Fenton not to wait and have breakfast with her, after all he'd said last night. Unconsciously she took up the newspaper, a very serious-looking girl in her morning dress of figured lawn. The tan of forearms, throat and cheeks shaded into the deeper brownness of her hair.

Uncle, too, was behaving queerly. It usually delighted him to have young people come and dance. Last night he had looked on without seeing them, then disappeared with Murray, which left Betty to Mr. Fenton—on Murray's first evening at home for more than three years.

With her back turned, Betty did not hear Selina, broad-faced, motherly Selina, until the negro woman spoke: "Huh! Cunnel sho is sleepin' a mighty long time."

"Yes, he sat up very late talking with Mr. Murray."

Selina waddled nearer and stood bulkily behind her chair. She began stroking Betty's hair. Between these two suspicion could never come.

"Honey, chile, what's de matter wid you?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, dere is," Selina flatly contradicted. "Mammy sees through you same as a pane o' glass. Is it Mr. Fenton what's worryin' you?"

Betty shook her head. Selina stood sympathetically silent. Presently she touched the necklace at Betty's throat. "You's still a-wearin' dat necklace."

"Well, what of it?"

Selina's laugh never irritated anybody; it wasn't that kind of a laugh. "Whar'd you git it? Dat necklace never belonged to yo' ma."

The girl sat very still. Selina knew she wouldn't answer, and laughed again. "Well, I knows, but ain't never let on."

Betty shifted uneasily in her chair. "What do you know?"

"I seen you when you got it."

A big black hand rested on the girl's shoulder, and Betty's slim white fingers covered it as the negro woman talked.

"'Twas dat night o' de big dance downstairs, jes' befo' Mister Murray went away. I was setting in de honeysuckle arbor when you an' him slipped outer de ballroom. I never made no noise, 'cause neither one o' you didn't want no noise made. Mister Murray fastened sumpin' round yo' neck, den he say: 'Betty,' jes' dat low an' sof'—'Betty, wear dis forever; 'taint no bigger'n a spider web an' it'll res' lighter'n a kiss against yo' thote. But it's pure gole, Betty; it's pure gole.'"

Betty glanced up swiftly, for she could never forget what had happened next. Selina held her eyes straight forward. "No'm; I never seen nothin' an' I never heerd nothin'. Huh, I 'members when you two chillun used to be all de time quarrelin'. Put me in mind o' two little birds wid a piece o' string, one pullin' dis way an' one haulin' dat way. Some folks mought think dey's fightin'; but, honey, chile, dem birds jes' fly off togedder wid dat piece o' string an' buil' deir nest."

Selina waddled through the door, pausing to look back at Betty and chuckle. That girl wasn't fooling mammy, trying to appear so unconcerned while she read the morning Herald. Then these flaring headlines caught her eye:

ALDERMAN WILLIAM HENSHAW HELD UP

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AT LAKE MOCCASIN, FOUR MILES FROM THE CITY, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

Angrily she devoured the sensation, then crushed the newspaper in her hand. Now she remembered—Murray had mentioned Henshaw as the man who found her vanity box. There was an influential politician in Vicksburg by that name, but she never thought of connecting them. Betty rose from the table and stood erect, her cheeks aflame with indignation at this lying tale. So here was the mystery! This was why those men went whispering and tiptoeing about the house.

"The idea of Murray's doing such a thing!" Betty flung down the paper and laughed and laughed again.

If Betty could have followed Mr. Fenton through his morning activities she would not have laughed. Fenton had gone downtown to get some telegrams which he did not care to have delivered at the Spottiswoode home. They might arouse curiosity and focus unpleasant attention upon him. At the telegraph office he opened one yellow envelope after another, his face settling into complacent approval at the workings of a well-oiled business machine. Fenton smiled to learn of a certain communication which, before banking hours, would be laid upon the desk of Mr. John Archer. No banker could afford to disregard such a courteous suggestion from the power that held the whip.

It being too early to see Mr. Archer, Fenton called upon his lawyer, whom he had instructed to await him at that hour.

Mr. B. Fletcher Adams was one of the kind who could do many things as an attorney which he would never consider doing as a man. The magnitude of a transaction made it bristle with those subtle distinctions that differentiate petty larceny from financiering. And the dignified honorarium of high finance was more substantially refreshing than petty-larceny fees. In his professional capacity he served Mr. Fenton.

Upon this basis lawyer and client held explicit conference, leaving no detail undiscussed. Fenton rose to leave, with hat and cane in hand. To exclude all possibility of error he recapitulated:

"Retain a sharp criminal lawyer. Pay his fee through Henshaw. If a few hundred more will keep Henshaw's temper boiling, give it to him. Cash; no checks. Find that negro who was with Henshaw. Have Duncan identified by him, and arrested. Then delay the trial. That's all—delay it. Keep Duncan busy until to-morrow. Of course you must not appear in the case yourself, and my connection is never to be divulged."

They understood each other perfectly, and Adams bowed him out.

The financial agent of the Zunitas had done a full morning's work before Colonel Spottiswoode came out of his room and called: "Zack, pack Mr. Fenton's baggage."

Zack grinned; it tickled him mightily.

"What train must I take him to? I sho don't want to miss dat train."

"I don't know whether he is going to a train or to the hotel."

"Mr. Fenton ain't said nothin' to me."

"Stack his grips in the middle of his room. He'll say something to somebody."

The Colonel sat at his table and picked up the paper which Betty had thrown down. The Henshaw headlines attracted attention. He was reading when Murray Duncan appeared at the door and looked in cautiously before entering. To Spottiswoode's astonishment Murray locked the door behind him.

"Murray, what's the matter?"

"Colonel, I'm the man they are raising all that hullabaloo about in the newspapers and on the streets—attempted assassination of Honorable Bill Henshaw."

"Preposterous!"

Murray explained the situation abruptly, angrily. Henshaw had come raging back to town, stirred up the police, and given that gory sensation to the press. Too drunk himself to identify anybody, he told that he was struck from behind, but that a negro who was fishing with him had seen the man. The officers were now searching for that negro.

Suspicion was no part of the Colonel's nature. Impatiently he shook out his newspaper and scoffed the whole idea. "Preposterous, Murray! Preposterous!"

Then Murray put another face on it; and the Colonel put another face on himself as he saw the point, that if Murray were arrested, even on such flimsy pretext, he could be detained for trial.

"Now, Colonel, I don't charge Fenton with being at the bottom of this, but he could easily take advantage of it. I must get that money and leave here at ten-thirty to-night."

"Why not leave at one-forty-five? You've got the money?"

"No."

"Didn't get it? Did old John Archer crawfish? I'll be ——"

Colonel sprang up and reached for his hat. Duncan pressed him back into his chair and forced him to listen.

That morning Mr. Archer had received a telegram from his New York correspondent, calling on his bank for a large sum, which he was unprepared to pay. The telegram further instructed Archer to arrange the matter with Mr. J. Lawrence Fenton, who had plenary powers.

"What the thunder does all that mean?" Spottiswoode demanded.

"Simply this: If Mr. Archer antagonizes Fenton, Fenton may be in a position to wreck his bank." Duncan hammered on this fact until the Colonel got it. "Mr. Archer wanted to defy the entire financial system; but I released him from his promise and walked out."

Beverly Spottiswoode was not whipped. That kind of jaw didn't know how to lose. At first he was all for taking the middle of the road and thrashing them in the open. But Murray thought best to keep out of the way until the Colonel laid hands upon that money.

"I'll go get it—from the Third National." The Colonel snatched his hat and pulled it on very tight.

"Wait, Colonel; please send Zack to get my baggage from the Carroll Hotel. And pay my bill."

Spottiswoode nodded and kept going. Murray heard him shout for "Zack! Zack!" as he passed through the lower hall.

There was a small platform on the right side of the hall. From this platform a narrow door opened upon the winding staircase which led to four disused rooms above, the garret where Murray had played as a child. Nobody knew he was in the house, and he thought it safer not to let the servants see him.

Murray stood at one of those queer little garret windows. He saw the Colonel slam the front gate and stride away. Then he heard a noise and listened.

The door below opened; a stealthy step came up the crooked stair. Somebody was following him; the stair creaked.

Duncan hated being driven into a hole. It galled him to hide, and his present temper could stand no more galling. "Fenton!" he thought, and saw red as he went crouching to the head of the stairs. No, he wanted to win, not to vent his spite, so he stepped back into a closet. The intruder came up slowly, hesitantly, and paused as if looking round.

"Oh, Murray! Murray!" It was Betty's voice, calling softly. Duncan felt his cheeks flush. She had to call again before he braced himself and stepped out.

Betty wore a hat for the street. She gasped when he appeared.

"Murray, I saw you come up here. You must tell me. What is this trouble? Can't you see how this worries me, not to be trusted?"

Duncan looked straight into that dependable little face, and the truth came: "Betty, dear, I'm in a serious predicament. I need nineteen thousand dollars before night."

For a moment the girl stared at him, just one moment, then threw back her head and laughed—laughed nervously in the sheer joy of relief. "Oh, it's just money!"

"Well, I can't get it, and your uncle can't get it. What are you laughing at?"

"You looked so comical, poking out of that closet."

Duncan's face still looked pretty blank. "Sit down, Betty, and I'll tell you."

He did tell her, of the fight for his mines in Astorga, of the sinister influences that prevented him from raising money, the danger of detention from this incident with Henshaw—told her everything except the part that Fenton was playing.

Betty stopped laughing. She said nothing, but rose and held out her hand with sturdy comradeship. The Spottiswoodes always stood by their friends. Then she started for the door.

"Wait!" He caught her arm. "I must tell you all of it."

"Well?" she turned.

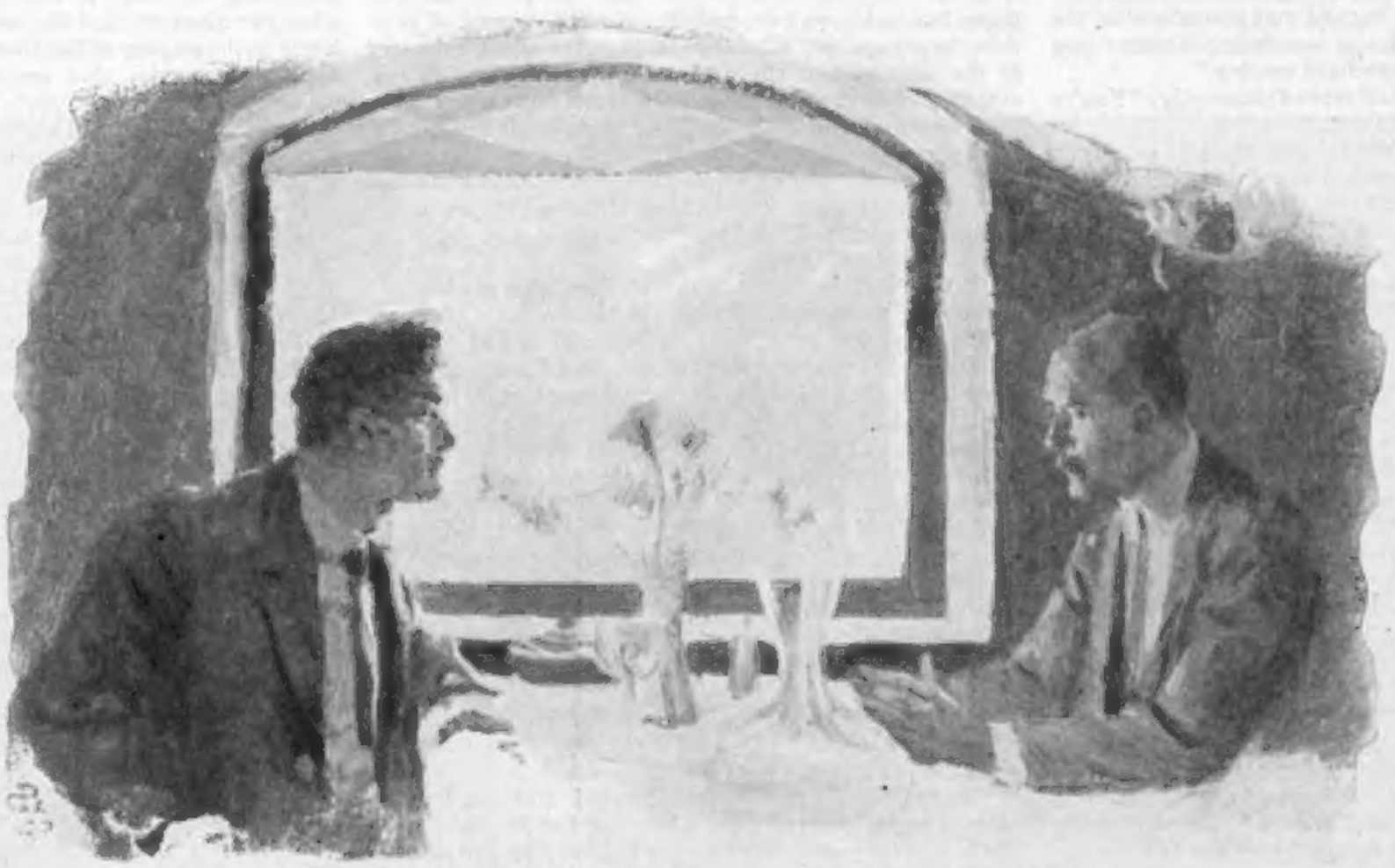
It seemed such an underhand trick, like backbiting another man, that Duncan felt the embarrassment.

(Continued on Page 49)

A LITTLE TASTE OF BUSINESS

Matt Has it and Asks for More—By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



"That's Business. An Ounce of Promotion is Worth a Ton of Horse Power"

A TUG, with the American barkentine Retriever at the end of her towline, came loafing down the strait to Port Townsend, the port of entry to Puget Sound. When she was abreast of the town with her tow her hawser slackened, the Retriever's starboard anchor dropped, and a small boat containing her master, Captain Matt Peasley, put out from the barkentine and landed at the steamship company's dock. Captain Peasley, having loaded a full cargo of fir lumber at Hadlock, was bound for the customhouse to clear his ship for Sydney; after which the tug would cast him off down by Dungeness.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed before Mr. Michael J. Murphy, chief mate of the Retriever, observed the boat pulling back to the ship.

"Why, you haven't cleared the old girl already, sir?" he queried as the skipper came aboard.

"No, Mike. And what's more, I'm not going to clear her. When I got up to the customhouse I found this telegram from Cappy Ricks awaiting me there." And he handed Mr. Murphy the message in question. The mate read:

CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
Master Barkentine Retriever,
Care Customhouse,
Port Townsend, Washington.

Your resignation accepted. You are too almighty good for a windjammer, Matthew. You need more room for the development of your talent. Give Murphy the ship, with my compliments, and tell him I've enjoyed the fight because it went to a knock-out. Report to me at this office as soon as possible. You belong in steam and your ticket entitles you to a second mate's berth. It is waiting for you. In a year you will be first mate of steam; a year later you will be master of steam, at two-fifty a month, and I will have a four-million-foot freighter waiting for you if you make good. The picture was a bully joke; but I could not laugh, Matt. It is so long since I was a boy. CAPPY.

Mr. Murphy's jaw dropped in amazement.

"Why, what the devil does this mean?" he demanded.

"You remember Cappy wired me to send him my photograph," the captain replied. "Also, you will remember, you advised me to send him an old man's picture, because if he discovered I wasn't quite twenty-three years old he'd fire me. Well, I took your advice, Mike. I bought a picture of a nice old man in the photograph gallery at Hadlock, autographed it and sent it to Cappy. It happened to be a picture of Cappy himself ——"

"Bust my bobstay!" Mr. Murphy murmured, horrified.

"I expected to be fired for that; so I tried to beat him to it with a letter of resignation. That telegram is the answer," the captain continued.

"The dirty old assassin!" cried Mr. Murphy warmly. "The slimy old pileworm! The blessed old duffer! After treating us like dogs for a year and a half, he gives me the ship and says he's going to build you a four-million-foot steam freighter. The scoundrelly old renegade!"

The youthful skipper nodded.

"It's just as we suspected, Mike. Eversince I took command at Cape Town he's been testing our nerves with dirty cargoes. I suppose he's had a whole lot of fun out of it ——"

"It may have been fun for him, but it came pretty near being death to me," Mr. Murphy declared. "That jag of green hides from Antofagasta was a holy terror. Suffering sailor! Isn't it lucky we didn't scream murder? If we had Cappy would have fired us without mercy."

They went below, the captain to pack his sea chest, and Mr. Murphy to shave and array himself in a manner befitting the master of a big barkentine about to present himself at the customhouse for the first time to clear his ship. An hour later Matt Peasley found himself sitting on his sea chest on the cap of the wharf, watching the Retriever slipping down the strait under command of Captain Michael J. Murphy, while a new chief mate, shipped in Port Townsend, counted off the watches.

Matt watched the barkentine until she turned a bend and was gone; and immediately he felt like a homeless wanderer. The thought of the doughty Murphy in that snug little cabin so long sacred to Matt Peasley brought a pang of near jealousy to the late commander of the Retriever. As he reflected on the two years of toil ahead of him before men would again address him as Captain Peasley, he wondered whether the game really would be worth the candle; for he had all of a Down-Easter's love for a sailing ship.

He recalled to mind Mr. Murphy's favorite story of the old sailing skipper who went into steam and who, during his very first watch on the steamship's bridge, ordered the man at the wheel to starboard his helm, and then forgot to tell him to steady it—the consequence being that the helmsman held hard-a-starboard and the ship commenced to describe a circle; whereupon the old sailing skipper got excited and screamed: "Back that main yard!" Matt felt that should anything like that happen to him in steam and the news should ever leak out, he would have to go back to the Atlantic Coast rather than face the gibes of his shipmates in the Pacific.

The passenger boat from Victoria picked him up and set him down in Seattle that night, and the following morning he boarded a train for San Francisco to report to Cappy Ricks, managing owner of the Retriever and president and principal stockholder of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

At luncheon in the dining car that day Matt Peasley found himself seated opposite a man who had boarded the train with him at Seattle. As the young captain plied his knife and fork he was aware that this person's gaze rested with something more than casual interest on his—Matt's—left forearm; whereupon the latter realized that his *vis-à-vis* yearned to see more of a little decoration which, in the pride of his first voyage, Matt had seen fit to have tattooed on the aforesaid forearm by the negro cook. So, since he was the best-natured young man imaginable, Matt decided presently to satiate his neighbor's curiosity.

"It's a lady climbing a ladder," he announced composedly, and drew back his sleeve to reveal this sample of black art. "I have a shield and an eagle on my breast, and a bleeding heart, with a dagger stuck through it, on my right forearm."

"I didn't mean to be rude," the other answered, flushing a little. "I couldn't help noticing the chorus lady's shapely calves when you speared that last pickle; so I knew you were a sailor. I concluded you were an American sailor before I learned that you advertise the fact on your breast, and I was wondering whether you belong in the navy or the merchant marine."

"I'm from blue water," Matt replied pleasantly. "You're in the shipping business, I take it."

"Almost—I'm a ship, freight and marine insurance broker." And the stranger handed over a calling card bearing the name of Mr. Allan Hayes. "I'm from Seattle."

"Peasley is my name, Mr. Hayes," Matt answered heartily, glad of this chance acquaintance with a man with whom he could converse on a subject of mutual interest. "I haven't any post-office address," he added whimsically.

"Going over to Columbia River to join your ship, I dare say," Mr. Hayes suggested.

"No, sir. I'm bound for San Francisco, to forget that I ever heard of such a thing as a main skysail buntline. I'm going to get a job in steam and work up to a captaincy."

"Wherein you show commendable wisdom, Mr. Peasley," the broker answered. "A man can get so far in a windjammer—a hundred a month in the little coasting schooners and a hundred and twenty-five in the big vessels running foreign—and there he sticks. In steam schooners a good man can command two hundred dollars a month, with a chance for promotion into a big freighter, for the reason that in steam one has more opportunity to show the stuff that's in one."

"How far are you going?" Matt demanded.

"I'm bound for San Francisco too."

"Good!" Matt replied; for, like most boys, he was a gregarious animal, and Mr. Hayes seemed to be a pleasant, affable gentleman. "I suppose you know most of the steam vessels on this coast?" he continued, anxious to turn the conversation into channels that might be productive of information valuable to him in his new line of endeavor.

Mr. Hayes nodded. "I have to," he said, "if I'm to do any business negotiating charters; in fact, I'm bound to San Francisco now to charter two steamers."

"Freight or passenger?"

"Freight. There's nothing for a broker in a passenger vessel. I'm scouting for two boats for the Mannheim people. You've heard of them, of course. They own tremendous copper mines in Alaska, but they can't seem to get the right kind of flux to smelt their ore up there; so they're going to freight it down to their smelter in Seattle."

"I see. But how do you work the game to pay your office rent?"

"Why, that's very simple, Mr. Peasley. Their traffic manager merely calls me up and tells me to find two ore

Cappy Was No Great Shakes on Music, But He Knew Captain Matt Peasley for the Singer

freighters for him. He doesn't know where to look for them, but he knows I do, and that it will not cost him anything to engage me. When I come to terms with the owners of the vessels, and those terms are satisfactory to my clients, I close the charter and the vessel owners pay me a commission of two and a half per cent on all the freight money earned under the charter. A shipowner generally is glad to pay a broker a commission for digging him up business for his ships—particularly when freights are dull."

Matt Peasley nodded his comprehension and did some quick mental arithmetic.

"Why, you'll make a nice little fee on those ore boats," he said. "I suppose it's a time charter."

"Four years," Mr. Hayes replied, and smiled fatly at the thought of his income. "Of course I'd make a larger commission if the freight rate was figured on a tonnage basis; but on long charters, like these I mention, the ships are rented at a flat rate a day or month. Say, for instance, I negotiate these charters at the rate of four hundred dollars a day, or eight hundred dollars a day for the two boats. Two and a half per cent of eight hundred dollars is twenty dollars a day, which I will earn as commission every day for the next four years that the vessels are not in dry dock or laid up for repairs."

"And you probably will earn that by one day of labor," Matt Peasley murmured admiringly—"perhaps one hour of actual labor!"

Mr. Hayes smiled again his fat smile. He shrugged.

"That's business," he said carelessly. "An ounce of promotion is worth a ton of horse power."

"Well, I should say so, Mr. Hayes! But you'll have quite a search to find an ore boat on the Pacific Coast. There are some coal boats running to Coos Bay, but they're hardly big enough; and then I suppose they're kept pretty busy in the coal trade, aren't they? It seems to me that what you need for your business would be two of those big steel ore vessels, with their engines astern—the kind they use on the Great Lakes."

"That is exactly why I am going to San Francisco, Mr. Peasley. There are on this Coast two ships such as you describe—sister ships and just what the doctor ordered."

"What are their names?"

"The Lion and the Unicorn."

Matt Peasley paused, with a forkful of provender halfway to his mouth. The S. S. Lion, eh? Why, that was one of Cappy Ricks' vessels! He remembered passing her off Cape Flattery once and seeing the Blue Star house flag fluttering at the fore.

"Were they Lake boats originally?" he queried.

"Oh, yes; built at Port Clinton, I believe. Right after the San Francisco fire, when fir lumber jumped from a twelve-dollar base to twenty-five, lumber freights soared accordingly. Vessels that had been making a little money at four dollars a thousand feet, from Oregon and Washington ports to San Francisco, were enabled to get ten dollars; and anything that would float was hauled out of the bone yard and put to work. Old Man Ricks, of the Blue Star Navigation Company, was the first to see the handwriting on the wall; so he sneaked East and bought the Lion and the Unicorn. It was just the old cuss' luck to have a lot of cash on hand; and he bought them cheap, loaded them with general cargo in New York, and paid a nice dividend on them on their very first voyage under the Blue Star flag. When he got them on the Coast he put them into the lumber trade and they paid for themselves within a year.

"Then, just before the panic of 1907, old Ricks unloaded the Unicorn on the Black Butte Lumber Company for ten thousand dollars more than he paid for her—the old scamp! He's the shrewdest trader on the whole Pacific Coast. He had no sooner sawed the Unicorn off on the Black Butte people than the freight market collapsed in the general crash, and ever since then the owners of the Lion and the Unicorn have been stuck with their vessels. They're so big it's next to impossible to keep them running coastwise in the lumber trade during a dull period, and they're not big enough for the foreign trade. About the only thing they could do profitably was to freight coal; but, now that crude California oil is displacing coal, coal freights have dropped until the margin of profit is very meager; competition is keen and for the last six months the Lion and the Unicorn have been laid up."

Matt Peasley smiled.

"They'll be hungry for business," he said; "and I'm sailor enough to see you'll be able to drive a bargain without much trouble."

"I ought to get them pretty cheap," Mr. Hayes admitted. "As you perhaps know, a vessel deteriorates faster when laid up than she does in active service; and an owner will do almost anything to keep her at sea, provided he can make a modest rate of interest on her cost price or present market value."

"Naturally," Matt Peasley observed as they rose from the table.

He purchased a cigar for Mr. Hayes, and as they retired to the buffet car to continue their acquaintance something whispered to Matt not to divulge to this somewhat garrulous stranger the news that he was a sea captain, lately in the employ of the Blue Star Navigation Company and soon to enter that employ again. He had learned enough to realize that Cappy's bank roll was threatened by this man from Seattle; that with his defenses leveled, as it were, the old gentleman would prove an easy victim unless warned of the impending attack.

Therefore, since Matt had not sought Mr. Hayes' confidence nor accepted it under a pledge of secrecy, he decided that there could be nothing unethical in taking advantage of it. Plainly the broker had jumped to the conclusion that Matt was a common sailor—above the average in point of intelligence, but so young and unsophisticated that one need not bother to be reserved or cautious in his presence. Some vague understanding of this had come to Matt Peasley; hence throughout the remainder of the journey his conversations with the broker bore on every subject under heaven except ships and shipowners.

II

ALDEN P. RICKS, familiarly known as Cappy Ricks, president and principal stockholder of the Ricks Logging and Lumber Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, sat in his private office with his eyes closed. To a casual observer, Cappy would have appeared to be dozing; but anyone in his employ could have told you that Cappy was merely thinking. It was his habit to close his eyes and sit very still whenever he faced a tussle with a tough proposition.

Presently an unmistakably feminine kiss, surreptitiously delivered, roused Cappy from his meditations. He opened his eyes and beheld his daughter Florence, a radiant débutante of twenty, and the sole prop of her eccentric parent's declining years.

"Daddy dear," she announced, "there's something wrong with my bank account. I've just come from the Marine National Bank and they wouldn't cash my check."

"Of course not," Cappy replied, beaming affectionately. "They telephoned about five minutes ago that you're into the red again; so I've instructed Skinner to deposit five thousand to your credit."

"Oh, but I want ten thousand!" she protested.

"Can't have it, Florry!" he declared. "The old limousine will have to do. Go slow, my dear—go slow! Why, they're offering random cargoes freely along the street for nine dollars. Logs cost six dollars, with a dollar and a half to manufacture—that's seven and a half; and three and a half water freight added—that's eleven dollars. Eleven-dollar

lumber selling for nine dollars, and no business at that! I haven't had a vessel dividend in six months— "

Mr. Skinner entered.

"Mr. Ricks," he announced, "Captain Peasley, late of the Retriever, is in the outer office. Shall I tell him to wait?"

"No. Show him in immediately, Skinner." Cappy turned to his daughter. "I want to show you something, my dear," he said; "something you're not likely to meet very often in your set—and that's a he-man. Do you remember hearing me tell the story of the mate that thrashed the big Swede skipper I sent to Cape Town to thrash him and bring the vessel home?"

"Do you mean the captain that never writes letters?"

"That's the man. The fellow I've been having so much fun with—the Nervy Matt that tried to hornswoggle me with my own photograph. Passed it off as his own, Florry! He hails from my old home town, and he's a mere boy — Come in!"

The door opened to admit Matt Peasley; and as he paused just inside the entrance, slightly embarrassed at finding himself under the cool scrutiny of the trimmest, most dashing little craft he had ever seen, Miss Florry decided that her father was right. Here, indeed, was a specimen of the genus *Homo* she had not hitherto seen. Six feet three he was, straight from shoulder to hip, broad-chested and singularly well formed and graceful for such a big man.

He wore stout shoes, without toe caps—rather old-fashioned footgear, Florry thought; but they were polished brightly. A tailor-made, double-breasted blue serge suit, close-hauled and somewhat demoded; a soft white silk shirt, with nondetachable collar; a plain black silk four-in-hand tie, and a uniform cap, set a little back and to one side on thick, black, glossy, wavy hair, completed his attire. He had his right hand in his trousers pocket; his left was on the doorknob. He glanced from her to her father.

"He's handsome," thought Florry. "What a beautiful tan on his throat! He looks anything but the brute he is. But he hasn't any manners. Oh, dear! He stands there like a graven image."

Matt Peasley's hand came out of his pocket; off came his cap and he bowed slightly.

"I am Captain Peasley," he said.

Cappy Ricks, leaning forward on the edge of his swivel chair, with head slightly bent, made a long appraisal of the young man over the rims of his spectacles.

"Ahem!" he said. "Huh! Harumph!" Ensued another terrible silence. Then: "Young scoundrel!" Cappy cried. "Infernal young scoundrel!"

"I accept the nomination," said Matt dryly. "You'd never know me from my photograph, would you, sir? I'd know you from yours, though—in a minute!"

Miss Florry tittered audibly, thus drawing on herself the attention of the skipper, who was audacious enough to favor her with a solemn wink.

"None of your jokes with me, sir!" said Cappy severely.

"That's just what I say, sir; none of your jokes with me! Those green hides were absolutely indecent."

"Matt, you're a fresh young fellow," Cappy charged, struggling to suppress a smile.

Matt nodded.

"And I was raised on salt water too," he added seriously.

Cappy laughed.

"You're a Thomaston Peasley," he declared, and shook hands. "Ever hear of Ethan Peasley back there?"

"He was my uncle, sir. He was drowned at sea."

"He was a boyhood chum of mine, Matt. Permit me to present my daughter, Miss Florence."

Miss Florence favored the captain with her most bewitching smile and nodded perkily. Matt held out his great hand, not realizing that a bow and a conventional "Delighted, I'm sure!" was the correct thing in Florry's set. Florry was about to accept his great paw when Cappy yelled:

"Don't take it, Florry! He'll squeeze your hand to jelly."

"I won't," Matt declared, embarrassed. "I might press it a little — "

"I know. You pressed mine a little, and if I live to be a thousand years old I'll never shake hands with you again."

"I'll give her my finger then," Matt declared, and forthwith held out his index finger, which Florry shook gravely.

"Well, well, boy; sit down, sit down," Cappy commanded briskly, "while I tell you the plans I have for your future. I ought to have fired you long ago — "

"I shall always be happy to testify that you tried hard enough," Matt interrupted, and Florry's silvery laugh filled the room. Cappy winced, but had to join with her in the laugh on himself.

"For the sake of your Uncle Ethan and the fact that you're one of our own boys, Matt," he continued, "I'll retain you if you behave yourself. As I believe I wired you, I'm going to put you in steam."

"You didn't consult me about it, sir; but, to please you, I'll tackle steam. I'm very grateful for your interest in me, Mr. Ricks."

"Huh! That's not true, Matt. You're not grateful; and if you are you have no business to be. I paid you a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to skipper the Retriever; you earned every cent of it and I made you fight for the job; so, no thanks to me. And I know for a fact that you and Murphy cursed me up hill and down dale — "

"Oh, Captain Peasley!" Miss Ricks interrupted. "Did you curse my father?"

"She's trying to fluster me," Matt thought. "She thinks I'm a farmer." Aloud he said: "Well, you see, Miss Ricks, I had to work for him. However, Mr. Murphy and I have forgiven him. We're both willing to let bygones be bygones."

"Young scoundrel!" piped Cappy, delighted beyond measure, for he was used to unimaginative, rather dull skippers, who revered their berths and stood before him, hat in hand, plainly uncomfortable in the presence of the creator of the payroll. "Dashed young scoundrel! Well, we had some fun anyhow, didn't we, Matt? And, as the young fellows say, I got your Capricorn. Very well, then. We'll make a new start, Matthew; and if you pay attention to business it's barely possible you may amount to something yet.

"I'm going to provide a berth for you, my boy, as second mate on the dirtiest, leakiest little bumboat you ever saw—our steam schooner Gualala. She's a nautical disgrace and carries three hundred thousand feet of lumber—runs into the dogholes on the Mendocino Coast and takes in cargo on a trolley running from the top of the cliff to the masthead. It'll be your job to get out in the small boat to pick up the moorings; and that'll be no picnic in the wintertime, because you lie just outside the edge of the breakers. But you'll learn how to pick up moorings, Matt, and you'll learn how to turn a steamer round on her heels also."

"I never did that kind of work before," Matt protested, none too well pleased with the prospects. "I stand a pretty good chance of getting drowned, don't I?"

"Of course! But better men than you do it; so don't kick. In the spring I'll shift you to a larger boat; but I want you to have one winter along the Mendocino Coast. It'll about break your heart, but it will do you an awful lot of good, Matt. When you finish in the Gualala you'll go in the Florence Ricks and run from Grays Harbor to San Pedro. Then, when you get your first mate's license, I'll put you in our Tillicum, where you'll learn how to handle a big vessel; and by the time you get your master's license from steam you'll be ready to start for Philadelphia to bring out the finest freighter on this Coast. How does that prospect strike you?"

Matt's eyes glowed.

"If faithful service will be a guaranty of my appreciation —" he began; but Cappy interrupted:

"Nonsense! Not another peep out of you. You'd better take a little rest now for a couple of weeks and get your stomach in order after all that creosote. Meantime, if you should need any money, Skinner will fix you up."

"I'll not need any, thank you. I saved sixteen hundred dollars while I was in the Retriever —"

"Fine! Good boy!" exclaimed Cappy, delighted beyond measure at this proof of Matt's Yankee thrift and sobriety. "But don't save it, Matt. Invest it. Put it in a mortgage for three years. I know a captain now that wants to borrow a thousand dollars at eight per cent to buy an interest in one of our vessels. You shall loan it to him, Matt, and he'll secure you with the insurance. Perfectly safe. Guarantee it myself. Bring your thousand dollars round in the morning, Matt. Understand? No fooling now! Make your money work for you. You bet! If I'm not here to-morrow leave the money with Skinner."

"Mr. Skinner is the general manager, isn't he?"

"Yes, and a mighty clever one too. Don't you monkey with Skinner, young man. He doesn't like you and he doesn't bluff worth a cent; and if you ever have a run-in with him while I'm away and he fires you—well, I guess I'd have to stand by Skinner, Matt. I can't afford to lose him. Cold-blooded dog—no sense of humor; but honest—a pig for work, and capable."

"I'll be very careful, sir," Matt assured him. "Thank you for the vacation, the promised job, and the chance to invest my thousand dollars at eight per cent. And, now that my affairs are out of the way, let's talk about yours. I think I can get you a four-year charter for your steamer Lion — "

"Matt," said Cappy Ricks impressively, "if you can get that brute of a boat off my hands for four years, and at a figure that will pay me ten per cent on her cost price, I'll tell you what I'll do for you—I'll pay you a commission."

"I don't want any commission, sir, for working for the interests of my employer. What do you reckon it costs a day to operate the Lion?"

Cappy drew a scratch pad toward him and commenced to figure.

"She'll burn a hundred and seventy barrels of crude

He Heard Voices, Followed Presently by a Few Random Chords Struck on the Piano

oil a day, at sixty-five cents a barrel. That's about a hundred and ten dollars. Her wages will average seventy-five dollars a day; it costs twenty dollars a day to feed her crew; incidentals, say twenty dollars a day; insurance, say, four dollars a day; wireless, three and a half dollars; depreciation, say, two dollars and seventy-five cents a day: total in round figures two hundred and thirty-five dollars a day. I ought to get four hundred dollars a day for her; but in a pinch like the present I'd be glad to get her off my hands at three hundred and fifty dollars. But, no matter what the price may be, Matt, I'm afraid we can't charter her."

"Why?"

"Because the Black Butte Lumber Company owns her sister, the Unicorn; she's a burden on their back, as the Lion is on mine, there's war to the finish between Hudner, the Black Butte manager, and myself, and he'll get the business. He's a dog, Matt—always cutting prices below the profit point and raising hob in the market. Infernal marplot! He stole the best stenographer in the United States from me here about three years ago."

"Where is Hudner's office?" Matt queried.

"In this building—sixth floor." Matt rose and started for the door. "Where are you going now, Matt?" Cappy piped.

"Why, you say the Unicorn will compete against the Lion for this charter I have in mind. That is true enough. I know the Black Butte Lumber Company will be approached for the Unicorn; so I'm going to get the Unicorn out of the way and give you a clear field with the Lion. I figured it all out coming down on the train." And, without waiting to listen to Cappy's protestations, Matt left the office.

Three minutes later he was closeted with Hudner, of the Black Butte Lumber Company.

"My name is Peasley, Mr. Hudner," he began truthfully. "I arrived from Seattle this morning. I am looking for a steam freighter for some very responsible people and your Unicorn appears to be about the vessel they're looking for. They would want her to freight general cargo coastwise, and prefer to charter at a flat rate a day, owners to pay all expenses of operating the ship. Would you be willing to charter for sixty days, with an option on the vessel for an extension of the charter on the same terms for four years, provided she proves satisfactory for my client's purposes?"

Mr. Hudner started slightly. Four years! It seemed almost too good to be true. He was certain of this the next instant when he thought of Cappy Ricks' Lion, also laid up and as hungry for business as the Unicorn. He wondered whether this young broker from Seattle had called on Cappy Ricks as yet; and, wondering, he decided to name a price low enough to prove interesting and, by closing promptly, eliminate his hated competitor from all consideration.

"I should be very glad to consider your proposition, Mr. Peasley," he said. "You say your clients are entirely responsible?"

"They will post a bond if you're not satisfied on that point, Mr. Hudner. What will you charter the Unicorn for, a day?"

Mr. Hudner pretended to do a deal of figuring. At the end of five minutes he said: "Three hundred and fifty dollars a day, net to the vessel."

Matt nodded, rose and reached for his hat.

"I guess you don't want to charter your vessel, sir," he said. "I'm not working for my health, either; so I guess I'll look for some other vessel. I hear the Lion is on the market." And without further ado he walked out.

Mr. Hudner let him go, then ran after him and cornered him in the hall.

"I'll let you have her at three hundred and thirty," he said desperately; "and that's bedrock. And if your clients elect to take her for four years, I'll pay you a thousand dollars commission on the deal. The vessel simply cannot afford to pay more."

After his conversation with Cappy Ricks, Matt realized that Hudner had, indeed, named a very low price on the Unicorn. But Matt was a Yankee. He knew he had Hudner where the hair was short; so he said:

"I'll give you three twenty-five and accept a thousand dollars commission in case my clients take her for four years. That's my final offer, Mr. Hudner. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," said poor Hudner. "It's better than letting the vessel fall to pieces in Rotten Row. How soon will you hear definitely from your principals?"

"I'll hear to-day; but meantime you might give me a three-day option on the vessel, in case of unavoidable delays—though I'll do my best to close the matter up at once."

Hudner considered. The Unicorn had paid his company but two dividends since her purchase from Cappy Ricks, while it was common talk on 'Change that the Lion had paid for herself prior to the 1907 panic. In consideration of the fact, therefore, that the Lion did not owe Cappy Ricks a cent, Hudner shrewdly judged that Cappy would be less eager than he for business, and that hence it would be safe to give a three-day option. He led Matt back to his office, where he dictated and signed the option. Matt gave him a dollar and the trap was set.

From Hudner's office Matt returned to that of Cappy Ricks. The heir to the Ricks millions was still there, as Matt noted with a sudden, strange thrill of satisfaction.

"I've waited until your return, Captain Peasley," she said, "to see whether you could dispose of dad's competitor as handily as you disposed of your own that time in Cape Town."

Matt blushed and Cappy chuckled.

"I've bet Florry five thousand dollars you'll dispose of Hudner and the Unicorn, Matt," he said.

"I'm glad of that, sir, because if you hope to win the bet you'll have to help me. I've gone as far as I can, sir. I've got an option on the Unicorn for three days on a sixty-day charter, running coastwise with general cargo, with the privilege of renewal for four years at the same rate. The rate, by the way, is three hundred and twenty-five dollars. I want you to charter her from Hudner; and then ——"

"Bless your soul, boy, I don't want her! Haven't I got a boat of my own I'd almost be willing to charter at the same figure to Hudner!"

"You don't understand, sir. The Mannheim people, with copper mines in Alaska, want two boats to freight ore—and their agent came down on the train with me. Don't you see, sir, that you have to control both boats to get a price? If you don't that agent will play you against Hudner and Hudner against you, until he succeeds in tying up both boats at a low price. He wouldn't tell you he wants two boats, but he was fool enough to tell me ——"

"God bless my mildewed soul!" said Cappy excitedly, and smashed his old fist down on his desk. "For the man to do things, give me the lad who keeps his ears open and his mouth shut!. Of course we'll charter her; and, what's more, we'll give her business ourselves for sixty days just to keep her off the market!"

"Then you'd better hurry and close the deal, sir," Matt warned him. "I only arrived in town this morning; and I checked my baggage at the depot and came up here immediately. The Seattle broker went up to his hotel. He said he had to have a bath and a shave and some clean linen first thing." He added scornfully: "Me, I'd swim Channel Creek at low tide in a dress suit if I had important business on the other side!"

"Matt," said Cappy gratefully, "you're a boy after my own heart. Really, I think you ought to get something out of this if we put it through."

"Well, as I stated, I wouldn't take anything out of the Lion charter, because it's my duty to save you when somebody has a gun at your head; but on the Unicorn charter I thought—well, if you can recharter at a profit I thought you might agree to split the profit with me. I'm a skipper, you know, and this sort of thing is out of my regular line; and besides, I'm not on your pay roll at present. I've promoted the deal, so to speak. I supply the ship and the brains and the valuable information, and you supply business for the ship."

"Yes; and, in spite of the hard times, I'll supply it at a profit if I have to," Cappy declared happily. "Of course I'll split the profit with you, Matt. As you say, this Unicorn deal is outside your regular line. It's a private deal; and as the promoter of it you're entitled to your legitimate profit." He rang for Mr. Skinner.

"Skinner, my boy," he said when that functionary entered, "Matt and I are going to unload that white elephant of a Lion and get her off our hands for four years at a fancy figure; but to do it we've got to charter another white elephant—the Black Butte Lumber Company's Unicorn. Here's an option Captain Peasley has just secured on her. Have the charter parties made out immediately in conformity with this option and bring them here for my signature."

Mr. Skinner read the option and commenced to protest.

"Mr. Ricks, I tell you we cannot possibly use the Unicorn for sixty days, if you are forced to keep her off the market that long. If this thing develops into a waiting game ——"

"I'll wear the other side out," Cappy finished for him. "Listen to me, Skinner! How's the shingle market in the Southwest?"

"The market is steady at three dollars and fifty cents, f. o. b. Missouri River common points."

Cappy scratched his ear and cogitated.

"The Unicorn will carry eighteen million shingles," he murmured. "The going water freight from Grays Harbor to San Francisco is how much?"

"Thirty-five cents a thousand," Mr. Skinner replied promptly.

"Therefore, if we used one of our own vessels to freight eighteen million shingles it would cost us ——"

"Six thousand three hundred dollars," prompted Mr. Skinner.

"Fortunately for us, however, we do not use one of our own vessels. We use that fellow Hudner's and we get her for three hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. She can sail from here to Grays Harbor, take on her cargo, get back to San Francisco and discharge it in twelve days. Skinner, what's twelve times three hundred and twenty-five?"

"Thirty-nine hundred dollars," flashed Skinner, to the tremendous admiration of Matt Peasley, who now considered the manager an intellectual marvel.

"Being a saving of how much?" Cappy droned on.

"Twenty-four hundred dollars," answered the efficient human machine without seeming to think for an instant.

"Being a saving of how many cents on a thousand shingles?"

Mr. Skinner closed one eye, cocked the other at the ceiling an instant and said:

"Thirteen and one-third cents a thousand."

"Very well, then, Skinner. Now listen to my instructions: Wire all the best shingle mills on Grays Harbor for quotations on Extra Star A Stars in one to five million lots, delivery fifteen, thirty and forty-five days from date; and if the price is right buy 'em all. We have about ten millions on hand at our own mill. To-night send out a flock of night letters to all the wholesale jobbers and brokers in Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, and all points taking a sixty-cent tariff, and quote 'em ten cents under the market subject to prior acceptance."

He turned to Matt Peasley.

"That clause—'subject to prior acceptance'—saves our faces in case we find ourselves unable to deliver the goods," he explained, and turned again to Skinner.

"We can freight the shingles from Grays Harbor to San Francisco in the Unicorn; reship on cars from Oklahoma Long Wharf and beat the direct car shipments from the mills ten cents, and still make our regular profit. Besides, the cut in price will bring us in a raft of orders we could not get otherwise. We can thus keep the Unicorn busy for sixty days without losing a cent on her, and if we haven't come to terms with the Mannheim people at the end of that time we'll find something else for her. And, of course, if we succeed meantime in chartering the Lion at a satisfactory price, we can throw the Unicorn back on Hudner at the end of the sixty days." And Cappy snickered malevolently as he pictured his enemy's discomfiture under these circumstances.

Mr. Skinner nodded his comprehension and hastened away to prepare the charter parties.

"If You Couldn't Say Boo! Until the Day You Finger a Dollar You'd Be as Dumb as an Oyster by the Time I Hand You the Check"

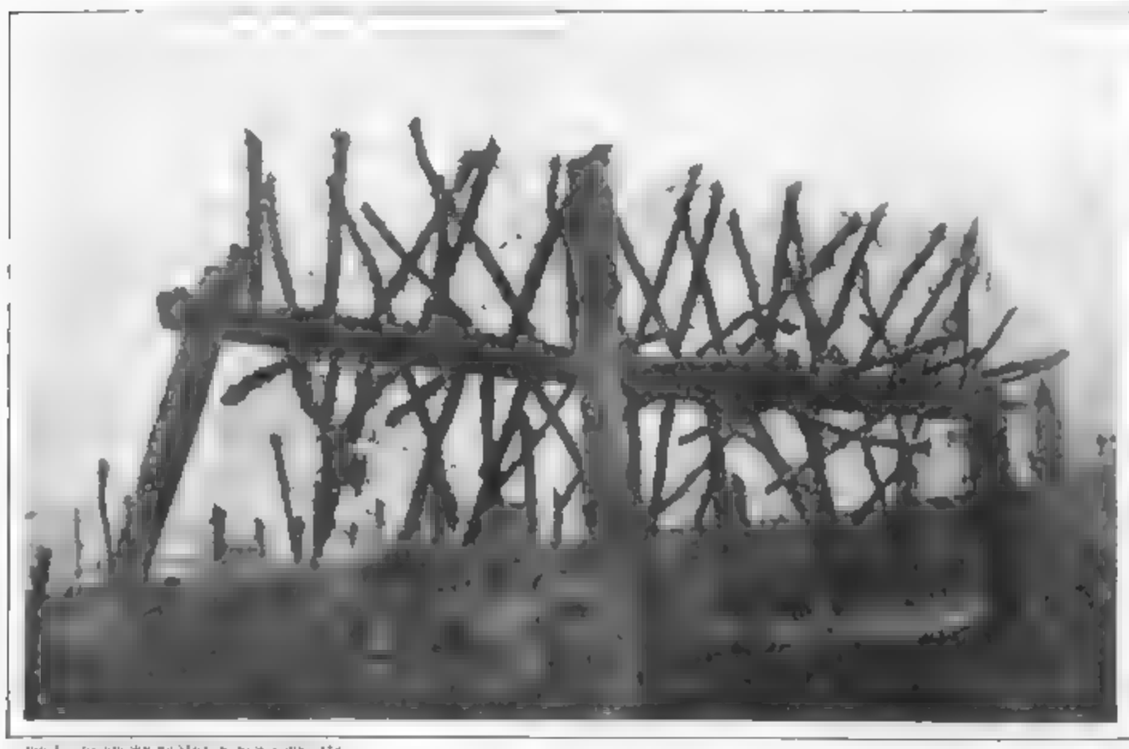
III

HUDNER, manager for the Black Butte Lumber Company, arched his eyebrows as Matt Peasley entered his office half an hour after he had left it and presented for Hudner's signature a formal charter party, in duplicate,

(Continued on Page 53)

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

"I Nibble Them"—By Mary Roberts Rinehart



Barbed Wire "Rabbit Trap" in Front of the Trenches

The Telephone Station of a French Colonel Near the Fighting Line

I WAS taken to see the battlefield of Ypres by Captain Boisseau, of the French War Academy, and Lieutenant René Puaux, of the staff of General Foch. It was a bright and sunny day, with a cold wind, however, that set the water in the wayside ditches to rippling.

All the night before I had wakened at intervals to heavy cannonading and the sharp cracking of *mitrailleuse*. We were well behind the line, but the wind was coming from the direction of the battlefield.

The start was made from in front of General Foch's headquarters. He himself put me in the car, and bowed an *au revoir*.

"You will see," he said, "the French soldier in the field, and you will see him cheerful and well. You will find him full also of invincible courage and resolution."

And all that he had said, I found. I found the French soldiers smiling and cheerful and ruddy in the most wretched of billets. I found them firing at the enemy, still cheerful, but with a coolness of courage that made my own shaking nerves steady themselves.

To-day, when that very part of the line I visited is, as was expected when I was there, bearing the brunt of the German attack in the most furious fighting of the war, I wonder, of those French soldiers who crowded round to see the first woman they had beheld for months, how many are lying on that muddy battlefield? What has happened on that road, guarded by buried quick-firers, that stretched to the German trenches beyond the poplar trees? Did the "rabbit trap" do its work? Only for a time, I think, for it was there that the Germans broke through. Did the Germans find and silence that concealed battery of seventy-five-millimeter guns under its imitation hedge? Who was in the tree lookout as the enemy swarmed across, and did he get away?

Except for the constant road repairing there was little to see during the first part of the journey. Here in a flat field, well beyond the danger zone, some of the new British Army was digging practice trenches in the mud. Their tidy uniforms were caked with dirt, their faces earnest and flushed. At last the long training at Salisbury Plain was over, and here they were, if not at the front, within hearing distance of the guns. Any day now a bit of luck would move them forward, and there would be something doing.

The Sights of Elverdingue

BY NOW, no doubt, they have been moved up and there has been something doing. Poor lads! I watched them until even their khaki-colored tents had faded into the haze. Lieutenant Puaux pointed out to me a detachment of Belgian soldiers mending roads. As our car passed they leaned on their spades and looked after us.

"Belgian carabineers," he said. "They did some of the most heroic work of the war last summer and autumn. They were decorated by the King. Now they are worn out and they mend roads!"

For—and this I had to learn—a man may not fight always, even although he escapes actual injury. It is the great problem of commanding generals that they must be always moving forward fresh troops. The human element counts for much in an army. Nerves go after a time. The constant noise of the guns has sent men mad.

More than ever, in this new warfare, is the problem serious. For days the men suffer not only the enemy's guns but the roar of their own batteries from behind them. They cannot always tell which side they hear. Their tortured ears ache with listening. And when they charge and capture an outpost it is not always certain that they will escape their own guns. In one tragic instance that I know of this happened.

The route was by way of Poperinghe, with its narrow, crowded streets, its fresh troops just arrived and waiting patiently, heavy packs beside them, for orders. In Poperinghe are found all the troops of the Allies: British, Belgian, French, Hindus, Cingalese, Algerians, Moroccans. Its streets are a series of colorful pictures, of quaint uniforms, of a babel of tongues, of that minor confusion that is order on a great scale. The inevitable guns rumbled along with six horses and three drivers: a lead driver, center driver and wheel driver. Unlike the British guns, there are generally no gunners with the guns, but only an officer or two. The gunners go ahead on foot. Lines of hussars rode by, making their way slowly round a train of British Red-Cross ambulances.

At Elverdingue I was to see the men in their billets. Elverdingue was another Poperinghe—the same crowds of soldiers, the same confusion, only perhaps more emphasized, for Elverdingue is very near the front, between Poperinghe and Ypres and a little to the north, where the line that curves out about Ypres bends back again.

More guns, more hussars. It was difficult to walk across the narrow streets. We watched our chance and broke through at last, going into a house at random. As each house had soldiers billeted in it, it was certain we would find some, and I was to see not selected quarters but billets chosen at random. Through a narrow, whitewashed center hall, with men in the rooms on either side, and through a muddy kitchen, where the usual family was huddled round a stove, we went into a tiny, brick-paved yard. Here was a shed, a roof only, which still held what remained of the winter's supply of coal.

Two soldiers were cooking there. Their tiny fire of sticks was built against a brick wall, and on it was a large can of stewing meat. One of the cooks—they were company cooks—was watching the kettle and paring potatoes in a basket. The other was reading a letter aloud. As the officers entered the men rose and saluted, their bright eyes taking in this curious party, which included, of all things, a woman!

"When did you get in from the trenches?" one of the officers asked.

"At two o'clock this morning, *Monsieur le Capitaine*."

"And you have not slept?"

"But no. The men must eat. We have cooked ever since we returned."

Further questioning elicited the facts that he would sleep when his company was fed, that he was twenty-two years old, and that—this not by questions but by investigation—he was sheltered against the cold by a large knitted muffler, an overcoat, a coat, a green sweater, a flannel shirt and an undershirt. Under his blue trousers he wore also the red ones of an old uniform, the red showing through numerous rents and holes. "You have a letter, comrade!" said the Lieutenant to the other man.

"From my family," was the somewhat sheepish reply.

Round the doorway other soldiers had gathered to see what was occurring. They came, yawning with sleep, from the straw they had been sleeping on, or drifted in from the streets, where they had been smoking in the sun. They were true republicans, those French soldiers. They saluted the officers without subservience, but as man to man. And through a break in the crowd a new arrival was shoved forward. He came, smiling uneasily.

"He has the new uniform," I was informed, and he must turn round to show me how he looked in it.

We went across the street and through an alleyway to an open place where stood an old coach house. Here were more men, newly in from the front. The coach house was a ruin, far from weather-proof and floored with wet and muddy straw. One could hardly believe that that straw had been dry and fresh when the troops came in at dawn. It was hideous now, from the filth of the trenches. The men were awake, and being advised of our coming by an anxious and loud-voiced member of the company who ran ahead, they were on their feet, while others, who had been sleeping in the loft, were on their way down the ladder.

Good Cheer After a Desperate Night

"THEY have been in a very bad place all night," said the Captain. "They are glad to be here, they say."

"You mean that they have been in a dangerous place?"

The men were laughing among themselves and pushing forward one of their number. Urged by their rapid French, he held out his cap to me. It had been badly torn by a German bullet. Encouraged by his example, another held out his cap. The crown had been torn almost out of it.

"You see," said Captain Boisseau, "it was not a comfortable night. But they are here, and they are content."

I could understand it, of course, but "here" seemed so pitifully poor a place—a wet and cold and dirty coach house, open to all the winds that blew; before it a courtyard stabling army horses that stood to the fetlocks in mud. For food they had what the boy of twenty-two or other cooks like him were preparing over tiny fires built against brick walls. But they were alive, and there were letters from home, and with the spring they expected to drive the Germans back in one of those glorious charges so dear to the French heart.

They were here, and they were content.

More sheds, more small fires, more paring of potatoes and onions and simmering of stews. The meal of the day was in preparation and its odors were savory. In one shed I photographed the cook, paring potatoes with a knife that looked as though it belonged on the end of a bayonet. And here I was lined up by the fire and the cook—and the knife—and my picture taken. It has not yet reached me. Perhaps it went by way of England, and was deleted by the censor as showing munitions of war!

From Elverdingue the road led north and west, following the curves of the trenches. We went through Woesten, where on the day before a dramatic incident had taken place. Although the town was close to the battlefield and its church in plain view from the German lines, it had escaped bombardment. But one Sunday morning a shot was fired. The shell went through the roof of the church

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Indian Troops in One of the Trenches

just above the altar, fell and exploded, killing the priest as he knelt. The hole in the roof of the building bore mute evidence to this tragedy. It was a small hole, for the shell exploded inside the building. When I saw it a half dozen planks had been nailed over it to keep out the rain.

There were trees outside Woesten, more trees than I had been accustomed to nearer the sea. Here and there a troop of cavalry horses was corralled in a grove; shaggy horses, not so large as the English ones. They were confined by the simple expedient of stretching a rope from tree to tree in a large circle.

"French horses," I said, "always look to me so small and light compared with English horses."

Then a horse moved about, and on its shaggy flank showed plainly the mark of a Western branding iron! They were American cow ponies from the plains.

"There are more than a hundred thousand American horses here," observed the Lieutenant. "They are very good horses."

Later on I stopped to stroke the soft nose of a black horse as it stood trembling near a battery of heavy guns that was firing steadily. It was American too. On its flank there was a triangle inside a circle. I gave it an additional caress, and talked a little American into one of its nervous, silky ears. We were both far from home, a trifle bewildered, a bit uneasy and frightened.

And now it was the battlefield—the flat, muddy plain of Ypres. On the right bodies of men, sheltered by intervening groves and hedges, moved about. Dispatch riders on motor cycles flew along the roads, and over the roof of a deserted farmhouse an observation balloon swung in the wind. Beyond the hedges and the grove lay the trenches, and beyond them again German batteries were growling. Their shells, however, were not bursting anywhere near us.

The balloon was descending. I asked permission to go up in it, but when I saw it near at hand I withdrew the request. It had no basket, like the ones I had seen before, but instead the observers, two of them, sat astride a horizontal bar.

The English balloons have a basket beneath, I am told. One English airship man told me that to be sent up in a stationary balloon was the greatest penalty a man could be asked to pay. The balloon jerks at the end of its rope like a runaway calf, and "the resulting nausea makes seasickness seem like a trip to the Crystal Palace."

The Gallant Lads From St. Cyr

SO I DID not go up in that observation balloon on the field of Ypres. We got out of the car, and trudged after it as it was carried to its new position by many soldiers. We stood by as it rose again above the tree tops, the rope and the telephone wire hanging beneath it. But what the observers saw that afternoon from their horizontal bar I do not yet know—trenches, of course. But trenches are interesting in this war only when their occupants have left them and started forward. Batteries and ammunition trains, probably, the latter crawling along the enemy's roads. But both of these can be better and more easily located by aëroplanes.

The usefulness of the balloon in this war is doubtful. It serves, at the best, to take the place of an elevation of land in this flat country, is a large and tempting target, and can serve only on very clear days when there is no ground mist—a difficult thing to achieve in Flanders.

We were getting closer to the front all the time. As the automobile jolted on, drawing out for transports, for ambulances and ammunition wagons, the two French officers spoke of the heroism of their men. They told me, one after the other, of brave deeds that had come under their own observation.

"The French common soldier is exceedingly brave—quite reckless," one of them said. "Take, for instance, the case, a day or so ago, of Philibert Musillat, of the 168th Infantry. We had captured a communication trench from the Germans and he was at the end of it, alone. There was a renewal of the German attack, and they came at him along the trench. He refused to retreat. His comrades behind handed him loaded rifles, and he killed every German that appeared until they lay in a heap. The Germans threw bombs at him, but he would not move. He stood there for more than twelve hours!"

There were many such stories, such as that of the boys of the senior class of the military school of St. Cyr, who took, the day of the beginning of the war, an oath to put on gala dress, white gloves and a red, white and blue plume, when they had the honor to receive the first order to charge.

They did it, too. Theatrical? Isn't it just splendidly boyish? They did it, you see. The first of them to die, a young sub-lieutenant, was found afterward, his red, white and blue plume trampled in the mud, his brave white gloves stained with his own hot young blood. Another of these St. Cyr boys, shot in the face hideously and unable to speak, stood still under fire and wrote his orders to his men. It was his first day under fire.

A boy fell injured between the barbed wire in front of his trench and the enemy, in that No Man's Land of so many tragedies. His comrades, afraid of hitting him, stopped firing.

"Go on!" he called to them. "No matter about me. Shoot at them!"

So they fired, and he writhed for a moment.

"I got one of yours that time!" he said.

The Germans retired, but the boy still lay on the ground, beyond reach. He ceased moving, and they thought he was dead. One may believe that they hoped he was dead. It was more merciful than the slow dying of No Man's Land. But after a time he raised his head.

"Look out," he called. "They are coming again. They are almost up to me!"

That is all of that story.

The car stopped. We were at the wireless and telephone headquarters for the French Army of the North. It was a low brick building, and outside, just off the roadway, was a high van full of telephone instruments. That it was moved from one place to another was shown when, later in the day, returning by that route, we found the van had disappeared.

It was two o'clock. The German wireless from Berlin had just come in. At three the receiving station would hear from the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It was curious to stand there and watch the operator, receivers on his ears, picking up the German message. It was curious to think that, just a little way over there, across a field or two, the German operator was doing the same thing, and that in an hour he would be receiving the French message.

All the batteries of the army corps are—or were—controlled from that little station. The colonel in charge came out to greet us, and to him Captain Boisseau gave General Foch's request to show me batteries in action.

The colonel was very willing. He would go with us himself. I conquered a strong desire to stand with the telephone building between me and the German lines, now so near, and looked about. A French aëroplane was overhead, but there was little bustle and activity along the road. It is a curious fact in this war that the nearer one is to the front the quieter things become. Three or four miles behind there is bustle and movement. A mile behind, and only an occasional dispatch rider, a few men mending roads, an officer's car, a few horses tethered in a wood, a broken gun carriage, a horse being shod behind a wall, a soldier on a lookout platform in a tree, thickets and hedges that on occasion spout fire and death—that is the country round Ypres and just behind the line in daylight.

We were between Ypres and the Allied line, in that arc which the Germans are, as I write, trying so hard to break through. The papers say that they are shelling Ypres and that it is burning. They were shelling it that day also. But now, as then, I cannot believe it is burning. There was nothing left to burn.

While arrangements were being made to visit the batteries, Captain Boisseau explained to me a method they had established at that point for measuring the altitude of hostile aëroplanes for the guns.

"At some anti-aircraft batteries," he explained, "they have the telemeter for that purpose. But here there is none. So they use the system of *visée laterale*, or side sight, literally."

He explained it all carefully to me. I understood it at the time, I think.

I remember saying it was perfectly clear, and a child could do it, and a number of other things. But the system of *visée laterale* has gone into that part of my mind which contains the Latin irregular verbs, harmonies, the catechism and answers to riddles.

A Horseshoe for Luck

THERE is a curious feeling that comes with the firing of a large battery at an unseen enemy. One moment the air is still; there is a peaceful plain round. The sun shines, and heavy cart horses, drawing a wagon filled with stones for repairing a road, are moving forward steadily, their heads down, their feet sinking deep in the mud. The next moment hell breaks loose. The great guns stand with smoking jaws. The message of death has gone forth. Over beyond the field and that narrow line of trees, what has happened? A great noise, the furious recoiling of the guns, an upcurling of smoke—that is the firing of a battery. But over there, perhaps, one man, or twenty, or fifty men, lying still.

So I required assurance that this battery was not being fired for me. I had no morbid curiosity as to batteries. One of the officers assured me that I need have no concern. Though they were firing earlier than had been intended, a German battery had been located and it was their instruction to disable it.

The battery had been well concealed.

"No German aëroplane has as yet discovered it," explained the officer in charge.

To tell the truth, I had not yet discovered it myself. We had alighted from the machine in a sea of mud. There was mud everywhere.

A farmhouse to the left stood inaccessible in it. Down the road a few feet a tree with an observation platform rose out of it. A few chickens waded about in it. A crowd of soldiers stood at a respectful distance and watched us. But I saw no guns.

One of the officers stooped and picked up the cast shoe of a battery horse, and shaking the mud off, presented it to me.

"To bring you luck," he said, "and perhaps luck to the battery!"

We left the road, and turning to the right made a floundering progress across a field to a hedge. Only when we were almost there did I realize that the hedge was the battery.

"We built it," said the officer in charge. "We brought the trees and saplings and constructed it. Madame did not suspect?" *(Continued on Page 57)*

Indian Fighting Men in Camp

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THAT'S GOOD

"What We Have to Plant on Marcellus J. We'll Get Back a Hundred Times Over"

OF ALL the old Bodbankers who gather in the back room of the Phœnix Hotel, Hibberd Shirley, who is the youngest, is the wise man.

In the Middle Ages, to be wise was to be familiar with great tomes of learning, with the expanding sciences, with the discoveries of travelers in strange continents, with the art of healing, with alchemy, starry heavens, and the counsel to be given to princes. But in the beginning of the twentieth century, to be wise is to know the ways of the freight department of railroads, the processes by which a bill goes through a legislature, the differences between natural complexions and those that are better, how to prevent the clerk from assigning one to a six-dollar room, the odor of mining certificates, the materials out of which cafés make sweetbread cutlets, the birthplaces of T. Cobb, M. Pickford, W. Bryan, and H. Bell Wright, and what to do in case of prohibition. The wise man is no longer complimented sufficiently by the adjective; today a noun must add luster to the title. Thus it is necessary, whatever may be the dictates of good taste, to say wise guy, wise gink, or perchance wise gazabo.

Hibberd Shirley, whose father had once been a candidate for the highest office in the gift of Illinois, often sat in the Phœnix back room as a member of the choicest conversational group of his fellow citizens. He was Bodbank's wise gazabo. To him it was a delight and satisfaction to be able to carry about with him the refinement and book learning of his forbears and yet be able also to discourse with the sophistication of a Chicago taxi-driver. He liked to take the attitude of a man who, not being able to tell why the world is wicked, can tell how it is wicked.

"Shirley," said Rufe P. Holland, the proprietor of the Phœnix—"Shirley is the one Bodbanker who isn't likely to go to Chicago with a watch and chain and come back with the chain."

Just then Shirley came in. Judge Antrim moved his seat along the chair rail of the blue-painted wall. Malachi Sturges, the manufacturer, shifted a little; old Bosville asked whether the Mississippi was still rising; and Shook, the president of the trust company, threw a New York financial journal into the red, open mouth of the round stove.

Hibberd has a swatch of brownish-yellow hair above his left ear, and he has to plaster it up over and down toward the right ear to cover an area where, as Michael Lynch says, "It looks like the crows had got all the seed." Vanity shows in the care he takes to spread the growth which Judge Antrim, in his turn, calls "the contingent remainder." Vanity also shows in the white false waistcoat, in the huge gold seal ring, and in the black shell-rimmed eyeglasses of the kind which once went with but few statesmen and now go with every readymade suit of clothes. Shirley allowed a short, stocky sigh to escape from his short, stocky body as he sat down.

"Steel Common led a heavy market," he remarked to the other members of the Back Room Club, because Wall Street talk still impresses Bodbank.

"All a con game," snapped Bosville, rubbing his rheumatic wrists. "Where do all the rubes come from anyway?"

Hibberd looked out of his broad face at the older man patronizingly, as a young trotting horse with a speed record would look at a relic of past glories of the turf.

"They don't call 'em rubes any more," said he. "They call 'em hicks. They all come from New York. That little burg is the rube town of the United States. There's nothing in Iowa to touch it."

The more ancient Bodbankers turned toward him.

"S'right!" said he. "They put on shows in New York that wouldn't get by in a way-station opera house. You can sell spavin cure for cough syrup on Broadway. Hurry-up furniture is all bought by natives of Manhattan Isle in antique shops. I can paint a Raphael tomorrow, and pass it off nowhere in the world as a Rubens except on Fifth Avenue. Give me a bottle of table-d'hôte claret, a brass candlestick and a yellow package of cigarettes, and I can write a highbrow weekly review that I can sell for honest-to-goodness money to New Yorkers only. If the police would let me alone I could make a million dollars in ten days, running a shell game on their subway trains. Out-of-town people in New York who run short of money always mortgage Central Park to one of the natives. The town is the hickiest of the hick!"

Michael Lynch said: "Can't we send wan av our wise Bodbank byes to teach thim the gentle art av keepin' their little fingers out of the automatic cigar cutters?"

"Yes, and I advise sending them Marcellus Starr," Hibberd answered eagerly. "He certainly belongs in New York. I know the inside story of Marcellus."

"The man who has that Main Street store window filled with neckties and shirts that make me think av a cornet-an'-steam-calliope duet?" asked Lynch.

"The same," said Shirley. "Listen."

Listen, now: Marcellus Starr doesn't bank with the trust company, or go to the judge for legal advice, or carry the kind of minstrel-show, 1874 collars and knitted wristers that Bosville wears, or order wholesale from Lynch's emporium of liquids, and so none of you, in these days when Bodbank is a regular street railway town and beginning to be shown by a circle instead of by a dot on the map, know much about M. Starr. And I'm reasonably certain none of you heard of his adventures with the smartest young woman—barring, of course, those that are not good-looking and have to be smart—the smartest lady this side of the two unprotected coast lines of our great, peaceful, prosperous country.

Perhaps it will be news to you to know that Marcellus was born right here in Bodbank, and first saw light in the old parsonage on Shepard Street, up where the mosquitoes are strong in roster, sing and bill. His father was the preacher who died of reading a book on edible mushrooms. Of course, by all that was probable, Mark was destined to be the regular heir of a minister, sitting in at games of forty-five at the age of fourteen, chewing peppermint drops to suppress the odor and avoid the more immediate results of the baneful cigarette, and burning the house down for the insurance.

Instead of that, Starr took the straight and narrow way: Honesty is the best policy; early to bed, early to rise; a stitch in time saves nine; handsome is as handsome does; lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine; and the Young Men's Christian Gymnasium. Silence is golden; the bird on the dollar catches the early worm; and, where love flies in at the window, haste makes waste. These were the mottoes that he read on life's own lozenges. He rested heavily on the wisdom of the ancients. And what I will tell you will show that even the counsel of the ancients does not always prevent a man's foot from slipping.

Marcellus went through high school and delivered the valedictory, standing with his round, good-natured, simple, innocent and bright red face, looking out from the setting of daisies, buttercups, diplomas tied with baby blue, Jessies, Myrtles and Madelines, and moss-rose extract, at the physiognominious sea of upturned faces. The valedictory ended with a hope that each of the pupils now to be launched into a world of usefulness could at the end of his or her life tell his or her conscience the truth and have the conscience say in return: "That's good!"

After this peroration he went off on the road selling collars, working as far south as Hannibal, Missouri, and as far north as Mankato, Minnesota. At night he sat under the dim lights of hotel rooms, listening to the click of pool balls, and reading novels of E. P. Roe; and by day he was placing four-plys with local haberdasheries or was heaving a sigh whenever he put a chocolate ice-cream soda down on the personal column of his expense book. He had a feeling that his passion for sweets would some day be his undoing. He had heard that if a man began at twenty-one to save a dollar a day, at fifty he would be worth the best part of a hundred thousand dollars, and he never could get rid of the idea that ten cents was the interest for a year on two dollars, or if it were figured for three hundred days a year, was the return on a capital of six hundred. The only foolish thing he ever did was to give two hundred dollars, or half a year's savings, to help send a waitress at the old Metropolitan House in Stillwater to Colorado Springs, to die slowly rather than fast. And his apparent interest in women was so small that he did not even know her first name was Minnie, or that many a time, when she had seen him come in, she had changed the plate of crackers so he could have clean ones.

That was Marcellus. He would in youth have made a good model for a cupid, dropping out of the pale sky on the ceiling of a moving-picture theater. He had wide blue eyes, and it was a great surprise to the Retailers' Association of Bodbank when he bought the stock of old Eldredge in that store in Bucknam's Block.

"Yes, I've saved a little here and there," he told me. "I'm going to keep an up-to-date stock here too. No more Grand Sacrifice Sales and Big Sensation Clearances now! It's going to look like a regular Chicago outfitter's. I'd like to show you some mercerized pyjamas you'd be proud to wear in the aisle of a Pullman car. All fixed, eh? Then, how about silk socks, six pair in a box, and a dollar, to you? Don't you know, that's good?"

He did what he said he'd do, he ran a live shop. His windows were a part of the newer Bodbank, and he was the first man in town to keep his front lighted at night. His sign said: "M. Starr, Outfitter to His Majesty, the Well Dressed Citizen."

Maybe Marcellus would have liked invitations to the homes of the good and great here. He did not get 'em. Mrs. Firkin put him in the discard.

"All that may be said in his favor is that he does not do anything reprehensible," she said. "But I suspect him. I cannot bear a man with ears that stand out too far, especially on a round face. Depend upon it, there is no delicacy of feeling in such a person. His entire interest seems to be in vulgar trade. If I invited him to dinner I should expect to hear nothing but talk about balbriggans and garters. There is no finesse in his make-up."

Firkin tried to argue with his wife that Starr had not only read all of the novelists in sets, but that he had wasted other evenings in the study of Taine's English Literature and Gibbon's Rome, and other books not much advertised.

"I don't care," she said. "He would look very squatty in a dress suit, and he is a long way from my idea of culture. Furthermore, he has never married, just because of the expense. I know such men!"

So Marcellus lived a profitable and lonely existence in Bodbank for seven years. Gray hair came round his temples. He became the high priest on correct wear for men. His advice to youth sold more pearl-gray gloves in a year than Bodbank had ever bought in five before. He introduced the "Summercool" line of undergarments, and learned to put out his light in Mrs. Wellington's let room so promptly at ten that young girls knew when that window was dark that it was time to leave whatever front porch steps they happened to be sitting on. The interests he might have had in common with the men, such as billiards, lodge nights, politics, baseball, and "What's yours?" he didn't show; and if any girls in Bodbank attracted him he kept it dark, and because he was not "in with the right set," the girls kept it darker. As far as anyone could see, Marcellus was on his way to get rich slowly, and exercise with the chest weights every afternoon, and sing in the choir on Sundays, and make six trips a year to Chicago to keep in touch with the trade, and stand behind a counter to the end of his dull days. I used to think sometimes that if I went away from Bodbank, and came back after twenty years, I'd find Starr still watching some boy clerk polishing the glass cases, and that I'd say:

"Well, I'm back"; and that he would say: "*That's* good!" And I'd say: "Yes, I'm glad too"; and then he'd always alternate and say: "That's *good!*"

The boys used to call him "That's-good Starr." I told him so. He said with the same old simple, innocent smile: "That's good!" It just popped out of him.

I used to look at him sometimes and think of how pink and ripe he was. I wondered why somebody who wanted to sell a gold mine or show him how to make money quick in a diamond necklace trade hadn't picked him. He was ready to fall. All it needed was for some good confidence man to shake the limb a little. Bodbank is a happy pool into which to drop bait, and I thought simple Marcellus was the biggest, hungriest fish in the lot.

And at last it came. The leaves were dropping off the trees along the River bank; the watering cart couldn't keep the dust off Main Street; awnings were flapping in the first wind that smelled of winter; so many overcoats were being stretched over back-yard clothes-lines that you could smell moth-balls as far as the Iowa shore; the drug stores, noting a depression in sundaes, began to polish up the hot-chocolate apparatus, and the sunlight threatened to fade the velvet ties in Starr's window. That was the kind of day that a stranger blew in at the store of Marcellus.

The stranger was a fine, respectable-appearing business man of middle age, with a gray cropped mustache, black tie, and a faint odor of violet toilet water. He had a frank, open and aboveboard manner, and looked at anybody squarely when he talked. They say a lion won't jump if you look him in the eye, and that a man who looks you in the eye is a man to trust. If you're going to believe either of these stories, believe the first; you won't meet many lions.

He said his name was Barrett Prentice, and he was accompanied by a lady who might have been thirty, who sang softly to herself, who looked in the mirror back of the collar display, and paid no attention whatever to Marcellus.

"S'my niece," whispered Prentice. "She's an orphan."

Marcellus glanced at her covertly, and then stared at her out of his simple eyes, just as if an alarm clock had gone off inside her big, black fur muff.

He saw that she had a figure like something in a show window, and a face that was not unlike the well-known head of Liberty. And finally he tore his glance loose and turned back to the man. Barrett P. was telling him about a scheme to amalgamate twenty-five men's outfitting stores in a chain system.

"We'll buy in quantities at low prices. We can keep a shifting stock. We can make novelties do their work over and over again. We can move specialty salesmen from town to town. We plan to take in Quincy, Des Moines, Davenport, Rock Island, Council Bluffs, Galesburg, Dubuque, and them places. As I said, we can pay about good full value in cash—or, say, preferred stock—for a store; then we issue to you about as much more in common stock."

"That's good," said Starr.

"The only trouble at present is that I'm finding it a little hard to raise money to go forward with it," the other went on. "You and I would do better to keep outsiders from gettin' any of the promoters' profits, eh? Better wait and get it all. What day can you meet me next Thursday in Chicago?"

Starr thought a moment and looked once more on the full-blown, dew-sprinkled, crispy-petaled, fresh-as-the-morning lady, and said:

"Thursday."

Prentice made a motion with his thumb toward the girl, who was still almost dancing with vitality—feet, eyes, and lights in her hair.

"S'my niece," he said. "An orphan an' you know?—in a small way an heiress. An' by the way, if you want to look me up, I'll give you some bank references."

"That's good," said Marcellus.

But the other only took a notebook out of his pocket and checked the name of Marcellus Starr in a list of names. Of course Marcellus did not know that Barrett Prentice was once known as the "Juarez Fence," and that his niece was Josephine Pollock, the daughter of the deceased Joseph Pollock of New Orleans, New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Joliet, Sing Sing, and Charlestown, Massachusetts. He did not know that ever since she had come home from a convent she had lived with her mother in a modest apartment on the North Side of Chicago, and had paid for her own clothes. He did not know that Juarez was "working out" of Ben Goetting's "pay-off joint," through which confidence men secured police protection and obtained "utility men" for their games, and at which divisions of the "kick in," or the spoils, were made. He did not know that, New York being too far away, the "con mob" had to be satisfied with a "sucker list" covering towns in the three I's—Indiana, Iowa and Illinois. He did not know that he himself was the first among the S's on the Goetting list. He did not know that the short story of his life was on file at the "pay-off joint" in Room 5461 of the respectable tiled-floor Esmeralda Building, where the ground-glass door said, "Florida Timber and Dredging Company, Limited," and that he was rated as "Good for twelve thousand." Poor Marcellus! He had saved long and faithfully, and now he just blinked. Money was to be made in chain-store schemes! So he said: "Next Thursday."

He said Thursday and he kept his word.

"I Would Like to Let You In on This Information. But if I Do, You Must Promise Never, Never to Tell My Uncle"

There is a type of American hotel that is the best in every city over seventy-five and under two hundred thousand population, and second best in the largest places. Downstairs there is an Indian, Chinese, Flemish, Irish, Nimrod's or Grape Arbor Grill, and a cabaret. There is a mezzanine floor, unlined writing paper, perfumery in the finger bowls, insolence, green hall carpets, free washrags, and orange-wood sticks done up in sanitary tissue paper, soup de luxe, and other discomforts too numerous to mention. There is always a convention going on, so that everything smells of cloves; one-cent newspapers are two cents at the news stand, and the house detective leans against marbled pillars under gilt frescoes and yawns freely behind his fat hand. In one of these hotels Marcellus, according to his custom, took a room and bath, and contrary to his custom he felt that destiny was about to reach out and hand him something.

It was. He got a long telegram from Barrett Prentice, arranging in detail for a meeting in the afternoon at the office of the Florida Timber and Dredging Company, Limited; and he may have reflected that, being on the threshold of great profits and on the eve of stepping into the larger Business World, he could indulge in the luxury of oysters, broiled whitefish, and a chocolate éclair in the Venice Room. It was there that the fountain plashed and the gondolas went round the walls. At the door the little hat-girl acted as if your overcoat belonged to her father, and among the tables a chauffeur in a red turban made Turkish coffee for ladies dressed like a million dollars.

On his way to the restaurant he came face to face, by the merest chance, as he supposed, with Josephine Pollock, alias niece of Barrett Prentice, formerly the Juarez Fence. He was sure it was she, because she had the same atmosphere of dew on rose petals.

"I beg your pardon," said she at the elevator door. "I had an engagement to meet my uncle. We saw you in Bodbank, didn't we? Were you introduced? I'm sure I've forgotten. Do you know I've nothing but my keys in my pocketbook, and I'm nearly famished."

"That's good," said Marcellus. "Check your muff."

Her eyes went into a squint as she looked at him. She was a shrewd young woman, and there was a crispness about her like tulips about to blossom.

"My uncle has been so troubled!" she said, taking off her white gloves and putting them on the white tablecloth. "But now everything is all right. He's just going to make a killing. That's what he calls it—a killing. It was just a piece of luck. It was all due to a bookkeeper who once worked for him—a man named Ed Freeze."

"Do you drink cocktails?" asked Marcellus, looking at her out of his simple eyes.

She shook her head.

"That's good!" said he. "I am glad you don't drink cocktails.

She was irritated by the interruption of her narrative, but she found time to look at Starr again while his head was bent over the card, and say to him:

"Are you married?"

He denied it with a blush that went all over his face and neck. She knew very well that he was not married; the information had been entered on his card with the remark: "Let Josie work up the love stuff." But she was glad she had asked the question, because something about his innocence appeared attractive and novel.

"I'll bet you're gay!" she said.

He shook his head again. This time he looked sad.

"No," said he. "I'm not going to pass myself onto anybody as gay. I never took a drink. I go to bed at ten or eleven o'clock even when I'm in Chicago. I'm careful of my money and I never ride in taxicabs. I used to be a traveling salesman, but I never grabbed a waitress' hand in my life. The moon looks better to me than an electric sign, and home cooking agrees with my digestion. I'm ashamed of myself. I'm a good deal like day before yesterday."

Josephine tried to give him a look of pity, but there was something in his simple, frank way of speaking that stopped her. Poor Marcellus!

"Well, as I was saying, this bookkeeper works for a big furniture house," she went on, "and he knows a man who is employed in a confidential way by the telegraph company. Of course I don't understand it, but in some way he can get information about the horse races in New Orleans before anybody else. And then, if you can get the information, you can make thousands of dollars betting."

"That's good," said Marcellus with his eyes popping out.

"But you don't believe in betting," said she, touching his fingers lightly and perhaps by accident.

"Goodness!" said Starr.

"Do you?"

Marcellus looked down at his plate and then blushed again. "I feel kind of unprincipled today!" he said with a gurgle of delight. "I don't know what I believe!"

She leaned over the table until he could smell heliotrope and other odors of old-fashioned gardens.

"I would like to let you in on this information," she said. "But if I do, you must promise never, never to tell my uncle."

Marcellus answered her. He said: "I guess you'd better not tell me then. If I'm going into business with him I want to be square with him. It's better to be square, isn't it? I ask you. I had an idea that you would stand for being square. Is that right?"

She looked a little frightened by the simple suggestion of Marcellus. "Oh, I suppose so," she said in an irritated tone. "I'll go and telephone my uncle now."

Up to the booth she went. Yes, she went up there and called up the pay-off joint. Goetting answered, I suppose.

"Too easy for words!" she said. "He fell for the lunch. He's falling for the love stuff. Tell Juarez to wait there for him. I'm going to introduce him to Eddie Freeze first. The man's a regular hick!"

But when she came out of the booth maybe she felt out of sorts. She went back and looked at Marcellus in silence, and put on her white gloves and took them off, and put them on again. And he just watched her, satisfied—and happy, so far as anyone could see. Poor Mark!

Poor Mark! Eddie Freeze came down in response to a telephone call and Josephine suggested a conference in Starr's own room. Then she said she was going off to buy a pair of shoes.

"I can't stay long," Eddie said nervously. "I'd lose my job."

He was a thin, consumptive individual with a thin, drooping mustache. He was pale and everything about him drooped—his shoulders, his nose, his fingers, his hat brim hanging over one thin, bony knee. He was timid; the least little noise startled him; he told his story in a whisper.

He told about the years of toil over columns of figures, sitting on a high stool. He told of his marriage and the two kiddies, as he called them, and of his eight-dollar-a-week flat. He told about his old, old friend whom he had once saved from bankruptcy and through whom he was now able to get racing results in advance over the telegraph company's special wire from New Orleans.

"I've got to trust you, Mr. Starr," he said, when he finally came to his confession. "The whole happiness of the dear little woman and the kiddies—did I show you these pictures of 'em?—depends on this being a sure thing."

"How's that?" asked Marcellus in alarm.

"I'm an embezzler," wailed the guy. "The money I'm going to put into the pool is stolen money."

He began to cry softly. Marcellus, perhaps, was touched. He might have been tempted to beg Mr. Freeze not to do anything dishonest, but for some reason he had lost his own moral sense. The proposal to win money in thousand-dollar lots, coming after a lifetime of squeezing it out jitney by jitney, had dazed him.

The tubercular bookkeeper, who was known among old acquaintances as "Eddie the Frog," recovered from his grief soon enough to take the Bodbank victim round to see the wire operator. Their meeting place was in the elevator of the building above the telegraph office, and Marcellus was introduced to a thickset man with a cropped mustache and in shirt-sleeves, who wore a green eye-shade. If Starr had been observant he would have noticed that the shoes of this fellow were still wet with the first fall of snow, indicating that he, too, had just come, not from the telegraph office but from Dearborn Street. But the green eye-shade was surely convincing scenery.

"Don't you know any better than to come round here when the wire chief and the superintendent are on the job," growled the telegraph man to Mr. Ed Freeze. "Of course, I'm glad to meet your friend, but it's risking a pot of money—big, big money!"

Marcellus opened his simple eyes. He might have felt himself a part of a delicious conspiracy, an actor in a great drama, a lucky man close to a great stroke of fortune. He understood now that there was no risk involved. He knew that some horse race would be run to-morrow in New Orleans; he knew that several rich men in Chicago—"stockyard men and brokers from the wheat pit"—met in the office of the Florida Timber and Dredging Company, Limited, to exchange bets in cash on such races. He knew that, when the news of the race had come over the wire, the trusty telegraph operator would hold up the information for twenty minutes and would send a telephone message to Mr. Goetting, and that then Mr. Goetting would hold up one finger and scratch his ear, and that would be a signal to the insiders to place their money on such and such a horse. All this he had heard explained. He was more glad than ever that he had met Mr. Prentice, the chain-store man, and the beautiful Josephine, who appeared to be such a nice, refined, companionable and charming girl, with such an atmosphere of May mornings, caroling birds, cloud-flecked skies and newly opened hyacinths, and the tempted bookkeeper who had embezzled a few hundred dollars. Three-part moving pictures were being run off before his beaming eyes; he was seeing feature films.

When he went up to the pay-off joint in the Esmeralda Building he was pleased, too, by the appearance of stability in that office. He was pleased by the heavy mahogany furniture, the heavy brass ash-tray, the heavy-piled red carpet, the heavy manners of Mr. Goetting—a large man with a large mouth, large ears, large rolls of chin hanging poised upon the points of a collar in congressional style, large fat fingers on a large fat, warm, affectionate, all-inclusive, welcoming hand.

But the fly in the ointment was a terrible quarrel which raged in the adjoining room, to which Ed Freeze had been summoned by Barrett Prentice. Marcellus caught words of anger here and there, the sound of apologies, accusations, whining, and at last the noise of a hush and stillness. Barrett opened the door. His gray hair was rumpled; his necktie was askew. But he was smiling.

"Excuse me not speaking when you came in, Starr," he said. "You understand I was pretty much mad about my niece telling you our little private affairs, and I've just bawled out Mr. Freeze here for letting you in on the pool. Of course I know you a little, but not very well. How could I tell where you would stand on a gambling matter like this? Couldn't! And I didn't feel, until I had tried to borrow the rest of the money, like letting anybody in on a cinch like this. But bygones is bygones."

"That's good," exclaimed Marcellus, his face full of simple joy. "Now about the chain stores ——"

"Gone!" said Prentice, running his finger round his collar. "The financial backing fell through."

Marcellus showed his disappointment on his face. Up sprang Mr. Goetting.

"I might as well tell you," said the pay-off-joint proprietor in his heavy, conservative manner. "It was me. I put the crimp in that plan. It's too much risk, Mr. Starr. I believe in conservative investments. After I'd thought the men's outfitting combination over, I couldn't see it at all. I want quick, sure turns."

"Like horse-racing," said Mr. Prentice mockingly.

The pay-off-joint man turned on the Juarez Fence with heavy anger in his heavy eyes. Poor Starr believed another quarrel was at hand. These men did nothing but fill the air with misunderstandings.

"Now, listen to me, Prentice," said Goetting severely: "If a man can take a little sporting proposition once in a while and turn a few thousand, why not? You've always been a sound business man and you're going to do it. It was you who brought this gentleman, Mr. Freeze, up here. It was you who showed me this sure way to pick up a little coin. You talk fine for a man who has been known as one of the most successful manufacturers of the Middle West."

The row quieted down.

"Now let's get this pool straightened out," said Mr. Goetting heavily. "You're going to put up five thousand. I put up another. Freeze will take five hundred, and if we can get somebody to take five or ten more, there's fifteen or twenty thousand. We don't have to place it until we can name the winning pony. If Gum Get wins, we draw down a nice little two hundred thousand; if it's the favorite and the odds are against us, we'll have to be contented to split ten or fifteen."

"Don't Forget—Marcellus Starr Has Picked You for the Real Thing!"

Marcellus took out one of his famous pure Irish linen handkerchiefs, sold in quantities on Main Street, Bodbank, and wiped his forehead. "Well, how much will you put in?" asked the Juarez Fence.

Poor Starr thought a minute. "I don't know," said he. "I'll have to think it over."

"Bless my soul!" Goetting exclaimed. "If I felt that way I wouldn't put a cent in it. Just drop the proposition right where it is."

"No, no," said Mark. "I didn't mean that. But I'll make up my mind and telegraph my bank to send a draft on to-night's mail."

The Juarez Fence scowled.

"They won't think you intend to use so much money this way, will they?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Starr, staring out of his big, round, surprised eyes. "They won't think so. I couldn't let anybody in Bodbank suspect—for anything!"

Freeze, Goetting and Prentice all nodded a solemn approval.

"You're a business man," said the proprietor of the pay-off joint.

"That's good," said Marcellus. "But there's just one question I'd like to ask."

"Ask on," said Goetting, turning from the map of the Florida timberlands.

"If we are successful in making these bets on the horse race, would I ever get another chance to make one—here?"

"Certainly would!" said Prentice.

"Sure thing!" said Eddie the Frog.

"Ab-so-lutely!" said Goetting.

"That's good!" said Marcellus. "I might want to go into this later—in a big way."

The three men heard this sentiment without enthusiasm, but they told him to make himself at home while they were out. Starr read a real-estate journal, looked himself up in credit-rating book for the satisfaction of it, stared out over Lake Michigan with its autumn blanket of fog and smoke, and listened to the clicking of a typewriter in the next room. When the telephone rang he sat up. It rang again. It rang again, once more, then again. There was no denying it. He picked up the receiver.

"Is Mr. Barrett Prentice there?" asked a far-away woman's voice. "New York City is calling. The First National Bank wants Mr. Prentice."

Marcellus gasped; he was in touch with large affairs.

"Not here," said he. "I don't know where you could reach him now."

And, as he put up the receiver, a voice at his shoulder said: "That's right. He's at a Board of Trade conference.

(Continued on Page 32)

The Envelope Was There! Ten Thousand Dollars!

MADE IN JAPAN

By Samuel G. Blythe

Sorting and Packing the Great Japanese Radishes

THE Chinese cut off their queues. Wherefore the Chinese, to the number of many millions, needed hats and caps for their shorn heads, to replace the little round caps they had been wearing for a few thousand years or so.

There was a hat-and-cap market worth while, a hat-and-cap market made while one waited—overnight—for hundreds of thousands of gross. In the clipping of a queue there was established a hat-and-cap demand, such as the world had never known, as a newly made commercial possibility—hats and caps needed by the millions and in a country where no hats and caps were manufactured.

Of course the enterprising American manufacturers—with their superior product, their scientific methods of merchandising, their systems for selling, their extraordinary business acumen—or the farseeing and trade-hungry Germans, or the solid, substantial, but none the less pushing Britons—stepped in and secured that enormous trade. Of course one of these great commercial nations secured this business, did it not?

Yes; it did not! The nation that sold the queueless Chinese their hats and caps, and the nation that is still selling the queueless Chinese their hats and caps, is neither the United States nor Germany, nor yet Great Britain, where the manufacture, sale and use of hats and caps has been going on for decades on decades; but it is Japan, where they have not been wearing hats and caps in any great numbers for many years—let alone making them for others to wear.

Japan went busily in and accumulated that hat-and-cap trade, just as Japan has been and is going busily in with many other lines and accumulating similar trade in all parts of the world open to her—especially in the United States and in China. The Japanese merchant and the Japanese manufacturer want to do business. They will cut their profits to the lowest margin rather than lose the deal. There is no making of an arbitrary profit percentage in Japan and sticking to that or not selling.

Quick Sales and Small Profits

THE Japanese wants to make as much as he can, of course; but rather than remain idle he will make what he can. He has no other idea than to do business. He wants the turnover. He will take five per cent if he cannot get six, or two per cent if he cannot get four. To be sure, he will exhaust every expedient to get six; but he will not lose the trade if he can get it by lessening his own profit. Ordinarily he does his business on just enough capital to carry him along, and he cannot afford to let his goods pile up in his store or in his warehouse; he must keep them moving.

Furthermore, he has the cheap idea firmly inculcated. The amount of junk in the shape of the smaller manufactured articles made in Japan is enormous. Labor is cheap, and all phases of it can be employed—men, women and children—with few restrictions as to hours or ages. They make cheaply and they sell cheaply, and they are wolves for business.

If you, an American, bought a very cheap toothbrush last year or this year, the chances are that toothbrush was made in Japan. The Japanese sold us seven million toothbrushes last year, and will sell us more than that this year. If you decorate yourself with a low-priced, near-Panama hat, it is quite likely that Panama hat was made in Japan. They sold us almost two million dollars' worth of them, wholesale, last year. If you go into a restaurant of the variety patronized by most Americans and regale yourself with crab-meat salad, or crab meat *à la* Dewey, or a crab cocktail—especially if you do this in a restaurant away from the Atlantic or the Pacific Coast—it is almost a certainty that the crab meat in your salad or your chafing dish or your cocktail, came from Japan in tins. We bought some six hundred thousand dollars' worth of that product last year; and it does not cost much per tin.

You buy yourself a nifty shirt made of thin silk—it is Japanese material. You snuff menthol for a cold in your head—it is Japanese menthol to a large extent. You use some camphor—it came from Japan. So does much of the straw braid in your straw hat, and the matting on your floor, and many other things, including objects of art and curios—which reminds me of a sign I saw in a Japanese village: Antique Curios Bought, Sold and Made.

The Japanese make for us and sell us hundreds of other commodities, ranging from raw silk, which we buy to the extent of sixty million dollars' worth or more a year, to dried mushrooms, of which we consume enough to add a hundred thousand dollars a year to the revenues of Japanese mushroom dealers. That is a good many dried mushrooms, as any person can testify who has had under observation the minute portions of that featherweight commodity handed to him in the guise of fresh mushrooms at many restaurants and charged for on the fresh basis.

We buy four million dollars' worth of Japanese tea and a million and a half dollars' worth of porcelains and potteries. We buy rice and toys; matting and lily bulbs; clothing—they actually exported men's ready-made clothing to us last year; tablecloths and embroideries; coal and copper; cotton crêpes and vegetable wax; soy and brushes; brassware and brocade—dozens and dozens of things. And the reason we buy them is because we do not produce some of the commodities—such as raw silk—and because none of the commodities can be produced so cheaply in America as in Japan.

As you travel through Japan you see many factories. Osaka, especially, is a great manufacturing city; but Japan is not a country of factories as is America or England or Germany. Most of the big establishments in Japan make textiles. They are largely cotton-spinning places—not all, but to a great extent. The smaller things in Japan are made in households. The homes are the factories. The front room of the house, especially in the big cities, is a place where something is made or something is sold; usually where something is both made and sold.

Any person who goes about a Japanese city, like Tokio or Kobe or Nagasaki or Osaka or Kioto, wonders how so many shopkeepers can make livings. In Tokio, for example, there are miles and miles of streets of little shops, literally miles and miles of them. They stretch away in every direction and sell every sort of commodity. You see the clogmaker making clogs, with two or three assistants, or four or five, as the case may be.

You see a brass-smith hammering out brass bowls; or a mat-maker making mats; or a fan-maker making fans; or a cushion-maker making cushions; or a tabi-maker making tabi, which is the thick sock the Japanese wear, with a separate compartment for the big toe, used for the string that retains the wooden clog on the foot; or a pottery-maker making pottery; or a silversmith hammering out silver; or a damascene-maker inlaying gold; or a toy-maker making toys; or a sweetmeat-maker—hundreds of those—making sweetmeats; or a basket-maker making baskets—scores and scores of various artisans making the multitude of commodities the Japanese use and sell. And you wonder how so many shops can exist.

Then it is explained to you that the homes are the factories of Japan; that the great bulk of Japanese manufacture is household manufacture; and that the Japanese not only works himself, but that his women folk and his children all work; and that the return, though small, is sufficient. The Japanese shopkeeper is content with little profits. He has to be. There are so many of them in the same lines that big profits are out of the question.

Workers in a Cloisonné Factory

This system of household manufacture is what enables the exporters of Japanese goods of the minor varieties to buy and sell so cheaply. Japan is the paradise for the five-and-ten-cent-store man and the heaven for the notion dealers. They go to Japan in great numbers every year, and they bring back shiploads of little things that can be disposed of as novelties in their emporiums. The trade is systematized and organized, and the Japanese are as clever at it as their American, English, Canadian and other customers.

To explain this business in one of its phases, let me take the method of a large importing house in the city of New York. This house has a building of enormous extent devoted to the showing of all sorts of things it brings to the United States, including about every conceivable article of Japanese manufacture. Buyers go there. They look over the samples and select what they want.

How Contracts are Given Out

SUPPOSE, for example, there should be orders for a few thousand dozens of a certain sort of a lacquered box or tray, which is a very common Japanese commodity. The order is sent to the agent of that house in Japan. He is instructed to have made the few thousand dozens of lacquered boxes or trays that his firm has sold. Now, there is no factory in Japan where these goods can be obtained in such quantities. Instead, there are many well-known and well-defined sections where lacquered trays and boxes are made in household shops.

The buyer goes to that section and sees the local dealers. He shows his samples and learns from one man how many dozens he can supply. He orders up to that man's capacity; then he goes to another dealer and repeats the operation. Thus, in a short space of time, he has contracted for all the lacquered boxes or trays he needs.

Then the dealer, having an order for fifty dozens, say, of these boxes, goes, in his turn, to the makers. He knows where they are. He takes his sample boxes or trays and makes his rounds. He comes to the house of I. Sato, who has a hut, with a shop in front and a living room behind. I. Sato is skillful at this work. He has a reputation for good and consistent craftsmanship.

"I desire," says the dealer, "to engage you to make for me a certain number of boxes and trays."

"How many?" asks I. Sato.

The dealer, having full knowledge of the capacity of I. Sato and his assistants at this work, within the time he is allowed to fill his order, sets the number. I. Sato thinks it over and decides he can make that many boxes or trays with the assistance of the other members of the Sato family, all of whom are as skilled as himself; or, to be more exact, all of whom have their part in the manufacturing done on I. Sato's premises.

The price is fixed. It is a low price. The dealer has taken his contract at an extremely low figure, partly because the buyer has insisted on that and partly because he wants the business; and, having been ground down himself to almost the limit, he, in his turn, grinds down I. Sato to beyond the limit. A bargain is made. I. Sato contracts to deliver his quota of boxes or trays.

The dealer goes to the next craftsman and repeats the process. Presently he has in process of manufacture a

sufficient number of boxes or trays to fill his share of the order. When the time comes he pays the artisans and gathers up his goods. These, after inspection, are paid for by the exporter; and in due time the stores in the United States begin showing exquisitely made Japanese lacquered boxes and trays at fancy prices, which were produced in the households of I. Sato and his fellows, in Japan, not at all at fancy prices.

Sometimes the dealer makes small advances to the household manufacturer to enable him to get material; and in almost every instance now the payment is made in Japan to the dealer, who sells to the exporter. The old custom of sending in the goods D. A.—or Documents Attached—is not so much in vogue now. Ordinarily the exporter comes equipped with a letter of credit and payments are made after delivery and inspection. This is almost imperative because of the small margin on which both the dealers and the thousands of I. Satos work.

In the broad sense that is the way this business is handled. Of course each exporter has methods of his own; but generally the goods are made, bought and sold in the manner I have described. This applies to all sorts of things. Pottery and porcelains are made in households, though there are several large factories. Silk is woven in households. Jewelry is made in households. With the exception of cotton goods, there is no article of Japanese export or use that I ever heard of—not including heavy machinery and things of that sort—which the Japanese do not make in their own homes. Their industry is amazing. Their skill at imitation and adaptation is equally marvelous. Their ability to work unceasingly astonishes those who watch them.

Literally they work all the time. It is not at all uncommon to find Japanese men and women at work in their shops at two, three and four o'clock in the morning. They must work like this or starve. They live directly in the rear of their places of business. Their entire household equipment comprises a few mats, a few cushions and a little tableware. They go at their job—whether it consists of making clogs or inlaid cuff buttons—and work and work and work until they are exhausted. Then they sleep a little, and go back to work. It does not take a Japanese ten minutes to eat his meal of rice and fish. He has his festivals, of course, and a good many of them; but he works the rest of the time; and in many households it must be a special and personal festival, connected with some individual or family gods, to lure him from his occupation. He needs the money.

The Adaptability of Japanese Manufacturers

EVERYBODY in Japan needs the money—everybody from top to bottom. They are all working on small capital comparatively, and they are all taxed to the breaking point by the militaristic government. They must do business or starve. There is no waiting for better prices. They take the best they can get and they are good bargainers; and they toil unremittingly. These fiscal conditions have sharpened the already sharp wits of the Japanese merchants, manufacturers and middlemen.

As soon as the present war was declared the Japanese began to look about for an opportunity to get Germany's trade. They sent a commission to the United States to inquire carefully concerning the sort of goods the Germans sold to us. I saw an exhibition in Yokohama of twelve hundred articles that Germany had been supplying to various countries, including our own; in fact, most of the articles were made in Germany for sale in the United States.

A Japanese Artist at Work in One of the Shops

And all Japanese manufacturers, dealers and merchants were urged to visit this exhibition and study the articles shown in order to find ways to make substitutes in Japan and gather that market.

Recently the Ginza, in Tokio, and the main business streets in other Japanese cities, have burgeoned with gayly colored toys made in strict imitation of German toys. Dozens of styles are shown of dozens of typical German toys, imitated even to the paint and other peculiarities. Japan grabbed at the German toy market and Germany will have a hard time getting it back, for they can make toys in Japan cheaper than toys can be made in Germany; and they will make them even cheaper in order to keep this new trade.

They sold us more than four hundred thousand dollars' worth of toys last year, wholesale. This year they will double and probably treble that sale, for the regular Christmas toys, usually obtained from Germany, have all been made in Japan, and are now on their way to the United States—not that Japan will command the market, of course; but Japan will get a big slice of what was formerly Germany's trade.

That exhibition comprised all sorts of things. The Japanese who had gathered them were clever men. They brought samples of everything they thought Japan could make and everything they thought Japan might make. It consisted in large part of novelties and notions, and things of that sort; but it also contained many other articles of greater value, such as electrical appliances, drugs, small machinery, and so on. And all over Japan, at this time, smart Japanese artisans are at work imitating, adapting and developing these manufactures. The Japanese need the business, and they intend to get it if keen concern for what can be sold—and not what they think they ought to sell—will get it for them, combined with the ability to manufacture for little money and the willingness to sell for but a little more.

That is one secret of their trade expansion. They have no set notions about what the other peoples of the earth should buy from them. They are willing to sell the other peoples of the earth what the other peoples want, not what the Japanese want them to want. They will make any kind of package and comply with any sort of whim. They are after business; and far be it from them to try to tell the customer what the customer wants. They let the customer tell them what he wants and then make the article that way.

The largest porcelain and pottery house in Japan, for example, keeps a special staff of men in the United States—not to sell goods, but to move about and find out what sort of goods are in demand and what sort of goods can be sold. Then these goods are made to supply the demand, not to create it. The Japanese manufacturer or dealer has no compunctions. He wants business. He will make a purple cat with a yellow tail if he thinks he can sell purple cats with yellow tails, and will spend no time in arguing with prospective customers that cats should be yellow and have purple tails, or that such a thing is not done.

"Do you want purple cats with yellow tails?"

"Yes."

"Good! I shall be glad to make you a million or a billion of the purplest cats with the yellowest tails this world has ever seen—or any other kind of tail. Let me have the business and you color the cats to suit your fancy."

It is not necessary to adapt the Japanese. They adapt themselves. What you want you can have if you will pay for it. Moreover, they are on the sharp lookout for possible wants. Once they get established in China, the Chinese will be buying everything they use from the Japanese, from mandarin buttons to chopsticks.

If a novelty comes out in the United States, in France or in Germany, that novelty is made and imitated in Japan just as soon as samples of it can be hurried across the ocean. They are especially quick to copy little novelties and notions; and they make them so cheaply that when their goods get into the market the cheapness of them sells them. A man showed me a box of dinner favors, little satin-covered bonbon containers, round, heart-shaped and square. Some were green with an Irish harp on them for Saint Patrick's Day. Some were covered with the Stars and Stripes, for use on patriotic occasions in our own country. Some were in plain colors.

The Japanese produce these, by means of unrestricted hours of labor, child labor and household labor, at a price so small that it seems their production would be impossible. So, too, they produce bamboo baskets and many other similar articles. Once they make this sort of stuff and get it on the market there can be little competition. This does not apply exclusively to these small articles, either. If a thing can be imitated the Japanese will imitate it, and for such an incredibly small price that the whole transaction is a continual wonderment to those who do not understand how they do it.

The World's Cleverest Imitators

AN EXAMPLE of the manner in which the Japanese imitate standard goods of other countries was brought out in a trial recently held in Shanghai before the Mixed Court, in which an American corporation, making a household preparation that has been on the market for twenty-five years, sued a number of Chinese for selling an imitation of this article, with a trade-mark which was an imitation also. It was claimed that the trade-mark had been registered in China, so far as trade-marks can be registered there; and during the course of the trial it was developed that this imitation of this well-known American article was a Japanese production.

Bottles of the American preparation and of the Japanese imitation were shown. The design on the label was almost identical with that on the original label. The Japanese imitator attempts to cover himself by minor changes, and in this instance there were a few substituted words in the phraseology on the label. However, the floral design was the same, and the metal cap and the bottle were identical. So were the packages.

You will find this sort of thing in any retail store in Japan, especially in the smaller articles. They are particularly strong on imitating perfumes, soaps, toilet articles, household preparations, and things of that sort. There are stores in every large city where every perfume made in Paris may be obtained, with labels that look the same—and labels, bottles and contents were all made in Japan.

All Japan is alive to the necessity for trade expansion. They must get more trade if they are to avoid bankruptcy. Their constantly increasing population must be employed. Their acreage of tillable land is largely used—almost entirely used. The country must expand; and that,

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Modern Buildings in Tokio

Street of Native Shops

THE MIND READER

By Edward Mott Woolley

WHILE the president of a large wholesale house was in South America somebody stole a valuable package from the first vice president's locker in a coat-room. Outsiders did not have access to this room, but many employees did. The guilt was placed somewhere within the house, but the thief was not found.

The vice president immediately ordered the lockers refitted with a different type of lock and this work was in progress when the president returned. He was very much displeased when he went to hang up his overcoat at finding a new lock on his compartment.

"This," he said, "is quite contrary to our policy. If we have a thief in this organization he will betray himself sooner or later, and it is against the very spirit of the house to humiliate all our honest men by resorting to thief-proof locks."

Then he ordered not only the new locks removed but also the old ones, and directed that mere catches be put on.

"If in future a member of this organization should lose anything out of this room," he said, "the company will compensate him. We shall carry the insurance ourselves, on the theory that our organization is designed to develop responsible men and that an irresponsible man among us is an accident. The psychological effect of these new locks on our men would be very detrimental to the house."

The president of this company is a great American executive, whose success is one of the romances of modern business. Starting with nothing he created a business that has ramifications almost everywhere; yet he is different from many great commanders. His type is that of philosopher and psychologist. He is a student of Aristotle, Hegel, and other great psychologists, down to Ladd and Bain and Münsterberg; but he works along channels of his own. He uses experimental psychology, but not the apparatus employed by science. His fundamental theory is that the phenomena of mind have a strong bearing on success in business.

Getting the Subordinate's Viewpoint

A GOOD many years ago he got out from under the heavier detail of mere merchandising, so that he might work out his avowed specialty of applying psychology to the men under him. His organization to-day is so saturated with his personality that almost every employee feels it definitely.

There is no bluster about him; there is nothing of the tyrant in his make-up. His private office upstairs is a sort of Hague, and when you go in there you feel inclined to forgive the man who has owed you ten dollars since 1903.

There is a young man in the outer office who is a psychologist, like his employer; in fact pretty nearly all the executives in that house and its branches are psychologists. This gentlemanly secretary makes you think that maybe you are of some account after all. And that is the high art of the president—making men think more of themselves.

It is all peace and art and poetry in this private office, even to the oil painting of a jackass eating hay. There are many pictures, but not one of battle or strife. The president, whose hair is now white, is serene; men say that not in ten years has he been seen to lose his temper or get excited.

It is related that once, during a severe financial panic, he was late at a directors' meeting, the cause of which tardiness was Epictetus. He often has a copy of some classic in his pocket and he takes some of his recreation in writing sonnets; but his one great pleasure, which is also his work, is the fathoming of the human mind and discovering just the keys he must touch.

About every key he touches seems to release more coin to drop into his hand. Yet money has long since ceased to be a *motif* with him. The money comes now because his ambition is to leave the business as his monument; it must not decline so long as he lives.

"Gentlemen, if I had my life to live over," he told some university men who called on him, "I think I should be a college professor. I'd get into a nice comfortable chair of psychology and stay there."

"But you are occupying the biggest chair of psychology in the whole land!" one of them answered.

Even before he went into business he began to specialize in the study of men. When he was clerking in a retail store one of the other clerks came to him with this proposition:

"Let's go into business together. Can you dig up a thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I can match you. We'll do it."

That night, however, the present head of this house got to wondering whether his proposed partner really could match him—in human qualifications as well as financial. He sat up most of the night making a chart of his own inner self and of the other man's. He found that the two were rather far apart; so next day he called the deal off. He went into business alone; and ever since then he has been drawing charts—literally charting the qualities, positive and negative, of his men. With the aid of these charts he balances up his organization.

Back in the early days, when his establishment was confined to a floor and a cellar, he got a new boy whom he wanted to use down in the cellar. Two boys had thrown up the job within a month.

"Kids is scarce these days," one of them said when he quit. "I don't have to work down cellar, see?"

And the other had made some observation to the effect that the house could go chase itself.

Neither of these urchins had appealed specially to the young merchant who employed them; but the third boy did. He belonged to a different type and looked as though he might be developed. His name was Tom.

They sent Tom down into the gloomy cellar to work. He reserved his opinion, but his face was not promising. The boys upstairs prophesied that he would quit inside of a week; but after a while the boss, being quite a practical psychologist by that time, went down cellar himself. He wanted to keep that boy, because the direct and indirect cost of hiring and firing and losing employees is tremendous. He proceeded to put himself in Tom's mental attitude. He knew that Tom's thoughts were running something like this:

"Darn this cellar! Darn the whole store—and the boss too! They've played a low-lived trick on me in getting me here and then sending me down into this hole to work. They're making fun of me upstairs now. I hear 'em laughing. I'll keep my mouth shut till Saturday night and then I'll do some fooling myself!"

It was quite a surprise to see the boss take off his coat and go to work down there in the cellar. For an hour or more the new boy and the boss worked together, and when the boss went upstairs the boy was in a different frame of mind.

That night, as he tells the story himself at the present time, his father and mother both favored his quitting. They saw only the cellar part of the job; but Tom was already enmeshed in the system and he did not want to quit. His ambition was to get a job upstairs and he felt that it would not be long before he got it. To-day he is treasurer of the company and draws a salary somewhere round twenty thousand dollars a year. It has always been the policy of this company's chief executive to put himself in the mental attitude of his men. He gets down in the audience and watches the stage. By doing this he has retained in the business many a man who otherwise would have drifted out of it and ceased to be an asset.

He estimates to-day that it costs a business house at least fifty dollars to hire a new man, and often many hundreds or even thousands of dollars. This cost includes the clerical and overhead expense of the procedure of employing him, and the cost of training him up to efficiency. If he remains indefinitely without coming up to reasonable efficiency he simply runs up an invisible cost account of his own. A hundred such men will hold the business down and make it pull hard. A thousand men of that kind will strangle it. This, he believes, is most often the real cause of bankruptcy, though the published cause may be undue competition, or a dozen other things.

Once, also in the early days, this house needed a bookkeeper in an emergency and took on the first applicant who seemed at all possible. He was a tall, lanky fellow, and they called him Long because the name fitted him. It was only a short time before the head bookkeeper went to the boss and said to him:

"That fellow Long will never do. He's good enough as a bookkeeper when he wants to be, and he can figure like lightning; but he is reckless about errors and indifferent as to the appearance of his books. Then he's got some habits that don't go with us, sir. He will sharpen his pencil all over the floor and then stand in the litter; and he never pretends to hit the wastebasket."

Why People Drop Banana Peels

THE average boss would have said "Fire him!" But this boss said: "I'll see what I can do with him." The slovenly but otherwise competent bookkeeper presented to his mind a problem.

Now the questions were these: What was the matter with that fellow? Why was he competent and yet incompetent? Why had he fallen down, with his ability, and what was his curious frame of mind?

Such questions, which do not interest the average employer, always do interest this merchant. With him, it is always a problem to discover why people do certain things. If he sees a man or woman drop a banana peel on the sidewalk he begins to speculate immediately on the mental processes, or the lack of them, that led up to such an act. If one of his employees continues to repeat the same mistake after being corrected a number of times, he sees in that situation a psychological study. His method might be followed by parents in governing their children. In his office he analyzed for me the crude thinking of a certain clerk who had used wrong judgment in handling a matter out of the ordinary routine.

It is always the why of men's acts that attracts him; so now he resolved to pry his way secretly into that bookkeeper's brain and find out what he was thinking about, and just what the kinks in his gray matter looked like.

One day, in a casual way, he gave Long some special work to do—something in the line of tabulating statistical merchandising information. A little later this gave an excuse for inviting Long out to luncheon, and afterward gave opportunity for numerous personal conferences.

Finally, under what men have called the personal magnetism of this merchant, the bookkeeper began to reveal himself. He had been rather silent, and had a blasé, sophisticated habit of thought. For his twenty-eight years he was overmatured. At one place of employment he had worked under a superior who had played favorites with relatives.

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That is the Art of the President—Making Men Think More of Themselves

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

II

THE next morning Hendrik went to his tailor. As he walked into the shop he had the air of a man to whom two new suits a day would not be extravagance. The tailor, unconscious of cause and effect, called him "Mister" against the habit of years. Hendrik nodded coldly and said:

"As secretary and treasurer of the National Street Advertising Men's Association I've got to have a new frock coat. Measure me for one!" Hendrik had the air of a man who sees an unpleasant duty ahead, but does not mean to shirk it.

"Left the bank?" asked the tailor uncertainly.

"I should say I had," answered Hendrik emphatically.

"What is the new job, anyhow?" asked the tailor professionally. His customers usually told him their business, their history and their hopes. By listening he had learned things that had proved valuable to him.

"As I was about to say when you interrupted me ——" Hendrik spoke rebukingly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rutgers," said the tailor, and blushed. He knew now he should have said "position" instead of "job." The civilization of to-day, including sanitary plumbing, is possible because price tags were invented. This is not an epigram.

"The clothes must be finished by Thursday. If you can't do it I'll go somewhere else."

"Oh, we can do it all right, Mr. Rutgers."

"Good morning," and Hendrik strode haughtily from the shop. To the tailor Hendrik had always been a clerk at a bank. But now it was plain to see that Mr. Rutgers thought well of himself, as a man with money always does in all Christian countries. Hendrik's credit at once jumped into the A1 class. Some people and all tailors judge men by their backs.

Being sure of the guests Hendrik Rutgers went forth in search of their dinner. To feed five score starving fellowmen was a noble deed; to feed them at the expense of some one else was even higher. So, dressed in his frock coat, wearing his high hat as though it were a crown, he sought Caspar Weinpusslacher. The owner of the Colossal Restaurant, just off the Bowery, gave a square meal for a quarter of a dollar—twenty-five cents; for thirty cents he gave the same meal with a paper napkin and the privilege of repeating the potato or the pie. His kitchen organization was perfect. His cooks and scullions had served in the German army in similar capacities, and he ruled them like one born and brought up in the general staff. His waiters also were recruited from the greatest training school for waiters in the world. He operated on a system approved by an efficiency expert. By giving low wages to people who were glad to get them, paying cash for his supplies and judiciously selecting the latter just on the eve of their spoiling, he was able to give an astonishingly good meal for the money. His profits, however, depended upon his selling his entire output. This did not always happen. Some days Herr Weinpusslacher lost almost three dollars. No system is perfect. Otherwise hotel men would wish to live forever.

Hendrik stalked into the Colossal dining room and snarled at one of the waiters:

"Where's your boss?"

The waiter knew it couldn't be the Kaiser, or a millionaire. It must, therefore, be a walking delegate. He deferentially pointed to a short fat man by the bar.

"Tell him to come here," said Rutgers, and sat down at a table. It isn't so much knowing whom to order about, as acquiring the habit of ordering everybody about, that wins.

Caspar Weinpusslacher received the message, walked toward the table, and signaled to a herculean waiter who unobtrusively drew near—and in the rear of—H. Rutgers. Hendrik pointed commandingly to a chair across the table. C. Weinpusslacher obeyed. The herculean waiter, to account for his proximity, flicked nonexistent crumbs off the napeless surface of the table.

"Recklar tinner?" he queried in his best Delmonico.

"*Geh weg!*" snarled Mr. Rutgers. The waiter, a nostalgic look in his big blue eyes, went away. Ach, to be treated like a dog! Ach, the Fatherland! And the officers! Ach!

"I'll Make You Rich—for Nothing!"

"Weinpusslacher," said Rutgers irascibly, "who is your lawyer and what's his address?"

C. Weinpusslacher's little pig eyes gleamed apprehensively.

"For why you wish to know?" he said.

"Don't ask me questions. Isn't he your friend?"

"Sure."

"Is he smart?"

"Smart?" C. Weinpusslacher permitted himself a fat grin. "He's too smart for you, all right. He's Max Onthemaker, 997 Bowery. I guess if you ——"

"All right. I'm going to bring him to lunch here."

"He wouldn't lunch here; he's got money," said C. Weinpusslacher proudly.

"He will come," Rutgers looked in a frozen way, at Caspar Weinpusslacher, and continued icily: "I am the secretary and the treasurer of the National Street Advertising Men's Association. If I told you I wanted you to give me money you'd believe me. But if I told you I wanted to give you money you wouldn't. So I am going to let your own lawyer tell you to do as I say. I'll make you rich—for nothing!"

And Hendrik Rutgers walked calmly out of the Colossal Restaurant, leaving in the eyes of C. Weinpusslacher astonishment, in the mind respect and in the heart vague hope. This is the now historic document that Hendrik Rutgers dictated in Max Onthemaker's office:

Hendrik Rutgers, secretary and treasurer of the National Street Advertising Men's Association, agrees to make Caspar Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant famous by means of articles in the leading newspapers in New York City. For these services Hendrik Rutgers shall receive from said Caspar Weinpusslacher, proprietor of said Colossal Restaurant, one-tenth (1/10) of the advertising value of such newspaper notices—said value to be left to a jury composed of the advertising managers of the Evening Journal, the Jewish Daily Forward and the New York Evening Post, and of Max Onthemaker and Hendrik Rutgers. It is further stipulated that such compensation is to be paid to Hendrik Rutgers, not in cash, but in tickets for meals in said Colossal Restaurant at thirty cents per meal, said meal tickets to be used by said Hendrik Rutgers to secure still more desirable publicity by feeding law-abiding, respectable poor people.

Panem et circenses! He had made sure of the first! The public could always be depended upon to furnish the second by being perfectly natural. Mr. Onthemaker accompanied H. Rutgers to the Colossal. He had some difficulty in persuading C. Weinpusslacher to sign. But as soon as it was done Hendrik said:

"First gun: The National Street Advertising Men will hold their annual dinner here next Saturday, about one hundred of us, thirty cents each, regular dinner. That is legitimate news and will be printed as such. It will advertise the Colossal and the Colossal thirty-cent dinner. You won't be out a cent. We pay cash for our dinner. I'll supply a few decorations; all you'll have to do is to hang them from that corner to this. You might also arrange to have a little extra illumination in front of the place. Have a couple of men in evening clothes and high hats on the corner, pointing to the Colossal and saying: 'Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant! Three doors down. Just follow the crowd!'

"Arrange for all these things, so that when you see that I am delivering the goods you won't be paralyzed.

"Another thing: There will be reporters from every daily paper in the city here Saturday night. Provide a table for them and pay special attention to both dinner and drinks. They will make you famous and rich, because you will tell them that they are getting the regular thirty-cent dinner. It will be up to you to be intelligently generous now, so that you may with impunity be intelligently stingy later when you are rich. I advise you to have Max here, because you seem to be of the distrustful nature of most fools and, therefore, must make your money in spite of yourself. Next Saturday at six P. M. You'll make at least $200,000 in the next five years. Now I am going to eat. Come on, Onthemaker."

H. Rutgers sat down, summoned the herculean waiter and ordered two thirty-cent dinners. C. Weinpusslacher, a dazed look in his eyes, approached Max and whispered: "Hey, dot's a smart feller, what?"

"Well," answered M. Onthemaker, lawyerlike, "you haven't anything to lose."

"You said I should sign the paper," Caspar reminded him accusingly.

"You're all right so long as you don't give him a cent unless I say so."

"I won't, not even if you say so."

With thirty cents of food and thirty millions of confidence under his waistcoat Hendrik Rutgers walked from the Colossal Restaurant down the Bowery and Center Street to the city hall. At the door of the mayor's room he fixed the doorkeeper with his stern eye, and requested His Honor to be informed that the secretary of the National Street Advertising Men's Association would like to see His Honor about the annual dinner of the association, of which His Honor had been duly informed.

One of the mayor's secretaries came out, a tall young man who as a reporter on a sensational newspaper had acquired a habit of dodging curses and kicks. Now as mayor's secretary he didn't quite know how to dodge soft soap and glad hands.

"Good afternoon," said Hendrik, with what might be called a businesslike amiability. "Will the mayor accept?"

"The mayor," said the secretary, with an amazing mixture of condescension and uneasiness, as of a man calling on a poor friend in whose parlor there is shabby furniture but in whose cellar there is a ton of dynamite—"the mayor knows nothing of your asso—of the dinner of your association." The secretary looked pleased at having caught himself in time.

"Why, I wrote," began H. Rutgers with annoyance, "over a week ——" He silenced himself while he opened his frock coat, tilted back his high hat from a corrugated brow and felt in his pocket. It is the delivery, not the speech, that distinguishes the great artist. Otherwise writers would be considered intelligent people.

"Hell!" exclaimed Hendrik, looking at the secretary so fixedly and angrily that the ex-reporter flinched. "It's in the other coat! I mean the copy of the letter I sent the mayor exactly a week ago to-day. I wondered why he hadn't answered."

"He never got it," hastened to say the secretary.

Hendrik laughed. "You must excuse my language; but you know what it is to arrange all the details of an annual

meeting and banquet—menu, decorations, music and speeches. Well, here is the situation: The annual dinner of the National Street Advertising Men's Association will be held at Weinpusslacher's. Reception at six; dinner at eight; speeches begin about ten."

"What day?" asked the secretary.

"My head is in a whirl and I don't—let me see. Oh, yes, next Saturday, April twenty-ninth. I'll send you tickets. Do you think the mayor will come?"

"I don't know. Saturdays he goes to his farm in Hartsdale."

"Yes, I know; but couldn't you induce him to come? By George, there is nothing our association wouldn't do for you in return."

"I'll see," promised the secretary, with a far-away look in his eyes as if he were devising ways and means.

"Thank you. And -oh, yes, by the way, some of our members will arrive at the Grand Central Station Saturday afternoon. Any objection to our marching with a band of music down the Avenue to the Colossal? We'll wear our association badges—they are hummers." He felt in his coattails. "I wish I had some with me. Is it necessary to have a permit to parade?"

"Yes, but there will be no trouble about that."

"Oh, thanks! Will you fix that for us? I've got to go to Wall Street after one of the bankers on the list of speakers, and I'll be back in about an hour. Could I have the mayor's acceptance and the permit to parade then? You see, it's only a couple of days and I hate to trust the mail. Thank you. It's very kind of you and I assure you that we appreciate it."

The secretary pulled out a letter and a pencil from his pocket, as if to make a note on the back of the envelope, and so Hendrik Rutgers dictated:

"The National Street Advertising Men's Association. Altogether about a hundred and fifty members and one band of music. So long and thank you very much, Mr.—er —"

"McDevitt."

"Mr. McDevitt. I'll be in about an hour from now, if I may. Thank you." And he bowed himself out.

Hendrik Rutgers had spoken as a man speaks who has a train to catch that he mustn't miss. That will command respect where an appeal to kindliness will insure a swift kick. Republics! In an hour he was back, knowing that the mayor had gone. He sent in for Mr. McDevitt. The secretary appeared.

"Did he say he'd come?" asked H. Rutgers impetuously.

"I am sorry to say the mayor has a previous engagement that makes it absolutely impossible for him to be present at your dinner. I've got a letter of regret."

"They'll be awfully disappointed too. I'll get the blame, of course. Of course!" Mr. Rutgers spoke with a sort of bitter gloom, spiced with vindictiveness.

"Here it is. I had him sign it. I wrote it. It's one of those letters," went on the secretary, inflated with the pride of authorship, "that can be read at any meeting. It contains a dissertation on the beneficent influence of advertising, strengthened by citations from Epictetus, Buddha, George Francis Train and other great moral teachers of this administration."

"Thank you very much. I appreciate it. But say, what's the matter with you coming in his place? I don't mean to be disrespectful, but I have a hunch that when it comes to slinging after-dinner oratory you'd do a great deal better."

"Oh," said McDevitt, with a loyal shake of negation and a smile of assent. "No, I couldn't."

"I'm sure ——"

"And then I am going to Philadelphia on Saturday morning to stay over Sunday. I wish you'd asked me earlier."

"So do I," murmured H. Rutgers, with conviction and despair judiciously admixed.

The secretary had meant to quiz H. Rutgers about the association, but H. Rutgers' manner and words disarmed suspicion. It was not that H. Rutgers always bluffed, but that he always bluffed as he did, that makes his subsequent career one of the most interesting chapters of our political history.

"And here's the permit," said the secretary. H. Rutgers, without looking at it, put it in his pocket as if it were all a matter of course. It strengthened the secretary's belief that nonsuspiciousness was justified.

"Thanks, very much," said H. Rutgers. "I am, I still repeat, very sorry that neither you nor the mayor can come." He paid to the mayor's eloquent secretary the tribute of a military salute and left the room.

III

THE union of the sandwich men was an assured success. Victory had come to H. Rutgers by the intelligent use of brains. The possession of brains is one of the facts that can always be confirmed at the source. Next he arranged for the band. He told the bandmaster what he wished the band to do. The bandmaster thereupon told him the price.

Her Hair Had Glints of Sunshine and Her Eyes Were Clear and Blue

"Friend," said H. Rutgers pleasantly, "I do not deal in dreams either as buyer or seller. That's the asking price. Now how much will you take?" Not having any money, Hendrik added impressively: "Cash!"

The bandmaster, being a native born, repeated the price—unchanged. But he was no match for H. Rutgers, who took a card from his pocket, looked at what the bandmaster imagined was a list of addresses of other bands, and then said: "Let me see; from here to"—he pulled out his watch and muttered to himself, but so the bandmaster could hear—"it will take me half an hour or more."

H. Rutgers closed his watch with a sharp and angry snap and then determinedly named a sum exactly two-thirds of what the bandmaster had fixed as the irreducible minimum. It was more than Hendrik could possibly pay. The bandmaster shook his head; so H. Rutgers said irascibly:

"For heaven's sake, quit talking! I'm nearly crazy with the arrangements. Do you think you are the only band in New York or that I never hired one before? Here's the mayor's permit." He showed it to the musical director, who was thereby enabled to see the words National Street Advertising Men's Association, and went on: "Now be at Grand Central Station, Lexington Avenue entrance, three forty-five Saturday afternoon. The train gets in at four. I'll be there before you are. We'll go from the depot to Weinpusslacher's for dinner."

"Of course we get our dinners," said the bandmaster, in the tone of voice of a man who has surrendered but denies it to the reporters.

"Yes. You'll be there sure?"

"Yes. But, say, we ought to get ——"

"Not a cent more," said H. Rutgers pugnaciously, in order to forestall requests for part payment in advance.

"I wasn't going to ask you for more money, but for a few ——"

"Then why waste my time? Don't fail me!"

Then Hendrik Rutgers put the finishing touches on the work of organization. He rented offices in the Allied Arts Building, sent a sign painter to decorate the ground-glass doors and ordered some official stationery in a rush. He promised the agent to return with the president to sign the lease. Where everybody distrusts everybody else there is nothing like promising to sign documents! He bought some office furniture on exactly the same plan.

On Friday night the unionized sandwich men took their signs and boards to the trysting place, Twenty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, to have new advertisements of Hendrik's composition painted thereon. The boards did not belong to the members, but in a good cause all property is the cause's. Each of the original fourteen brought recruits. The street was almost blocked. The two sign-painters worked like nine beavers, and Hendrik and the young man in steel-rimmed spectacles helped. When the clamor became threatening Hendrik counted his men twice aloud. There were eighty-four of them. They knew it was eighty-four, having heard him say it, as he intended they should. He then took them to the corner boozerie.

He had only two dollars in bills. There were eighty-four thirsts. Therefore:

"Eighty beers!" he yelled majestically.

"Eighty-four!" shouted eighty-four voices.

"That's twenty cents more," said Hendrik to himself in the plain hearing of the hitherto distrustful bartender. He had a small green roll in his left hand, consisting of two dollars and three clippings. With his right he loudly planked down two large dimes on the counter and shoved them toward the bartender, who took them while Hendrik began to count his greenbacks. The bartender saw the exact change and began to draw beer. He even yelled for assistance. Hendrik knew better than to enforce discipline now, but he could not officially countenance disorder.

"Give the other fellows a chance," he said paternally to those near by. Then he saw the rear entrance. It inspired him. He waited until there were about sixty glasses on the bar. Then he yelled in the direction of the front door:

"Come in, boys! Everybody gets one!"

The tidal wave carried him and twenty others to the end of the room. But while the twenty others fought to get back to the schooners, he intelligently went out by the back door. The police reserves were called. They responded. Then six ambulances.

Those who survived sought Hendrik to complain, but he beat them to it by scolding them angrily. He all but licked them on the spot, so that they forgot their grievance in their haste to defend themselves. He then divided them into squads of five and took them to another saloon—one squad and a quarter of a dollar at a time. He used only $1.50 cash that way. He then promised them the price of forty beers a day, beginning on Monday. He told them to get recruits, who would not be admitted to the union but could have the privilege of parading. They must be thirsty men and look it. They would receive two beers apiece.

On Saturday morning there was not a sandwich man to be seen at work in Greater New York. At noon the city editors of all the metropolitan dailies received neatly typewritten notices that the sandwich men had formed a union and would "peacefully strive for higher wages, shorter hours and reduced peregrinations." The sandwich men had no desire to precipitate "another internecine strife between labor and capital."

They were "willing to submit their differences to a board of arbitration consisting of John D. Rockefeller, Charles F. Murphy, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Hendrik Rutgers."

These notices were one and all thrown into waste-paper baskets as cheap humor—to be dug up later and used.

IV

ON SATURDAY afternoon at three thirty-five the Harlem contingent—carrying their armor under one arm, their tickets given into the conductor's own hand by the lieutenant, Fleming—entrained at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

Ten minutes later they arrived at the Grand Central Station. As the first pair of sandwiches descended the waiting band burst into a joyous welcome. The exits were crowded. Martial music and parading men always draw crowds. So long as there is no charge, gaping audiences automatically supply themselves in New York. And so along Forty-second Street, following the musicians, himself followed by his starving sandwiches, Hendrik Rutgers walked into Fifth Avenue and into history at one and the same time.

The procession turned southward. The band played Chopin's Funeral March. Hendrik Rutgers, at the head of his pauperized cohorts, anger in his heart, battle in his soul, defiance in his eyes, marched down Fifth Avenue with an effect as of a man in armor treading on prostrate millionaires as over so many railroad ties. Men who had money in their pockets for a minute felt the wind squeezed out of them by his foot. And as they saw the led sandwiches they looked thoughtful.

The first of Rutgers' infantry was an old man. His long gray beard was dirty and ragged, like his clothes and the rest of him. In his eyes there was the unutterable weariness of a man who has lived fifty suffering years too long. Underneath his eyes were dark rings; from the sidewalk his sockets looked finger-deep. On his cheeks was the pallor of death.

H. Rutgers, fighting for fairness and justice, had justly picked out the old fellow to be his Exhibit "A." Society must see what it did to human beings! Therefore the old man slid one foot along the asphalt and let the other follow it, with a spent, mechanical movement, as an engine, after the power is turned off, keeps on going from the momentum of years. The legs seemed to move from force of habit—a corpse on foot with a concealed galvanic battery somewhere.

On the breastplate and backplate of this armored corpse, printed in funeral black, beautiful women and intellectual men on Fifth Avenue, where the unforgivable crime is to be poor and show it, read:

YESTERDAY I WALKED NINETEEN MILES
THEY PAID ME THIRTY-FIVE CENTS CASH AND TWO MEAL TICKETS

He had been well coached as to his gait, and thrilled by the success he was making the old chap became an artist. He limped worse. Behind him was our friend Mulligan—thin to emaciation. He looked famished. To him Hendrik Rutgers had given this standard to bear:

THEY CALL US SANDWICH MEN BECAUSE
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT A SQUARE MEAL IS!

He was followed by the raggedest human being that the police ever allowed to exhibit himself in public. On his boards the Fifth Avenue crowd on this fair spring day saw this:

DO YOU THANK GOD YOU ARE ALIVE?
SO DO WE!
AND LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE!

The shabby-genteel man, with steel-rimmed spectacles, who now looked for all the world like a bookkeeper out of a job, proclaimed:

I AM THE RESULT
THE CAUSE WAS NOT DRINK
IT WAS HUNGER

A young fellow, who looked so much as if he had just left a hospital that thousands of spectators imagined they smelt iodoform, carried this:

ALL MEN MUST DIE
KNOWING THIS, WE HOPE!

Under a big foot—property of a popular chiropodist on lower Broadway, terms 25c per, five for a dollar was this:

WE ARE THE WORLD'S UNFORTUNATES!
BORN TO BE KICKED!

Then followed a haggard-faced man who looked like an exaggerated picture of poverty. He carried:

THERE ARE POORER THAN WE
HELP THEM!

A man with the stride of a conqueror bore a banner:

AND STILL WE BELIEVE IN GOD!

The crowd looked puzzled. What the dickens did believing in God have to do with anything? To end the bother of thinking they looked at the next one:

LOOK AT FIFTH AVENUE!
WHY?
SEE WHAT WE ARE!
WHY?

They obeyed. They saw Fifth Avenue. Why? They did not know why. And then they saw what the sandwich men were. And they wondered why the sandwich men asked why. Why not? Pshaw!

The placard that followed was:

IF YOU WISH TO SEE ONE HUNDRED STARVING MEN EAT
FOLLOW US
YOU WILL REMEMBER IT!

Say, that was something that nobody had seen, and, therefore, everybody could joke about.

Every woman had the same remark and the same grin: "Haven't I seen my husband?"

Before the parade had gone half a square Fifth Avenue was blocked. Apart from the interference of the band and the sandwiches with vehicular traffic, there was the paralysis of the pedestrians. The Peacock Parade halted. Slim figures, flat-bosomed, stalked swayingly to the curb and stared with eyes in which was an insolent challenge. And as they looked the challenge died in the eyes of the women: The marchers had no sex; anybody could see they had no money!

And the men, too, ceased to look at the women and gazed on the parade of sandwich men who, in the middle of the street with the machines and the horses, slouched on—almost rubbing valuable varnish off automobiles and carriages, careless creatures!

Presently the hurrying crowds slowed their gait and kept step to Chopin's dirge—slowly! slowly!—until all Fifth Avenue was a vast funeral procession; only the marchers could not have told you what it was that long since had died of gold on Fifth Avenue! Slowly! Slowly! And with the funeral gait other changes came—in the grimace of the over-red lips and the look of the over-bold eyes. But never the slightest change in the color of the cheeks, which was there to stay, in rain, shine or snow.

"What is it? What is it?" whispered ten thousand people.

From the middle of the street it sounded like the whimper of ten thousand little foamy waves dying on a flat beach. It made the filthy bipeds who marched look at the thronged sidewalks.

They saw the usual Fifth Avenue crowd.

They saw the full-fed, clock-hating faces of professional idlers; and the drawn features of the busy money-maker with his perennial anxieties; and the suddenly immobilized grimaces of millionaires intended to conceal the fear of God knew what; and the contemptuous countenances of waiters from fashionable restaurants, who knew America at its worst; and healthy American boys with clean faces and the eyes of animals.

And the marchers saw only healthy American girls with delicate features and price-quoting eyes, and faces not clean and healthy, but dead white and dead crimson. They saw not women's faces, but marble tombstones on which the epitaphs were in scarlet letters.

There was a gap of about thirty feet between the first detachment of Rutgers' marching advertisements and the next.

The spectators, seeking explanations, saw a cadaverous-looking man, hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, white-lipped, who stepped uncertainly, fearfully—as though the avenue were full of puddles of nitroglycerin. And this death-on-foot carried a white cloth board, black-bordered like a funeral card. And thereon money-makers and money-spenders, clubmen and waiters, shop-girls and millionairesses—all Fifth Avenue! saw this:

HAIL, NEW YORK!
WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE
SALUTE YOU!

There followed another gap of thirty feet, so that the valedictorian of the doomed might be seen by all. Then came eighty-odd sandwich bearers, appositely legended. From time to time the valedictorian would stagger, as you have seen horses do on their last trip to the glue factory. Whereupon a couple of the nondescripts behind him would shuffle up and endeavor to uphold him. And the others slouched on, deep-eyed, gaunt, famine-stricken, rum-ravaged, disease-smitten—ex-bookkeepers and superannuated mechanics and disgraced yeggmen and former merchants—and former men too!

At Thirty-ninth Street a young woman, dressed richly but in perfect taste, stood on the very corner. Her hair had glints of sunshine and her eyes were like twin heavens, clean and clear and blue and infinitely deep. And the Madonna face saw the Death face, looked at the thing that had been a man and read his salutation. And in one of the pauses of the Funeral March a thousand people heard her laugh, and heard her exclaim with a contagious relish, spiced with undisguised admiration:

"If that ain't the limit!"

New York had spoken!

And the chauffeurs near her laughed in sympathy. And gray heads stuck out of limousine windows. And millionaires and their wives stood up in their snail-moving touring cars; and top-hatted coachmen turned impassive heads on neck hinges long since rusted with the arrogance of menials. And upon their faces and along the ranks that lined both sides of the great Avenue a slow grin spread, uncertain, hesitating, dubious! The great American sense of humor was trying to assert itself. Hendrik's joke was not labeled "Joke" plainly enough. Otherwise the spectators would have shown much earlier their ability to laugh at death, hunger, disease, misery, drunkenness, honesty, despair—anything, so long as it was the death, hunger, disease, misery, drunkenness, honesty and despair of others.

But at Thirty-seventh St. the traffic policeman stopped the leader of the band; and he stopped the band; and the band stopped Rutgers; and Rutgers stopped his army; and that stopped all traffic on the Avenue up to Forty-second Street. Hendrik Rutgers hurried forward and explained:

"Here, officer. I am the secretary of the National Street Advertising Men's Association. We have a permit from the mayor. Here it is."

"Oh, advertising! I see!" said the policeman, and smiled appreciatively. He had feared they might be starving men.

"Yes," said H. Rutgers quite loudly, "advertising the fact that a man out of a job in New York, who is too proud to beg and too honest to steal, has to become a sandwich man and make from twenty-five to forty-five cents for ten hours' work—not in China or Mexico but in New York to-day—men who are willing to work, but are old or sickly or have no regular trade. You know how the mayor feels about the rights of citizens who are not rich and the duty of paid officials of this city. He and I are opposed to too much law in the way of clubs. So kindly pass the word down the line, officer."

The big traffic policeman, far more impressed by the delivery than by the speech itself, touched his hand to his helmet so very respectfully that the grinning crowd at once became serious. Each woman turned on her neighbor and frowned seriously—the unuttered scolding for the other's unseemly levity.

"What does it mean?" asked hundreds. All looked toward Hendrik Rutgers for explanation, for official

(Continued on Page 41)

They Flung Themselves on the Food Like Wild Beasts

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1915

The Unemployed

THE Department of Labor concludes that in the first half of February four hundred thousand wage earners in the city of New York, or sixteen per cent of all wage earners, were out of work; that more than half of them had been out of work over two months and more than three-fourths had been unemployed over one month.

This is the most authoritative statement of unemployment yet made. The investigation by the Bureau of Labor Statistics included a complete census of a hundred and four representative city blocks. Probably the situation in New York was not greatly different from that in other cities, or for the country at large.

This, however, as the Bureau points out, is by no means a full measure of the hardship that business reaction devolves on labor; for, besides total unemployment, there is much part-time and irregular employment.

Just how much of this unemployment was due to temporary business conditions and how much is fairly chronic cannot be said definitely, because no such thorough investigation—giving an accurate basis of comparison—had been made before; but that there were at least twice as many unemployed last winter as in the preceding one seems probable from a municipal report on the subject.

The number of unemployed was about seven and a half per cent of the city's total population. Applied to the urban population of the country, that would give us a quantity of nonproductive labor power about up to the present European standard.

Nearly half of the marble and stone cutters and painters and paper hangers were out of work and quite a quarter of the carpenters—a poor experience for them and for the community. Reviving business will simplify the problem. We wonder whether it will accordingly be practically pushed out of mind until the next reaction.

Figures That Mean Nothing

IF YOU lay off from work for a week you say you lost that week's pay. It would be more accurate to say you missed gaining it. You might go a step farther and say you lost a hundred thousand dollars on the recent rise in stocks—that is, if you had bought the right stocks in the right quantity at the right time, and sold them at the right time, you would have gained a hundred thousand dollars. A healthy man under thirty may be expected to produce in his lifetime a certain value over and above his subsistence. If he dies at thirty the community has missed gaining that value.

So you may take the number of young men who die yearly from tuberculosis and other preventable diseases, multiply that by the supposititious value they would have created, and say the country loses so many million or hundred million dollars. You may apply that sort of mathematics to the European war and pile up a mass of losses which would fairly bankrupt Christendom.

This war, in fact, offers a field of unparalleled attractions for playing with figures. You can get practically any result you like, according to the assumptions with which you start. For example, the withdrawal of many millions of men from productive occupations implies an immense loss; but reports from Germany say the fields have been prepared and sown on something like the normal acreage. No doubt labor that would normally be unproductive, or but slightly productive—that of the old, the young, and of women—has been utilized. The employment of this normally unproductive labor offsets to a degree the nonproductive employment of the soldiers.

Even the direct borrowings by belligerent nations do not necessarily represent complete destruction. Some of it goes for foodstuffs that would be imported under any conditions. If the government feeds a soldier while the soldier's wife and children till the fields, the national loss is slight and indirect.

The actual loss is colossal, but contains many factors yet unknown. Not until the war is over can they be estimated. Meantime there is not much point in piling up amazing figures that do not prove anything.

A Stock-Market Incident

THERE is nothing especially notable in the circumstance that the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation rose rapidly this spring when business was so poor that the company was not earning even the dividends on its preferred stock. The rise was, of course, a cheerful anticipation of what the corporation may be earning six months from now.

There is more significance in the fact that this rise occurred when a decision was expected in the suit of the Government to dissolve the company.

Wall Street had a double-barreled explanation of this: First, that the court would not find the corporation an illegal combination and order it dissolved; second, that if the court did find the corporation to be an illegal combination, and order it dissolved, stockholders would benefit thereby, just as they had through the judicial dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts. Consequently, whichever barrel the court fired, the position of the Steel Trust would be stronger than ever.

In view of the oil and tobacco precedents this is logical, reasoning from the premises; and it is significant that, in the opinion of the investing and speculating public, the Government's suit to dissolve the corporation is an unimportant incident—not worth serious consideration as a factor in the market value of the shares.

By the time a final judgment is entered the suit will probably have cost a million dollars. It will have done a number of lawyers some good, but nobody else.

New York's Muddled Balance Sheet

MR. GLYNN was governor of New York; for a good while Mr. Prendergast has been comptroller of the city of New York—two gentlemen evidently who ought to understand public accounts. Mr. Prendergast says Mr. Glynn left a deficit in the state treasury. Mr. Glynn says Mr. Prendergast's own figures show he left a surplus of nearly four million dollars; but these figures omit an item of nearly two million dollars.

Mr. Whitman, the present governor, says the state must have some nineteen million dollars more revenue. Mr. Glynn says Mr. Whitman arrived at that conclusion through a simple mistake in arithmetic "which should have been obvious to a high-school boy"—in other words, that he added two items, aggregating seventeen million dollars, twice over; and if the governor would only do his little sum in addition correctly he would see that the state needed no additional revenue.

What is a simple citizen of the Empire State to make of all this? If he called for his grocery bill and the grocer could not be sure whether the amount was sixty-eight dollars and nine cents or nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, what would he make of that?

Not that we express any opinion on the merits of this fiscal controversy—we are quite ready to believe it has no merits and that nobody really knows whether anybody is right. If the incident were peculiar to New York it would deserve less attention; but it is not. That public accounts are often the subject of disputes which could never arise if they were properly kept and published, is common knowledge.

Competent public bookkeeping is more needed than a lot of higher-sounding reforms.

A Poor Time for Prophets

AS TO the political and economic effects of the war a large library has already been written, and its bulk grows daily. On every phase of those effects you can get a multiplicity of contradictory ideas by men whose opinions usually command respect. Of course the military prophets prophesy according to their flags; but those who consider the war just as a monstrous social phenomenon, and try to calculate its results, render most confused judgments.

You can hear that it will be followed by political progress toward democracy or by political reaction; that Europe will be industrially prostrate for years, or that a great boom will immediately follow the peace treaty; that money will be cheap or dear; that wages will be high or low; that the credit of the belligerent nations will be shattered or that those nations will be able at once to lend powerful fiscal assistance to the restoration of trade.

Two results of the war can be stated positively: First and most important is a big destruction of Europe's most efficient labor power. The workmen under forty who are killed or incapacitated cannot be replaced save by a slow process. Second, there is a big, positive destruction of capital. That can be replaced more rapidly under favoring conditions.

As to the destruction of labor, it may be remarked that Europe has been sending us several hundred thousand laborers yearly whom she may now employ at home. They are almost wholly unskilled, however, and their retention at home would imply a decided rise in Europe's wage scale. Scarcity of labor, say some, will force a rise in the wage scale. Scarcity of capital, say others, will cause a fall in wages which will augment the normal export of labor to the United States.

No phenomenon comparable to this war has ever before occurred in the world. No other war gives any satisfactory basis of economic comparison. Forecasting it is like trying to work out a problem half of the factors of which are unknown. The war itself shows that the capabilities of a highly organized modern industrial community, like Germany or England, have never been fathomed. What such a community can do to recuperate, when put to the severest test, is not known. We are steaming under forced draft on a sea that has never been charted. Just where we are going to land is anybody's guess.

Europe is poorer than she was last July by some billions of capital and some hundreds of thousands of efficient men. Her greatest economic asset, however, is indestructible—except through virtual depopulation. That asset is the modern industrial organization. You may take those known factors and prophesy from them as you like.

Human Life Too Cheap

DURING the first half of 1914 the French population decreased, deaths exceeding births by several thousand. What happened to it in the last half of 1914 is well known in general terms, and furnishes an interesting commentary on the foolish notion that a people's paramount duty is to multiply.

In Germany, on the other hand, we have a growing population, which enables the war party to argue that Germany must go out and lick somebody in order to make a place for her increasing numbers.

The world is already too populous. Life is too cheap. When ten million men are striving to kill one another, denouncing small families is the most fatuous mental exercise of which we can think. Nowhere, from California round to Japan, is life so conditioned that a man with a proper sense of responsibility would voluntarily place a child therein unless he could give it some advantage. We do not need more people in the world, but a more intelligent and kindly world to live in for the people already here.

The root of the anti-race-suicide propaganda is in the old tribal concept of patriotism, which holds that a given people is inherently much superior to all other peoples.

Drinking in England

AN AMAZING picture of British industry and British workmen is now spread before the world by persons who are assumed to speak with authority for the nation. Men in high position are declaring that drunkenness retards all sorts of government work, and are piling up innumerable instances to prove it.

That a country so saturated with and impaired by alcohol as these representations would have one suppose could have led the world, time out of mind, in exports, selling manufactures of all sorts over the globe in free competition with every other country, seems to us incredible.

Probably the war has increased drinking—not so much through higher earnings as through the excited, abnormal atmosphere that war begets. When a nation lets itself loose for destruction the ordinary moral restraints on individual conduct are doubtless loosened too. Those who praise the moral value of war should devote a chapter, for example, to explaining the increase in illegitimacy.

War is a terrific national intoxicant. Its effect on individuals can hardly be to increase sobriety. We suspect, too, that war is on the nerves of those who make the most sensational statements about the ravages of drink among workmen. In a calmer state they would probably draw a less startling picture.

After all rational allowance, however, the evidence is overwhelming, in this intense strain, that drink does decidedly impair national efficiency. If it impairs it now, it always impaired it. The strain simply shows the weak spot. Temperance is the outstanding lesson of the war, but strain is followed by reaction. In the reaction that will follow this war temperance may actually lose ground among the nations now belligerent.

RUBBING THE LAMP

How the Specialty-Shop Aladdin Makes His Profit

By CORINNE LOWE

In One Morning She Spends Several Hundred Dollars for Hats and Perhaps a Thousand for Gowns

WHEN Mrs. Sandford Dargent, of Milwaukee, is in the city of New York for a few weeks' shopping, she makes opulent progress from the Nero Hotel to the Richlock Specialty Shop, where she finds that fine essence of personality on which it relies for its success.

The liveried gentleman at the curbstone meets the de-luxe taxicab with an extra suppleness. Buttons turns that revolving door with the air of one raising the portcullis of an ancient castle. And, inside, a beautiful gentleman who comes to greet her speaks in tones as sweet as a bulbul's: "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Dargent?" murmurs he. "What may we show you this morning?"

The bend in those backs, the air of welcome, the address by name—all these are as sweet and powdered as one of Tom Moore's Oriental poems. Mrs. Dargent feels that New York has somehow been revived by her presence and that the Richlock Shop has rounded the final curve of destiny by her introduction to it. Lulled by these breezes of personal attention she is complaisant to any price and to almost any mode. In one morning she spends several hundred dollars for hats that are original models and perhaps a thousand for gowns that are absolutely exclusive.

As a matter of fact, it is Mrs. Sandford Dargent who is the pillar of the metropolitan specialty shop; and if a cartoonist were to try fitting this theme of trade to his pencil he would undoubtedly represent the woman from the Middle or Far West as Atlasing the New York specialty shop on her shoulders. Were it not, indeed, for this patron—were the exclusive shop to depend solely on the custom of the exclusive New Yorker—the shop would soon find itself without enough money for the uniforms of its curbstone guardian.

This much was developed by a conversation between an advertisement writer and the manager of one of the shops just opened on Fifth Avenue some blocks from the place where Victory, in the gilded statue of Sherman, holds out her substantial wreath.

"How shall we get 'em?" was the first puzzled word of inquiry from the latter gentleman. "Those women from Kalamazoo and Cincinnati and Denver and Kansas City—they're the people who keep up the specialty shops of New York; and we've got to have them!"

Money in Supposed Exclusiveness

IT IS the question asked by every budding enterprise of the sort in New York, and on the solution of the problem depends the ultimate record of extinction or distinction. The strange part of the situation is that, in spite of the number of such leaves which the stalk of industry puts out every year—in spite of the exclusive shops which spring up almost monthly in New York—a very large proportion succeeds in hitting on a satisfactory answer. By some means or other they persist in face of an almost impossible challenge to efficiency.

Of course there are some specialty shops that make only a modicum of profit. On the other hand we have a few notable examples of success which might well persuade Mr. Aladdin that his methods of getting rich quick were conservative and laborious. Of this number the case of Madame Z—— is intensely eloquent.

Some years ago the finely flavored establishment of this lady was meekly tucked away on Sixth Avenue. Here Madame Z—— formed a small clientele of appreciative women, who followed her when she moved into more pretentious quarters on Fifth Avenue. Now Madame Z——, as it happens, joins a certain creative artistry of clothes with a certain creative type of business mind, and before long she became known as minister to the exterior of dozens of fashionable New York women.

The rest was easy. Pittsburgh, Washington and the Middle West were soon strung on this particular clothesline; and only a year ago this financier was offered five hundred thousand dollars for her business, together with a guaranteed annuity of ten thousand dollars a year. This fact, however, tremendously significant though it is, does not happen to be nearly so memorable as her reputed answer to the proposition.

"What!" said she scornfully. "Ten thousand dollars a year! And how do you expect me to live on that?"

Before speaking further, however, of this magic lamp of commerce, it is well to prick the surface of words with a few questions. What is the specialty shop? How does it differ from the department store? Where does the one begin and the other end? The inquiry is very difficult; and in fixing terminations we may remark that some of the so-called specialty shops are merely stunted department stores which lack only the mossy verdure of what O. Henry groups as "Hamburg edging, stuffed peppers, automobiles, or other little trinkets" to make up the requirements in stature. For the rest, their general atmosphere is exactly like that of the great establishment.

Your true specialty shop has, on the contrary, something very fine and elusive in atmosphere. It has few counters, and its goods are arranged so as to make each article look as though it had been captured after a long chase. It is a triangle made up, on one side, by very carefully selected women's ready-to-wear garments—gowns and suits and wraps and blouses and parasols and neckwear; on another, by millinery; and on the third by the dressmaking establishment. Not an equilateral triangle however! Let no such mistake as that be made for a moment.

The fact is, most of the successful specialty shops in New York now possess an overbalancing length on the dressmaking side. Unlike the establishment of some years ago, where one found every costume cooked and set aside to cool, the modern specialty shop realizes much of its profit from the little dressbaking oven which occupies two or three of its floors.

The thought of this compartment of the exclusive shop simply runs over when you attempt to talk on the general subject. So much is it the center of financial gain that one with difficulty dismisses the issue even at the bid of coherence. Nevertheless, we must subdue this sad minor strain for a moment in the interests of the exclusive gown or hat already prepared for the customer.

Exclusive! The word, so long barked by every merchant in the country, is susceptible of various inflections. Perhaps, after all, the act of exclusion refers to the scenery about the garment and not to the thing itself. Certainly, at any rate, the specialty-shop merchant must have often sat down and said to himself the following piece: "Take any gown or hat or wrap, modulate the landscape about it, hustle it off into some little corner by itself, and see whether it does not look like the only one of its kind." By fidelity to this formula our financier accomplishes the impossible.

As a matter of fact, there are few exclusive models in the world. The representatives of the specialty shops buy at the same great Paris dressmaker's the same gowns that are bought by the representatives of the department stores. The manufacturer who supplies the great general organization supplies the identical product to the specialty shop. And yet, for both foreign and American goods, the specialty shop asks and receives a price which is sometimes twice that of the more comprehensive mart.

The lack of individuality in much of specialty-shop merchandise is affirmed by one of New York's best and most famous manufacturers.

"Exclusive!" says he, expectorating the word as though he simply hated it. "There isn't any such thing. When you say 'exclusive' you simply mean that the merchant excludes any thought of what the goods cost him and goes ahead on the income of his customer. Why, just look at me! I sell to a whole lot of the most exclusive specialty shops in this town—and the very same stock that I sell to the department stores. Naturally the rich patron doesn't know that the manufacturer has ever sullied the specialty shop with his impure touch. But it's true. The only difference between a specialty-shop model and a department-store one is—nine times out of ten—that you put a bunch of peacock feathers and a fine old print back of the one and crowd the other in among a lot of things on a hook."

Lessons for Department Stores

THE word of this gentleman is corroborated by any number of tales from the professional shopper of the big department store.

"Last week," narrates one such detective, "I went out from our store after looking over very carefully a pretty little chiffon blouse which we were selling at two-ninety-five. In the course of my tour of comparison I wandered into one of the Fifth Avenue specialty shops, and there—brazen as could be—was the identical blouse I had just seen in our place at two-ninety-five. But not at two-ninety-five—oh, no indeed! Here it was marked eight-ninety-five—six dollars difference! About five hundred per cent profit on the blouse! And yet I saw a woman buying one of them at that specialty shop as unconcernedly as though she were selecting a cake of soap."

What is it that enables the specialty-shop merchant to ask a price which represents anything from fifty to five hundred per cent profit on the manufacturer's cost? How can he persuade the rich woman of New York and the South and the West to pay so much more than is required at the big store? How has he thrived so long under the scanty foliage of that shrub—the exclusive model?

These questions and their answers have furnished new channels of thought to your conservative merchants, one of whom admitted not long ago:

"The department store has got to learn to be more compartment and less department in its methods. The sooner we approximate the methods of the specialty shop the sooner we shall be able to put over specialty-shop prices. The main question nowadays in selling goods is not the merchandise itself, but the furniture surrounding the merchandise. Lack of crowding; one thing at a time; mystery!—there's the secret of success grasped by our smaller brothers."

Graduation Time

LADY ELGIN

TIME flies! You used to make red-letter days of her first shoes, her first short dress, her first long dress, the day she abolished braids. Now the bigger events are crowding in, milestones so important as to be observed with choice gifts. Now it is her graduation day. Next will come her wedding day.

Time is the great arbiter. It ticks relentlessly away. It is the most important factor in life. What more appropriate, then, for the young woman or young man graduate than a watch, as handsome as your purse can buy—but, first of all, accurate, dependable, an exact timekeeper—an Elgin?

Elgin Watches are famous for their accuracy. Your jeweler is an Elgineer. He will furnish you with an Elgin movement as refined as you care to purchase. He will case it in as rich a setting as you feel you can afford. At any price it will be a timekeeper to be proud of.

Write for Elgin Wonder Tale Booklet, sent free. Send stamped and addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Illinois.

LORD ELGIN (Extra Thin Model) $100 to $115

LADY ELGIN A wide range of prices

G. M. WHEELER $25 to $50

R. W. RAYMOND (R. R. Watch) $15 to $75

ELGIN WATCHES
KEEP TIME

In that word "mystery" lies the crux of the situation. Realizing that soft carpets, decorative exploitation, good-looking and tactful salespeople, will lull the most stubborn heart to acquiescence, the shops administer these anæsthetics with the utmost care. Rare old prints hang on the walls of these salons; Viennese black-and-white pirouettes behind a commonplace hat or an American manufacturer's familiar model. Exotic incense often scents the air of commerce. Everything is as still as an August day.

Undoubtedly, too, the specialty shop profits most greatly by its realization of the fact that no crêpe gown, however fairylike and dazzling, can assert its distinction when it must be picked out fretfully from a whole rack of frocks—when it is only one vertebra of a whole spinal column.

Consequently when you go a-purchasing at the specialty shop there are no huddled exhibits of merchandise. A wafer of a blouse may be nibbled from a corner; a group of hats may be sprinkled over the surface of the foreground; a rare imported wrap in a single case may serve as an appetizer—but the real banquet is hidden away and the customer sees it only sectionally and by request.

As a rule, indeed, when you enter one of these haunts of exclusiveness you are shown only the article of attire in which you have stated an interest. The woman who comes party-frocking is given no whiff of suits or of wraps. One frock at a time is brought from its retreat, and sense of its beauty is not diminished for a moment by sight of any rival item.

One of the Merlins of the trade, whose shop is cloistered on one of the fashionable side streets, has taken a postgraduate course in the art of guarded exhibition. To do this merchant justice, he has a very decided creative sense. His things are original models, and he is apt to design a hat that looks like a floundering crustacean, or a wrap that droops like a penguin's wings. This air of exclusiveness he distends into something like solemnity. In his window there is always some bit of exotic charm—a peacock's tail winks brilliantly behind a few selected blooms of millinery; queer-colored heads set off the charm of hats and neckwear. And inside his shop this magician does strange incantations with fantastic bird cages and odd bits of bric-à-brac.

It is said of this man that not even his salespeople are permitted to see some of his rarest creations. He keeps them locked away; and when a woman steps into his shop he takes from some misty recess a fragrant hat or frock and shows it in the strictest secrecy. Needless to say, the patron who buys one of these hidden treasures feels that she is admitted to a sacred rite when she is permitted to pay a lofty price for some bit of lace or straw or chiffon.

Attracting Wealthy Customers

Not only, either, is the merchandise itself guarded like the Eleusinian Mysteries. Your successful specialty-shop merchant of to-day understands so well the principle—Forbid them to enter and they will wish to—that he puts up all sorts of provocative barriers about his establishment. Sometimes, in order to be admitted, one must present a card of introduction from a friend or customer. Engraved invitations are issued to openings, and sometimes one hundred or two hundred dollars is demanded for the privilege of a peep at the new models. As a most telling proof of the sentiment of the times, many of the exclusive shops in town are retreating from Fifth Avenue itself to the fashionable side streets.

Visit one of these abodes of financial strategy and you will never dream that the big brownstone house, there in the middle of the block, hushes up the business of X——, probably the most exclusive of all exclusive specialty-shop merchants. Curtains drape the windows. No lettered sign shrieks vulgar anxiety to sell. It is exactly as though X—— were conducting a moonshine still or some other enterprise requiring a natural reticence. And, once up these brown steps, only a letter of introduction from a valued patron can prevail on the guardian of the door.

Having surrounded both shop and contents with this persuasive air of being forbidden goods, the specialty-shop merchant is ready for the first step in his path of success. It is the capture of some members of the fashionable set of New York. These are as necessary to the exclusive shop as is a counter to your ordinary version of store. They are, in fact, the sprats with which the wary fisherman of trade catches the mackerel that swim the waters from Central Park West to Butte, Montana. And in order to secure such bait the merchant bends every energy of his mind and every acquaintance of his life.

Various are the ways in which this merchant enmeshes the society woman of New York. Sometimes he has as secret partner some fashionable woman whose name is heavier than her pocketbook. Often he gives a commission to Mrs. Vanderbrown or Mrs. Vere de Vere. In rare cases he even outfits, free of cost, some Social-Register person who will bring to his establishment a number of her friends. Always he realizes that a pebble thrown into society means concentric circles of influence; that Mrs. Vanderbrown will say to her friends, Mrs. Vere de Vere and Miss Pepkins-Morgton: "Oh I got the most charming thing at Beaver's the other day! Do go there—and when you do just mention my name"; and that these converts will, in turn, affect other vulnerable points of trade.

The question here intrudes itself: Why will the society woman consent to pay the superprices of the specialty shop? The first answer to this is contained in the fact that Mrs. Vanderbrown and Miss Pepkins-Morgton do not shop round. Far from their limousine tour of unworried purchases is the middle-class shop-to-shop inquiry of modes and prices. From one year's end to the other they may never enter a department store; so how can they know that the same exclusive model, for which they have just paid two hundred and fifty dollars, is harbored in that inclusive shop down the street at fifty or a hundred dollars less?

Crooked Bills for Crafty Wives

Another feature that makes for the society woman's partiality to the specialty shop is the less rigid form of settlement prevailing there. All sorts of concessions are offered to her in this respect. Often she does not pay her bill for December's clothes until the next December has lifted its hoary poll. No monthly bill is intruded on her husband's morning cup of coffee. Indeed, you who happen to be hovering on the frontiers may chance to hear the habitual patron of the shop whisper into the merchant's ear: "Don't send that bill for several months. I don't want my husband to get it until he is convalescent from that last bill of mine!" Or, "When you make this out just take a hundred off the price of the gowns and fifty off the hats. I wouldn't for worlds disturb Mr. Vanderbrown by letting him know how much I pay for my things!

"Remember, now—I'll drop in with the extra hundred and fifty as soon as I get my next allowance."

Indeed, so captious and unreliable is the average society patron of the shop, and so numerous are the indulgences demanded by her in the way of settlement, that the Fifth Avenue merchant makes a sweet moan when he speaks of her.

"Did you ever try to pet an eel?" asks he wildly. "Or to hold a squirrel in the hollow of your arm? If you did you'll understand what most of the specialty-shop people go through in order to keep the custom of Mrs. Vere de Vere. Nearly all my society women keep me waiting for months—and even years—for my money; and if I'm indelicate enough to remind them of the fact they flounce out of the shop with 'Oh, well; I'll go round to Tomkins'. I like their things better anyway.' They generally dicker about prices and think nothing at all of sending back a frock after they've worn out the fringe on the skirt. And then the way we've got to doctor their bills for them!

"The other day, for example, one of the most prominent society women in town—a woman who's bought from me for years—came up and whispered to me: 'When you make out this next bill of mine just put an extra hundred on each frock, and when my husband pays you I'll come round and collect.' Of course I doped it all out. Her husband is one of the kind that will give her any amount of money to dress on, but draws in on every other thing. She wanted some extra spending money and here was a chance to get it. I just had to be the lever in order to keep her as a patron."

Wriggly as she is, however, the specialty-shop merchant has got to keep her—this quotation from the Social Register—simply

as an inducement to the woman from Central Park West or United States West. He knows that identification as "the shop where Mrs. Vanderbrown or Miss Pepkins-Morgton buys her things" is more valuable to him than any other asset. And the moment you enter the still, secluded waters of the exclusive shop you hear the swish of the line as the saleswoman casts her fly.

"Oh, it's so becoming to you, Mrs. Dargent!" you hear her murmur to the portly woman from Milwaukee, who just then is trying on a hat that looks, on her mop of bleached hair, exactly like a pea on an orange. "Exactly your style, you know! I'll tell you"—this with the air of being suddenly drenched by dews of memory—"it's Mrs. Archibald Vanderbrown you remind me of. I've been trying to think who it was ever since you came in. Yes; that's who it is. You're just her type."

Mrs. Dargent, of Milwaukee, peeks up coquettishly at herself from under the globule of hat as she remembers the stunning picture of Mrs. Vanderbrown that graced the magazine section of one of last Sunday's metropolitan papers.

"Really?" simpers she. "Is she"—in a tone of awe—"is she a customer of yours?"

"Oh my, yes!" replies the salesgirl, bending down the pellet of straw still farther over the left eyebrow. "She's been coming to us ever since we started. Only day before yesterday I sold her a little hat quite a good deal on this order. Why, there's her sister now!" And she nods to a bracket of furs and orchids inclosing Miss Therese Dusen-Ring. "She's the one that's just announced her engagement to Mr. Reginald Carpon, and she's buying all her trousseau here. Lovely girl she is—always so kind to everybody. Why, last week she happened to notice that our little boy at the door was sick, and she got his address and went over to his home. His father was out of work and they were all pretty near starving; and she did the sweetest thing—she sent them down a dozen of those nice little lettuce sandwiches you serve at receptions."

Mrs. Dargent looks, with a little thrill, at this compassionate member of an intrenched social set, and then stares thoughtfully into space.

"How much did you say this hat was?" she inquires after a painful gulp.

"Fifty dollars."

"Well, it's a good deal for a plain little street hat and I guess Mr. Dargent will think I'm awful; but, still, you've got to pay for exclusive styles, haven't you?"

Of course Mrs. Dargent takes the capsule of green straw; and back there in Milwaukee she always mentions casually:

"I bought it at Richlock's—the same shop where Mrs. Vanderbrown gets all her things, you know."

Headquarters for Society Gossip

As a matter of fact, when Mrs. Dargent says you must pay for exclusive styles she really means that you must pay for exclusive fellow customers. Both she and that other arch of the specialty-shop structure—the social climber of New York—are parching for bits of information about members of the fashionable circles of New York; and in order to be satisfied, in order to breathe for an instant the same commercial ether as does Miss Pepkins-Morgton, they are willing to pay big. In testimony to this fact hear the words of a woman who belongs to a retired firm of specialty-shop merchants.

"You know," says she, "I had to be more of a society reporter than a fashion expert! When the social climber of New York or the rich woman from some other city came into our shop I knew that, as a rule, she was more anxious to hear about the old families than she was to hear about the new modes. And so from our real society patrons I gathered an amazing amount of data, which I would retail to those profitable persons from Central Park West and from Pittsburgh and Milwaukee. I would recount for hours how Mrs. Vanderbrown dressed, the way she talked to her maid, and how many baths and sweaters she gave to her Chinese poodle. I would vouchsafe theories as to whether she was really in love with her husband, and whether it was true that she had encouraged her daughter to marry a titled foreigner instead of the young American with whom she was said to be in love. In return for all this the society climber or the rich woman from the West generally bought hundreds of dollars' worth of goods."

Much, however, as the specialty shop realizes on its society patron, it realizes still more on its made-to-order department. To-day, in contrast with yesterday, when few of the shops contained this branch of service, nearly every industry of the sort is centered about this section. It represents the most able antennæ of the specialty shop and can grope much farther into the pocketbook than the old stubby, ready-to-wear feelers.

In some of the more reputable shops this dressmaking department is a wholesome branch of industry. Presided over by a real artist, it provides the patron with an opportunity for getting away from the conventionalized materials and stock lines of manufacturers which are coated with the sweet adjective "exclusive."

We have in America some able designers who are represented through the specialty shop; but their number is limited, and with a very great many of these establishments the made-to-order department is only a Machiavellian hoist to trade—a subterfuge that permits an additional levy on the stock products of the manufacturer.

If you are Mrs. Sandford Dargent, fresh from Milwaukee, you do not, of course, suspect the subterranean channels of the dressmaking section. If, however, you happen to be one of those fashion artists who humbly chronicle the mood of Dame Fashion for magazine or dressmaker, you are apt to surprise some of these modern buccaneers of trade in an admission of duplicity.

Some Tricks of the Trade

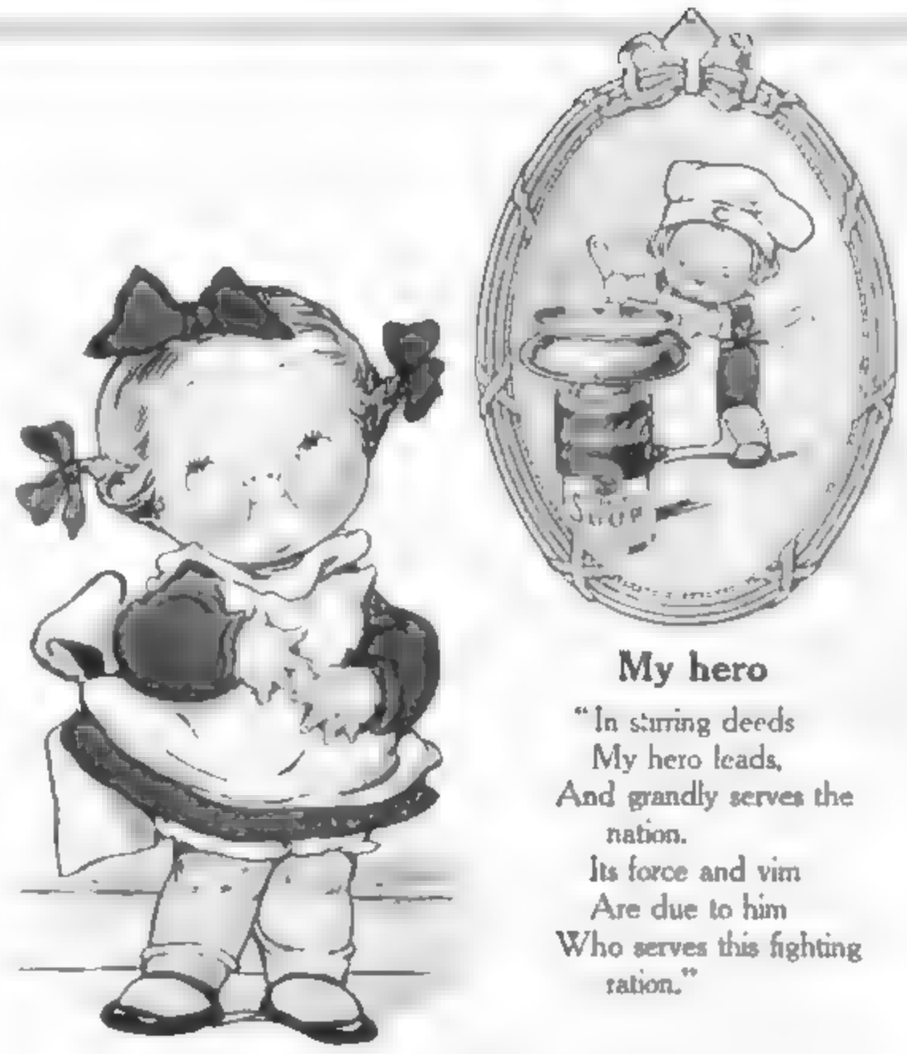
Suppose, for example, you are Miss Pastella Palette, dropped in on the Richlock Specialty Shop for the privilege of sketching the latest importations for The Ladies' Respite. While waiting for the advertising manager of the shop, you have dropped down behind a pillar, where, entirely unnoticed, you listen to the following granulated remarks addressed by the manager of the place to the saleswoman who has just been ministering to Mrs. Sandford Dargent:

"Miss Jones, you're a pretty girl. You've got a good figure and cheeks like an apricot, and eyes like nice, big, brown, honest horse-chestnuts. You look so genuine and good that you could sell a cobweb for mercerized silk, and get away with it. Anybody would believe anything you said. And what do you do with your talents? Why, you go and tell that Mrs. Dargent—as rich as Cræsus—she could get exactly the same thing in our ready-to-wear department that she could in the dressmaking section; and for twenty dollars less. Come, come! This won't do. Why, that woman could have been stung for anything! And you let her get away like that!"

Miss Pastella Palette was not so much moved by this commercial indignation on the part of the manager as she might have been a few months earlier. At that time, sitting in the office of a garment manufacturer, some of whose models she had just sketched, she had got her initiation into the ways of the specialty-shop dressmaking department. It came by way of an order—just received over the phone—for a taffeta frock, size thirty-eight.

"He, he!" the manufacturer had snickered, hanging up the receiver. "Another exclusive made-to-order gown I'm going to supply to the Bunkum Shop! Great, the way they work that game! A woman comes in there to have a dress made; they go to the trouble of taking her measurements and even fit a lining to her, and then, when she is gone, they ring me up over the phone and order one of my stock dresses in the size that comes nearest to the lining they have fitted. Sometimes I go to the trouble of changing the buttons or using a different kind of braid; but generally I just deliver the thing as I sell it to any department store. Great game!" he repeated enthusiastically, in an admiration submerging even the painful fact that he was not sharing in the profits of this finesse.

As a rule, the ready-to-wear department of this unscrupulous type of specialty shop displays great caution in never having the size to fit the dimensions of any woman who comes to look for a suit or gown. If a woman with redundant curves comes up over the horizon, that particular suit of peacock-blue silk on which she has particularly set her heart is here only in size thirty-six. Conversely the woman with a figure like a young moon can get a coveted model of gray taffeta only in size forty-two.



My hero

"In stirring deeds
My hero leads,
And grandly serves the nation.
Its force and vim
Are due to him
Who serves this fighting ration."

And that's a good name for Campbell's Tomato Soup—

The "fighting ration." It helps you to win the every-day fight of work and business and study and play.

It does this because it is a *nourishing food* and at the same time a *wholesome stimulant.*

Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor, expressed it exactly when he said: "Soups properly prepared are the most valuable and important factors in digestion. *And your digestion makes you what you are.*"

Whether you serve it as a plain tomato bouillon or a rich cream of tomato or in any other of the many tempting ways in which it is so easily prepared, you find this favorite Campbell "kind" at once delightful and sustaining.

Buy it by the dozen and keep it always handy. That is the simplest way.

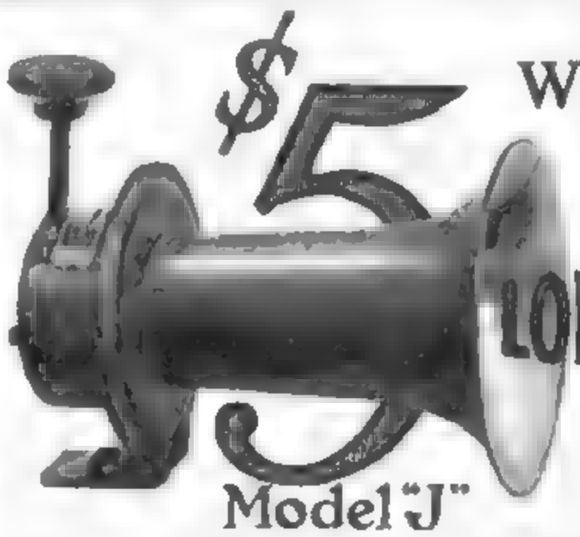
Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



$5

Whoever hears must heed

LONG HORN

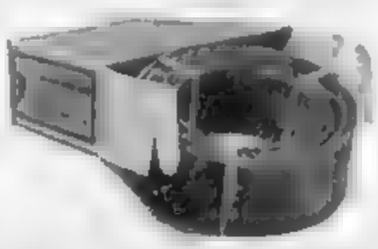
Model "J"

The voice of the Long Horn is strong. It compels attention. It shouts DANGER at every heedless sleep-walker. It penetrates his inner-consciousness and gets *action*. This horn is guaranteed to give permanent satisfaction. If at any time any part proves defective, Johns-Manville will give the purchaser a new horn. Hand-operated. No current required. First cost the only cost. Price includes all fittings. Write for booklet and see a Long Horn dealer today.

J-M NON-BURN BRAKE LINING

For Safety's Sake

For the safety of life and limb and for the protection of your car, be sure that the brakes are lined with J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining.



Then, no matter how *fast* you drive you can always stop *quick;* no matter how perilous the hill, your brakes will *hold*.

Because J-M Non-Burn is absolutely dependable. It cannot burn and it is not affected by water, oil or gasoline. Made from pure, long-fibre Canadian Asbestos reinforced with strong, brass wire. Thoroughly impregnated.

Cut sizes in cartons for all popular makes of cars. Ask your dealer. Write for booklet.

Other J-M Automobile Accessories

Jones Speedometer
Carter Automatic Gravity Gasoline Tank
J M Tire Pump
J-M Automobile Tape
J-M Narco Tire and Top Repair Materials
J-M Dry Batteries
J-M Fire Extinguisher
J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets
"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
G-P Muffler Cut-Out

3134

Write for booklets today

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York
47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

"I'm sorry," says the saleswoman, showing off the discrepant dimensions and inherent beauty of the model. "It is such a lovely thing, and we have nothing else that would suit you like this; but you see it's a one-of-a-kind model. It doesn't come in the regular stock sizes. Of course"—shrewdly noting the disappointment of her customer and speaking jerkily, as though just then the recipient of some angelic revelation—"you could have it copied exactly in our dressmaking department upstairs. Oh, yes; they could do it for you—and it wouldn't cost you so very much more."

There is a slender possibility of the required size of garment being actually constructed in the made-to-order department of the specialty shop; but the odds are in favor of fishing up that peacock-blue suit or that gray taffeta from the schools of such models which splash about in the waters of the manufacturers' workrooms, and from which, of course, these supposedly isolated bits of beauty were originally transported. Even otherwise, however—even though the work should be done actually by the shop itself—there are enormous profits made by this distraction of the customer from the ready-to-wear to the made-to-order department.

However, as has been said, there are numerous specialty shops in New York that possess much more than these phantasmal developments of the dressmaking department. Some of the most prosperous and most widely known of such establishments have been built about the skill and originality of their designers. They make money because they do introduce those little touches which create the difference between commonplace and distinguished. Yet, even in this legitimate exercise of the made-to-order faculties, there is quite a good deal of incantation and hypnotism.

Clothes that will express your individuality!—this is the cry taken up by a hundred lusty-voiced specialty shops, overcoming women who have no individuality whatsoever to express. It is an extra veil of mystery thrown about the establishment, and it completes the subjection imposed by the seclusion of its quarters, the velvet of its carpet and of its saleswomen's voices, and the isolation of each model. Woe, indeed, to the dressmaking department that does not make use of such chant!

It is a very pretty sight to see the presiding artist of this quarter of the specialty shop go off into one of her trances. She is standing there in the center of her gray Louis-Quinze salon. Glorified sandals are on her feet. Glorified sandalwood freights the air. As the patron enters these portals the slight figure under the mauve-colored robe shakes with a psychic convulsion.

"What would I advise for you?" she repeats, looking mistily at the dreadnought figure and commonplace features of her customer. "Ah, let me see! You must give me time—a week—to decide. Shall it be gray, with violet shadows? Or shall it be a gorgeous contralto purple?" Her voice sinks, as though the artist were reeling off the thin edge of the finite; and her eyes are half closed, as though she could not quite hear the Voices. "I seem to see you as something heroic—always heroic—a warrior woman of old; standing there in the prow of your battleship—ah, yes; but it will take study to do it—to express you as you really are, you know."

The other woman gives a little sigh of satisfaction. At last somebody has picked out the fact she herself has long suspected—that she is a picturesque figure—and is going to translate the great truth into clothes. She is overcome with gratitude. She would pay anything to this clairvoyant, crystal-bowl-gazing seer of the dressmaking world.

Of course not every specialty shop or dressmaking establishment puts over the idea of seeing visions as luridly as does this lady in the violet robe. She is a nodal point of such ambitions. But, slyly or baldly, practically or histrionically, the specialty-shop harpist is always busy with the theme that he alone can bring out the personality of a woman through her clothes.

Yet the specialty shop of New York would never have attained its present success did not its chief specialty consist in picking out saleswomen who are shrewd—almost intuitive—judges of character. For this reason that attitude of superior insight is not always taken.

Realizing that some women do not want to be told what they should wear, the saleswoman often finds her duties narrowed down to confirming the patron's taste. At a glance this minister can tell whether the woman who enters the shop desires to be guided or merely accompanied. And if that rich Mrs. Brown belongs to the latter class she will see her walk out with the most unbecoming frock in the establishment and pelt down such final assurances as:

"You couldn't have done better, Mrs. Brown—it suits your style perfectly!"

The great financial success of the specialty shop must not be attributed, however, to the shrewdness of its salespeople or to the dishonesties that crop up in certain of its units. The reason it has gotten along—the reason why all department stores are trying to follow in its wake—is because, in a day of inartistic merchandise exploitation, it found new ways to make garments look attractive and to make the shopper enjoy the pursuit of clothes.

For its tranquil demeanor, its skilled salesmanship, its soft-padded floors and its graceful furnishings, the public is obliged to pay; yet no one can say that the return is inadequate.

THE MIND READER

(Continued from Page 18)

"After I had been there three years and worked from nine to fourteen hours a day," said Long, "I was fired because a cute little nephew with a twelve-and-a-half neck wanted a job. I was wearing a sixteen collar myself, which gave a good circulation in the story above."

At another place of employment he had an arrogant department manager, to whom all men looked pretty much alike.

"Though I knew I was more capable than a lot of those fellows, I had to take as much cussing as the rest of them," he said, in one of his confidences to his new boss. "If I happened to be a few minutes late I got called good and loud; and if I did this, that or the other thing I was bawled out. I worked for twenty dollars a week and never got a cent for all the night work. After two years I struck for a raise; and they said I might as well quit because there was a long line of fellows on the waiting list who would work for fifteen dollars a week, and a lot more in sight who would work for twelve."

After drifting round in this fashion from the time he left school, at sixteen, Long was warped. He hated capital. A man who had money invested in business was his enemy, and he was not overparticular about concealing the fact. When he shaved up his nice long pencil all over the floor and ground the powdered lead with his heels he was simply expressing his opinion.

I suppose that was twenty years or more ago. I saw Long recently inside the traffic manager's office of this great house. He is the traffic manager himself and an influential factor in the system. Through his contact with this merchant he came into a very different frame of mind and went up steadily.

As the business grew the individual contact of the chief executive necessarily was confined more and more to the higher executives; yet even to-day the "spirit of the house," as he calls it, is the identical spirit of its head. It filters down through the organization.

Here is an instance of how it filters: Within the last year the president of the company sent for the executive head of one division.

"I find from my statistics," he said, "that your division shows the highest percentage of quits and discharges. You are away above the normal and we must find out where the trouble lies."

Then they had a special research made. Every man who had left the employ of the house during the year, as far as that division was concerned, was communicated with, either in person or by letter. To each man these questions were put:

"If you left voluntarily, what were the inner motives that prompted your act? And if your departure was not voluntary, in what measure do you consider the house to blame for the differences that led to your going?"

Nearly all the men returned some sort of answer. One minor executive, who had

resigned to go to another house, explained the thing in substance like this:

"I had been in the accounting department three years without making much progress. I was tired of the job and didn't see any future ahead. It looked to me as though the house was so big that it had about reached its limit, especially in that line of work; so I looked round and got a job with a good, lively house, where I had more chance to swing myself, to put in new ideas, and draw more money."

To the president this was something of an eye opener.

"We haven't been handling this man right," he said, "if we have allowed him even to imagine that ideas weren't worth as much to us as to any other house, big or little."

This led to a scrutiny of the accounting department.

"Is it true," asked the president, "that we have developed this department to its limit? We have been priding ourselves that we had a good accounting department; but perhaps it has been mere self-flattery."

He ordered a research made into the methods of accounting departments in other large concerns and this showed him that his own had been lacking in modern ideas. The executive was hired again and given authority to dig up all the ideas he could and try them out. This resulted in a new auditing department, of which he was made the head.

It resulted, too, in a policy of keeping track systematically of all men who leave the company's employ, as far as it can be done without prohibitive effort. Regular reports on these men are made to the president, who goes over the records and finds in them a lot of things to think about.

One man who had left the house to establish a business of his own was found to be prospering in an unusual way.

"Why did we let him go?" asked the president. "We should be better analysts of men than that. With our great opportunities here in this business we can offer men of that kind inducements which will keep them with us. We must not let men of this caliber get away so easily."

Then he sent a telegram to his former executive who had succeeded as a merchant by himself, and invited him to take a train that night and come to the old stand for a conference. Shortly afterward the big house absorbed the offshoot and the owner of the latter became once more a member of the great organization. He is now a vice president.

It is the aim of the house to get back, sooner or later, every exceptionally good executive who has left.

How Men are Tested Out

The study of the subsequent careers of discharged men is likewise productive of results. A man in the sales department was eased out of his job because he failed to absorb the spirit of the house and had become a disturbing element. Afterward, when he went on the road for a competing house, his work was carefully watched by the first house.

He rose rapidly to the position of sales manager and to the casual observer he was unusually successful; but his former employer was not deceived. The reports showed that the morale of this sales manager's organization was very bad and the sales unsatisfactory. His promotion to the sales managership was a freak of chance and bad generalship on the part of his employers. The house failed and he never got above the surface afterward.

Another discharged employee, on being asked why he considered the house to blame for his downfall, named a certain superior and said very uncomplimentary things about him. No special weight was attached to this until several other discharged employees referred in an uncomplimentary way to this same superior. They called him names, such as toad, rat, lobster, and perhaps skunk. I am not sure about that. At any rate, they made quite a menagerie of him.

Out of this grew a close analysis of this man and he was quietly superseded by somebody else who was in better accord with that shrewd spirit which says that men must be handled psychologically, so as to bring out all their good points and strongest efforts.

The early researches of the president of this house showed him that it is not merely financial incentive to which men respond, but that genuine interest in their work is quite as much of a puller. Therefore he studied men's characteristics, so that he might place them in the lines of work for which they were mentally suited.

When he established a statistical bureau he tried an experiment. After his statistical manager had been in that position six months another job in the house was offered him at an advance of five dollars a week. He had been getting thirty-five. He took the new job in a hurry.

Then another statistical man was picked out; and in a few months he, too, was offered an advance in another line of work. He took it without hesitation. This was repeated several times, with the same result. Then the president went outside of the house and found a man who was preeminently adapted to the work. He was hired at thirty-five dollars a week. Three months later he was tempted by the president with an entirely different sort of job at forty dollars a week, but that afternoon he went to the president's office.

"I've been thinking about this matter," he said, "and I believe I'll stay where I am if it's all the same to you. I like the work I am doing now. I'm built for it and I can fairly eat it up. I don't think I should like that outside job."

This and other experiments led the president to conclude that much might be accomplished by getting men to take a more genuine interest in their work, even though it was not possible always to duplicate this episode of the statistician.

Harnessing Animal Spirits

He instituted, therefore, groups for merchandise and factory study, salesmanship, the methods of competitors, markets, finance, traffic, records, and the like. Into these studies he worked various social gatherings, debates, club activities, illustrated talks and travel. He believes it to be psychologically correct to set up little mileposts of pleasure along the path of labor, but so closely associated with the labor itself that the two are one.

This involved a good deal of careful observation of individuals in the different groups, so that men showing special qualifications could be given just the nutriment they needed. One man who showed unusual interest in fabrics was given opportunity for advanced study and became an expert. Specialists were built up all through the organization.

To-day there are in this house many men who would not leave it even for a considerable advance in salary. Quite recently one man who was getting four thousand dollars a year was offered six thousand to go to another house.

"I'll stay where I am," he said. "I am interested in working out our problems here and I'll take chances on getting more money."

In these groups leaders naturally develop—men who come to the front with an excess of enthusiasm and ability. Some of them bubble over with energy and have a ham sandwich brought in because they would rather stay and work than go out to eat. You have seen the type. Enthusiasm is the quality the president likes best to discover and develop.

"When you get a man to the stage where he would rather work than loaf, just for the happiness it gives him, the chances are that you have good material for an executive," he says. "Then, when you add the financial incentive and the opportunities higher up, you create ideal conditions."

Some twelve years ago a youth applied at this house for a job. It is told of him that while waiting in the employment room he killed time by throwing paper wads at the other applicants, and got into an altercation that in any other employment department would have finished him on the spot. Oddly enough, in this house the very fact that he threw paper wads attracted attention to him—not exactly favorable attention, but a certain degree of curiosity. This curiosity was nothing more nor less than the spirit of the president filtered down to the manager of the employment department.

The boy was nothing extraordinary; on the contrary, he measured up pretty scant when it came to the problem of twenty-six plus eighteen plus one—or something of that sort. He got the answer forty-seven—or something relatively as far from the correct one. He wrote uphill and went downhill on grammatical construction. But for some singular reason, he got by and was put on the eligible list; and a few weeks later he was notified to report for work.

Barrett Specification Roofs

In the path of the great Salem fire—

THIS warehouse was in the centre of the great Salem fire of 1914 which swept over 250 acres of the city. It was built of reënforced concrete and roofed along the lines of The Barrett Specification. In the fierce path of flame, the rain-water conductors and the zinc flashings at the edge of this roof were melted down, but the roof itself was left intact.

After the fire the building stood, ready for immediate use, among the prostrate ruins of its neighbors. The fire underwriters in their official report said:

> *"The flames and smoke were driven toward these from a burning area extending over a mile back and a third of a mile in width and swept these mills along their exposed front of about a quarter of a mile in length with a heat which no ordinary construction could withstand."*

The test was a triumph for reënforced concrete and this type of roofing. No wonder Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories!

Barrett Specification Roofs are not expensive. In fact, they are the least costly of any permanent roofing; they cost nothing to maintain, for they require no painting, coating or tinkering.

We should like to send every architect, engineer and building owner a copy of the Underwriters' Laboratories report on Barrett Specification Roofs. Address our nearest office.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit
Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Storehouse of
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Mass.

Photo by Engineering News

Taking the World By Storm!

Richard's Interlocking Friendship Bracelet

A dainty Richard's Link will make you think of friends, relatives, sweetheart, husband, father and mother. Start now—make a Friendship bracelet. Tell your friends and relatives to go to any jeweler anywhere. Pay 25c and order a link—a Richard's Sterling Silver Interlocking Friendship Link. The jeweler will engrave the initials free. Have the link sent to you. They are worn on a ribbon until you acquire enough to connect them yourself to complete bracelet. In a short time you have a magnificent bracelet every link of which reminds you of some loved friend or relative. This is the link that you hear so much about just now. Tell your friends to see that the name "Richard's" is stamped on the back of each link, for if it is not a Richard's it is not an interlocking link and it will not mate with those you have.

Any Jeweler anywhere.

If you care
For a lady fair,
Buy her a link
To make her think of you.

The memento of elegance illustrated below joined with others (even a child can unite them) makes those artistic bracelets that are now so popular. Richard's Friendship Links are interlocking—the only interlocking links—remember that. Tell your friends to look for the name "Richard's" on back of each link.

Here It Is
25c A Link Initials FREE

Patent Applied For

You Men Who Want To Please Some Lady

Have your initials engraved on a Richard's Friendship Link. Send the link to a friend or relative. Tell her how to start a Friendship bracelet.

Throughout her life and yours this little link will make her think of you. Price 25c, initials free.

Magnificent NOW—Priceless YEARS From Now

Mementos

The Richard's Friendship links are the rage among all young ladies who, approaching womanhood, desire to have a memento of some boy or girl to carry through life, hence friendship bracelets are made.

Start a Friendship bracelet club today—give a link to your girl friends and they will exchange with you.

For Young Matrons

At your next social luncheon, dinner or supper, place a Richard's Interlocking Friendship Link beside each guest plate, attached to place cards as a favor. You will proclaim yourself an up-to-the-minute hostess, and soon your lady guests will be sending your Friendship links and wearing your link in the center of an elegant bracelet. When you attend card or dawn parties or open air affairs or automobile trips, make your friends agree to start a Friendship link bracelet.

LADIES: Remember, every jeweler, anywhere, will supply you with a Richard's Sterling Silver Interlocking Link. Price 25c, initials engraved free. For your protection see that the name "Richard's" is stamped on the back of each link. If it is not a Richard's it is not an interlocking friendship link.

Also made in 10-K solid gold, 14-K solid gold and platinum.

BAUMAN-MASSA JEWELRY CO.
Distributors and Manufacturers
St. Louis, Mo.

They put him in a stock room at six dollars a week. On the second day the president, walking through, got a first glimpse of him. He had a feather duster run down his back inside his shirt, and the feathers were waving over his yellow hair. He was a Comanche Indian—and he was executing a death dance.

You will remember that the president is an analyst of men; also of boys. So, instead of rebuking this boy he went along and asked himself:

"What impulse moved him to undertake that violent exertion when he might have sat down and taken some leisure?"

The president, following his system, resolved to find out. Next day the boy was taken out of that particular stock room and put into another, where the work was heavier and the help short. Nevertheless, he exhibited a surplus of energy and carried the additional burden without any complaint or let-down. Between jobs he practiced standing on his head.

Then the youth was moved up again and some responsibility was added to his physical duties. Every time he broke out into an Indian dance or similar exuberance they gave him something to absorb his enthusiasm. At the behest of the president he was watched shrewdly, and periodical reports were made on his progress.

He went up rapidly and in the course of a few years became sales manager, which position he now occupies. It was his irrepressible enthusiasm that did it. The president and the organization simply harnessed it.

This is an exceptional instance only in degree. The same thing is being done in that house right along. In everyday life you run across these physical or mental enthusiasts oftener than you realize. They do not all make good, even when directed as they are in this house, because their enthusiasm may be offset by other characteristics. Nor do they all show their enthusiasm by Comanche dances.

A serious youth once got employment at this establishment—so extremely serious that some of his associates called him a sad-faced dub. He had been born with such an appetite for work that he never itched to have his grandmother die so he might get away to the ball game.

In these modern days, when so many grandmas are dying, the exception came to the knowledge of the president. He had the youth watched, as was customary in such cases. All through this organization there runs an extraordinary system of kindly observation that is the reverse of the more common espionage. It all merges into a current that leads to the president's desk, and its object is constructive, not destructive.

This boy, like the one who became sales manager, was first put in the stock rooms; but his bent was discovered to lie in a different direction, and they sent him over to the file room and gave him sufficient encouragement by showing him some possibilities that might be worked out. He seized the idea with a swoop, like a fish carrying away hook and bait. Within a few years he had completely revised filing methods and equipment.

Then he was put into the trucking department, which he showed to be in a very unsatisfactory condition. He is the head of that work to-day.

"I was never cut out for a salesman," he says, "and I have our president to thank for setting me right and feeding me the kind of mental food that has brought me up to a fairly important position. If I had remained in the sales department I am sure my income would be small to-day; and the house would be the loser too."

Yet outside that house few people realize how intimate is the president's influence on the members of the organization, down to the office boys. It is the president in person who thinks out the paths that many men and boys follow, and it is he who devises the more abstract ways and means. He has experimented in numerous angles of psychology. For instance, he has tried various ways of developing the faculties of judgment and responsibility in men. Once, in following out some theories he had either conceived or dug up in his researches, he tried an experiment on half a dozen boys in succession. This is how he worked it:

"Johnny," he said, "I want you to take this note to the address you find on the envelope"—a clubhouse in an outlying and distant part of the city—"and bring me an answer as soon as you can get here."

"Yes, sir," agreed Johnny, eager for the task with which the president had honored him.

"In order to help you make time," the chief continued, "I have written on this slip of paper full directions for getting there. You see, I am very anxious to get an answer quickly."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, and went away on the run.

It took him about three hours to make the round trip. He had followed instructions implicitly, as was shown by careful questioning.

Then the same errand was given to Jimmy, Bobby, Mikie, Georgie and Artie, each having no knowledge that the others had done the thing. All of them made about the same time except Mikie, who came in under the wire in a little over two hours.

"How did you get back so quickly?" the president asked.

Mikie was in something of a hole, because he had disobeyed the instructions given him and had selected his own route. Of the six boys, he had been the only one to do some independent thinking and to perceive that the route mapped out for him was not the best one; but he confessed.

This longer route had been laid out intentionally, to test the boys' capacity to think.

In his talks to his organization this episode has been used with much effect by the president. He is full of such experiments and his organization is full of them. Perhaps you have a better understanding now why this business establishment is so big.

Printing Telegraphs

PAGE-PRINTING telegraphs that receive messages and automatically put them in typewriting, with many lines to a page, were invented long ago; but their practical adoption has been slow, due in many instances to little difficulties of operation. Now a combination of some of the most successful patents has been accomplished by a company that has spent much money in perfecting practical operation, and such printing telegraphs have stood up under a year's test on telegraph lines.

It is the expectation that wide use for these telegraph instruments will be found in business. A concern that has many branches in a city, for instance, would be able to send general orders to all branches from a central office, or a factory manager might issue orders to various departments of a plant over printing telegraphs. The instruments can be connected, so that a message sent from the main office will be printed on all the instruments of the system or on one particular instrument. Such practical use in business has been developed rapidly in Berlin.

In the distribution of news great possibilities are open. Automatic transmission of messages by telegraph companies is the most immediate field.

In its simplest form the page-printer will send messages at the rate of forty-five words a minute, but combinations of instruments make it possible to send one hundred and eighty words a minute in each direction at the same time over one pair of wires—or three hundred and sixty words a minute.

To send a message, an operator writes the words on a typewriter. This typewriter makes perforations on a tape, a different combination of five perforations being provided for each letter of the alphabet and for various symbols. Each time the operator touches the space bar on the typewriter a separate perforation is made to record the space; and when the operator reaches the end of a line and moves the carriage back to start another line, a separate perforation records that action.

This tape is then fed to an instrument that sends the dots of the perforations over the telegraph line. At the other end a typewriter is operated directly by the dots, writing out the words as sent, spacing the words, and shifting the carriage exactly as was done on the original machine.

10% More for Your Money

The 25-cent package of Quaker Oats is nearly three times larger than the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers more for your money.

To Folks Who Like

Oat-Fed Boys

Our appeal is to mothers who like active boys and girls.

And to folks of all ages who wish to foster vitality.

We make oats, the great vim-food, into a delicacy. We make it into fragrant, luscious flakes.

We use only the queen grains, plump and richly flavored. We discard all but ten pounds per bushel. Then our process enhances that flavor.

The result is a food so rare, so winning, that oat lovers in a hundred nations send here for Quaker Oats.

You who want folks to "feel their oats" should make the oats inviting. And this is the way to do it.

Quaker Oats

The Vim-Food Dainty

That flavor, that aroma, in the oat was meant to be inviting. It is Nature's way of winning folks to this vim-producing food.

Then why not enhance these attractions? Why not serve oats in this tempting Quaker form?

No extra price, no extra trouble. Simply remember to specify this brand.

Then you will get what millions regard as the finest thing known in an oat food. And you'll agree with them.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Cooker

Each package of Quaker Oats contains an offer on a perfect double cooker, made of pure aluminum. It is made to cook Quaker in the ideal way.

WHITE HOPES

IN THEIR job of calculating the abundant and diversified harvests that annually gladden this broad and fertile land of ours, the statistic sharps during the past two years and a half have been guilty of a most culpable omission. Either deliberately or for other reasons they have overlooked one of the largest and most conspicuous yields we have. They have dealt with corn, with wheat, with rye, with clay whiskers, hides not taxed, alfalfa, oats and breakfast foods, but, to date, nothing has been said in an official way about the total gross tonnage of White Hopes; and yet the White Hope output, if any one should ask you, is with us a bumper crop—a bumper crop to start with, and, until very recently, a bumped one.

That was indeed a sad day for himself and friends when Mr. James J. Jeffries, of California, disregarded the gipsy's warning to beware of a dark man, coming with a bunch of something in each hand. It is a part of the written history of our nation that upon a certain fateful Fourth of July, in the city of Reno, Mr. Jeffries, better known as the Abysmal Man, trusted himself inside the same confined and circumscribed area with a large colored person who was, if anything, more abysmaler, and as a result of this indiscretion was shortly thereafter retired back to his cozy hay ranch by way of the casualty ward. And that was indeed a sorrowful evening which followed this sadsome day. Many of my readers are doubtless able to remember the dense and impenetrable gloom that settled down over the length and breadth of our country upon the receipt of certain dire tidings from the new city of the Great Divide—how the ticker seemed to sob aloud as it got along toward the fourteenth round; how brawny telegraph operators began to falter and to weep; how the populace in some of the larger cities—notably New York and Chicago—could not believe it at first; and how, later on, realizing that it was all only too true, they girded themselves for battle and went forth to destroy certain of their neighbors who up to that moment had given excellent satisfaction as Pullman porters and head and side waiters.

However, as some one has remarked before now, it is not in the nature of the Anglo-Saxon stock to bow the neck to the yoke of defeat, even when that Anglo-Saxon stock is so largely made up of Latin, Slavonic, Semitic, Celtic, Caledonian and Scandinavian Anglo-Saxons, as in our own case. To a great number of these sons of the dear old motherland of Anglo-Saxony, it seemed an intolerable thing that the belt which had come down in practically an unbroken line from Jim Figg, through Billy the Nailer and Daniel Mendoza, to Jem Mace and John L. Sullivan, and other distinguished Anglo-Saxons, should be worn, even for a season, by a party the color of an anthracite coalbin at half-past one o'clock in the morning.

Without the loss of a single precious moment, they one and all set about finding some one who would wrest these laurels from the somewhat abbreviated brow of their dusky wearer.

The Nation-Wide Hope Family

In this laudable endeavor they met with many disappointments—oh, yes, many of them—but they persisted. They sought to discover within the national confines a suitable and winning candidate. Hunting the White Hope became as much of a big-game sport in America as hunting the White Rhino is in Africa—see published works of Theodore Roosevelt. Nay, more than a mere sport, it became a profession and a calling. It became a regular business. It partook of the scientific aspect of intensive farming. Like the wild grasses of the boundless prairies the White Hopes came up, and like the wild grasses they were mowed down.

There is hardly a city of twenty thousand inhabitants or more but has, during the last four years or so, been either the abiding place or the starting point of at least one White Hope. The process by which most of the Hope family have emerged from comparative obscurity into the white light that beats upon thrones and potential heavyweight champions of the world, has been singularly similar. A brawny hired man or a sinewy scene-shifter or a competent safe-mover was observed to have large swelling biceps and a chest development like the Palisades of the Hudson, and a jaw like a spate fence. This person was able to split the stoutest oak door in a barroom with one blow of his naked fist. If, being moved to anger, he struck a fellow citizen, said fellow citizen went to the hospital to have his face unscrambled, and all his relatives seemed to feel a distant jar. It was inevitable that the possessor of so much latent and undeveloped talent should come under the discerning eye of a sporting cigar dealer or an enterprising billiard-hall keeper. The latter observed the bulk and bearing of the prodigy, and to him made a proposition.

Presently we beheld our hero taken in hand. A pair of trunks and a bathrobe creditably patterned after the Gobelin tapestries replaced his prosaic workaday overalls. He did cross-country runs to improve his wind—and improving it to a degree where his wind could be heard pantingly for a distance of a hundred yards or so. He punched the bag and accommodating friends in a disused cowbarn fitted up as temporary training quarters. The local papers printed warmly eulogistic articles about him. His fame spread beyond his native county and state, and attracted the attention of a regular promoter—one of those astute and forehanded gentlemen who make good livings for themselves by inducing others to get into a prize ring and be all beaten up. The promoter came to see him and straightway decided—promoters being proverbially a race of born optimists—that here, needing only a little experience, stood the chosen soul who would again lift the banner of Caucasian supremacy on high. So he took this mountain of meat by the hand and led it to a large city—preferably to San Francisco or to New York—and soon after that a waiting and an impatient world was joyed by tidings of abundant cheer. The real White Hope had at last been found! All was excitement and enthusiasm reigned supreme. At the evening cocktail hour loud cheers were heard resounding and swinging doors swung again to the reverberating echoes.

The Procession From the High Grass

Alas, so few of these White Hopes seemed to stand the ultimate test! For a long time you could count those who had entirely justified their early press notices upon the fingers of one hand. You could still do this if you were Barnum's Armless Wonder—and he, as will be recalled, never had any hands. The Great White Way lured some from the paths of pugilistic rectitude. The sleeping potion that lies concealed in the heel of a hostile glove arrived soon for others. There was one who might have kept out of the way of the other fellow's fists if he had only been able to keep out of the way of his own feet. No matter how far he sidestepped, he always seemed to come down on himself, which in time was fatal. There was at least one who, under fire, proved to be as full of yellow as a double-yolk egg. It was agreed that a White Hope, with a fleck of saffron here and there, made a bad color combination to put up against an all-wool, fast-black proposition. And so it went.

A long procession of them emerged from the high grass, youthful and rugged and full of ambition. The West particularly has been prolific of material. There was Carl Morris, the brave Oklahoma engineer; and Luther McCarthy, the Iowa Caveman; and Al Kaufman, the San Francisco Star of Hope; and Gunboat Smith, the Human Golden Gate, also of California; and Al Palzer; and Jim Savage, the Orange—New Jersey—Blossom; and Tom Kennedy, who was another Corbett, so his friends agreed; and Bombardier Wells, who came from England and had just as much luck as other British fighting invaders of these shores have always had, from Lord Cornwallis to Charlie Mitchell. For its size the White Hope crop was most disappointing as to actual yield. It mainly ran to tassel, often failing to head out at all.

Then came Jess Willard, the giant cowboy from Kansas. He was a White Hope. He met the redoubtable dusky Johnson at Havana, and the rest is history to the prospective citizen of France, the golden pathway to the Kansan who conquered him. He has become a moving-picture hero—the moving picture of the hour, perhaps for longer.

Second National Demonstration Sale

Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe"

Special Demonstration Price (Including three Garments and Two Belts) $22.50

With Tuxedo Coat of Tropical Cloth (Included Complete) $39.00

More than a thousand progressive and representative clothing merchants all over the country co-operate in the conduct of this National Demonstration Sale. It begins on May 27th, and ends after Decoration Day.

An *Event* rather than an incident, the purpose of the Sale is to demonstrate:

FIRST: that Benjamin Correct Summer Clothes (Made in New York) are not dependent upon linings, canvas and upholstery for the *permanence* of the grace, dignity and character which our designers express in Benjamin models.

THEN: that the prices of Benjamin Summer Clothes are not as high as the quality—that there is no logical reason why you should be satisfied with anything but a Benjamin-tailored garment, even though you be inclined to pay but a modest price for your "Week-End Wardrobe."

AND LASTLY: to demonstrate that there are unselfish merchants who are ready and willing to pass the benefits of the price-concession on to *you*—instead of holding it for their own profit.

Complete Description and Inventory of the Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe" at $22.50

COAT AND TROUSERS of Blue Flannel — The new form-defining Double-Breasted or the Demi-Norfolk model, fashioned of fine, light weight American flannel, skeleton-lined with yoke and stay-straps of silk, inside seams piped with silk. Trousers to match.

WHITE TROUSERS — Well-tailored trousers of high-grade *white* flannel for service with either the blue-flannel coat in the daytime or with the Tuxedo in the evening.

SEPARATE BELTS — Two belts are included in the wardrobe—one of blue flannel and one of white flannel to match the trousers.

Description of the Summer Tuxedo Coat at $16.50

For Mid-Summer, fashion's edict sanctions this new Dansant Tuxedo, with white flannel trousers for evening wear. The coat is fashioned of a light, tropical fabric, skeleton-lined with silk and inside seams piped with silk and with the new lapels of serviceable silk. In every detail, tailored to satisfy the Benjamin standards.

With the Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe" you are prepared to go anywhere and everywhere without fuss or bother, and with the full knowledge that you and your garments will dignify the occasion, morning, afternoon or night.

Ask *your* clothing merchant for the Benjamin "Week-End Wardrobe." More than likely he is one of the thousands co-operating for your benefit. If not, ask him to get the "Week-End Wardrobe" for you, or write to

Alfred Benjamin-Washington Company

Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

The Premier T

Tire purchases are investments to all intelligent bu
is the dividend.

"Nobby Tread" Tires are the premier tir
because—they pay the biggest divide
cost-per-mile tires in the wo
because—"punctures 90% less" mean
because—they are real anti-skid tires.

True Tire Econo

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er Company in the World
5,484 Men)

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Its style is so attractive that frequently the car sells itself solely by its appeal to the eye.

The feeling of complete comfort and satisfaction experienced in the first ride confirms the buyer's first impression

The motor is 30–35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
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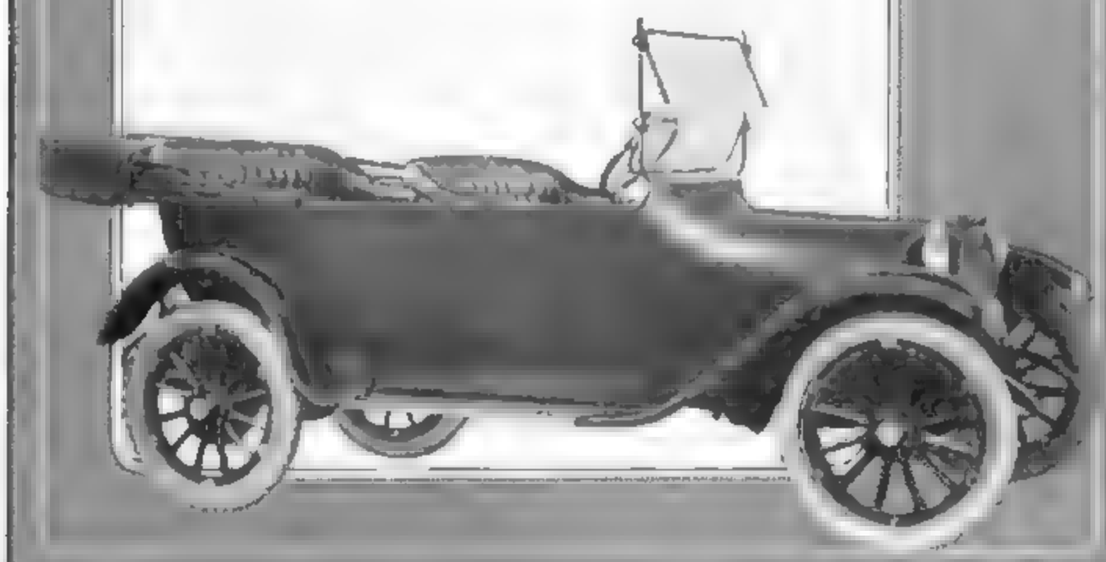
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



"THE profits from my agency for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* provide the necessities of life for myself, my wife and our children. All of the youngsters are in school."

Arthur C. Anderson, Kansas

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We have positions for a hundred more men like Mr. Anderson. Ask us about it.

Agency Division, Box 896
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 15)

He can't be disturbed. I've just had a message from him. He isn't coming back."

Starr knew this voice. He turned about slowly to feast his eyes upon the wholesome, healthy lady.

She was in a black skirt, and her waist had the same fascinating blend of cream and pink he had noticed at luncheon, and the same flimsy coolness.

"Listen! Do you like these men you work for?" he asked. "You'll think it's funny for me to speak of it, but I've wondered. I suppose if you didn't work for 'em you wouldn't be able to take care of yourself and your mother. But why don't you work for somebody else?"

She looked at him savagely.

"They're honest, of course, and big, able men, and I can see they protect you," Marcellus went on, without a thought of the first story which had described her as "an heiress in a small way." "But they aren't your kind, are they?"

There was a flash of fire in her eyes.

"That's good," said Starr. "The answer is No."

The two stared at each other.

"Can't you have dinner with me?" asked the transformed man.

She looked at him pityingly, but there was some sincerity in her voice as she said: "I'd love to go!" Perhaps deeper than the fact that he was the easiest prey the pay-off joint had seen for many a moon there was the fact of the years Marcellus had lived in comfort with his principles. The unsmoked cigars, the unblown dollars, the undrunk drinks, the unspent affections of this strange man maybe had their attractions for her. He surely was something new. He was unhandled, not shop-worn, a fresh package, somehow. She may even have wished that he wasn't such a soft and easy thing.

Late in the evening Marcellus walked home with her far out into the North Side, where their brisk steps rang on the pavements of deserted avenues.

"I've had a fine time," she told him.

"That's good," said he, almost dancing along beside her.

"I think it was you. You've made the city seem different. I hate cities. I'd like a little one maybe—like Bodbank, I think. Sometime, when I'm tired, I like to go away all by myself. Is there any place in Bodbank where I could stay?"

"Yes, there is," said the simpleton. "Mrs. Eben Colgate takes boarders in a house that looks way up the river. Why don't you come down for a week? That would be good."

They had come to her modern apartment house, where the green burlap of the hall walls showed through a plate-glass door, and bay windows, sheathed with sheet tin, clung to the front of the building.

"I wish you'd tell me something," she said craftily: "How much are you going to put into the pool—how much are you going to risk?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that," said Marcellus. "I want to see how the scheme comes out. I'll give it a trial. I'll put up two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars! Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Josephine, for she felt that all her work had been planted for nothing.

"Isn't that good?" asked the simple Marcellus, glad that the arclight was casting its white radiance on her Junoesque features. "And then, if everything goes well, I can raise nearly fifteen thousand the next time."

Josephine bit her beautiful underlip, but she was forced to nod and smile.

"You are always so happy!" exclaimed Starr. "I think life must be just as you would like to have it."

The girl opened the apartment door, went in, and then, turning, whispered through the crack:

"Think again!"

"She spoke with some feelin'! I guess she ain't happy," Mark said to himself. "Well, that's good."

The following morning Ed the Frog, the Juarez Fence and Goetting, having heard from the pink lips of Josephine of the victim's determination to stake only two hundred dollars, were in conference at the pay-off joint in the Esmeralda Building.

"Suppose a likely horse, like Gum Get, puts one over on the favorite!" whined the Fence, pulling at his cropped mustache. "We'd have to pay ten to one to the piker's two hundred."

"Or frame him with a loser and take the two hundred iron men for all our trouble! And it's just that kind of a little fish that squeals loudest round on Harrison Street," said Eddie the Frog, looking more tubercular than ever.

"Where is he now?" asked alias Mr. Prentice.

"Out with Josephine. He's one of those fresh-air guys and he's walking her through some park to give her a swell time. Honest, he's hard to believe. I didn't know they grew so ripe. Listen! He told her to come on down to Bodbank for a vacation! He's so soft you can't pick him up with a fork! When I think how that simp has got fifteen thousand and nobody has taken it away from him, it makes me ashamed of myself."

Goetting had been sitting at the mahogany desk with his fat fists closed on his knees; now he raised one of them and pounded the credit-rating book with it.

"You two nice little boys talk as if somebody had been feeding you raw meat again," said he. "The thing to do in this case is to go through with it. Let him win; it's a good investment! Don't you remember the German we let go back to La Porte, Indiana, with twelve hundred honest-to-goodness dollars? Did he come back? You bet he did! They all come back. They come foaming at the mouth for another bite and ready to play life-insurance policies, gold fillings and crown-and-bridge work for a big killing. What we have to plant on Marcellus S. we'll get back a hundred times over."

"Suppose he went back to Bodbank and dropped dead," said the Juarez Fence woefully.

"Well, anyway, we can send Josie down to watch him and bring him back," Eddie suggested. "Trust to that lady! The longer they stand with her, the harder they fall."

"You've got the right idea, brother Freeze," said Goetting. "When he comes back to Chicago, go fix up a little flat with a wife and two squallers and get him out there for dinner. Then, after he has felt the gaff, lost his money and wants to squeal, tell him that if he does it will expose your embezzlement and ruin you, and spoil the life of the family. It will go with him. He's too good to be true!"

The matter was thus sewed up.

At five-thirty that afternoon no less a person than our own little round cherub, Marcellus Starr, stood in the Union Station waiting room with a ticket for Bodbank in one hand, his dress suit case in the other, and a smile of some permanence on his face. A perfectly good thousand-dollar bill and twelve fifty-dollar notes were in his breast pocket under a safety pin. A horse called Gum Get had run so fast in New Orleans, during the afternoon, that he had beaten the favorite, and eight for one was handed out to intelligent persons like Marcellus, especially when a telegraph operator gave information in advance. Mark could remember vaguely being introduced to three big cattlemen from Montana, a banker from Toledo, and the president of a big packing company. All of them had puffed expensive cigar smoke in his face, and had congratulated him when he had won their money. It was a miracle, a fairy-tale. He remembered promising somebody to mobilize his quick assets and return to Chicago in a week, ready to become a rich man. It was too bad!

And yet Josephine, clad in a beautiful green broadcloth street gown, and more than ever like something out of an old-fashioned garden, could not interest Marcellus in his financial affairs. She had come down in the taxicab with him, and with schoolgirl "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" had congratulated him on his good fortune; but Marcellus insisted on talking philosophy only, philosophy slightly tinctured with "personnel."

"My train's ready now," he said. "But, Josephine, don't forget what I said to you. I believe in you. I consider you're my friend. No matter what anybody would say about you, I'd believe that you were the right stuff at the bottom. I'd bet my last dollar on you!"

"Maybe I'm not what you think," she said.

"Oh, yes, you are. Whatever I think you are, and whatever you think you are, why,

that you'll be!" said he. "Don't forget. I'm just a pretty plain, unimportant travelin' man and shopkeeper. That's me. But don't forget—Marcellus Starr has picked you for the real thing! You're a fine woman. You're a brave woman. Come down to Bodbank."

"I believe I'll come Saturday," said she slowly.

"That's good. Believe you'll come Saturday. Belief is what you want. They'll tell you that only fools believe; but I tell you it's only the wise ones. Give me your hand!"

"You never asked to kiss me," she said, looking at him thoughtfully.

"Do you kiss men?" asked Mark.

"No. That's one thing, anyhow!"

"Then why would I ask? Good-by."

After his train had puffed out of the shed she found a mirror, three by two, in her vanity case; she looked in it and laughed.

Of course, one of the advantages poor Marcellus had was that, in Bodbank, he could raise a scandal and never hear of it. When on Saturday and Sunday and Monday he spent most of his time with a beautiful blond lady-of-mystery who had taken a room for the week end at Mrs. Colgate's on the River Bluff, none of the talk reached his ears. He went right on taking Josephine to the movies, and to supper at the Bodbank Hotel, and to Carthage and Galesburg in a hired touring car, just as if he really believed in what he was doing. He left the boy at the store to polish the glass cases, show the trays of knitted silk ties, and the "Winterwarm" line of underwear just received. The atmosphere of mayflowers and dew on the meadows which the girl carried round with her held him entranced.

She surprised him constantly. She liked to walk along the high river bluffs because she could see the big sweeps of the Mississippi. He had not expected this. She liked to stop stray dogs and talk to them. He was astonished. She let him read aloud Victor Hugo's description of the Battle of Waterloo, and listened with her pink lips a little apart. He could scarcely believe it. Bodbank, where there was so little to do, seemed to satisfy her.

He was surprised. She liked to be with him in spite of the fact that he made no love to her, and sometimes when it was sunny and the air clear and cold she would put her arm through his and squeeze. He couldn't see why.

On Tuesday evening at six they were to take the W. L. and N. train back to Chicago for the "killing." Marcellus was to become a rich man! And it was not until Tuesday afternoon, when they were on their way to the station, that the poor chump made to Josephine his confession.

"I've saved and saved," said he. "And now when the chance comes, I'm going to be paid for all these years of struggle and self-denial. I'll have ten thousand of my own money to take back to Chicago, and here in this envelope I've ten thousand more in bonds."

He showed her a manila packet fat with securities.

"I wouldn't touch these bonds if there was any risk," said he.

Josephine, who was standing, looking down Main street toward the Levee, never showed a trace of excitement on her face. Its classic calm was undisturbed, too, as she watched him return the securities to his inside coat pocket just as they stepped into his haberdashery.

"Are those bonds negotiable?" she asked sweetly.

He put down his own dress suit case and hers and nodded. "Just like money."

"They're yours, eh?"

Upon the cherubic face of Marcellus came a blush.

"They belong to my sister's little girl," he said. "I wouldn't tell anybody that but you. I'm her guardian and trustee. And don't think I mean to do any wrong. No! When I get back I'm going to return every cent and a lot more beside. There ain't a soul alive who to this day has ever known me to do a crooked or dishonest thing."

Josephine Pollock looked at the floor a moment, and then went along the showcase singing softly to herself. The time for closing had come; the boy had gone home. Marcellus unlocked the cash register, and having counted the day's receipts put them in his trousers' pocket. The girl even looked wistfully at these bills.

"Excuse me a minute if I go down and open up a case of dress shirts," said he, hanging his coat and waistcoat over the counter. "I've got to do it. I won't be back before Thursday. And please keep watch of the time, Josephine. Call me, will you, at ten minutes of six. It'll take us five minutes to walk to the station."

She could hear the hammer going on the packing cases down the cellar. She listened at the top of the stairs. She tiptoed back to the place where his coat hung. She moved the edge of it with the tips of her fingers. The envelope was there! Ten thousand dollars!

The clock against the wall at the end of the store ticked loudly in the moments between the sound of the hammer and the ripping of wood in the basement. It was ten minutes of six now. There would still be time to catch the train.

The arc light on Main Street threw the moving shadows of passers-by onto the store floor, but Josephine did not see them as her finger tips slowly withdrew the fat envelope from the pocket of Marcellus Starr's coat.

"The fool!" said she. "Five minutes of six now."

She listened. His step was coming up the stair. He was whistling. She thrust the envelope into her black fur muff.

At the top of the cellar steps Marcellus switched on the light; as he looked at her he must have thought she was pale.

He said: "Are you ill?"

Outside the clock on the courthouse struck the hour.

"Great Scott! We've missed the train! You've spoiled everything!"

Josephine, however, did not answer.

And then he showed his first suspicion; he ran to his coat and felt with trembling fingers for his bonds. Of course he felt in vain.

"Give them to me!" he exclaimed, almost sobbing. "Give them to me—you thief."

The girl felt behind her as if the name he had called her had a physical violence in it which made a prop necessary.

"No, you poor fool, I won't give them to you."

"Why not?" asked Marcellus, staring at her out of his simple eyes.

"Because you trusted me," she said. "Because I meant for you to miss the train. I thought I could let you lose your own money, but I couldn't. And I won't. And I won't let you be a crook on my account—not on my account. You're too white! You're the realest man—except for being a fool—I ever knew! You've beat me! Promise me you won't go to Chicago? Promise."

She had grasped his wrists in her hands and brought her eager face close to his.

"Listen to me," she went on. "I'm going to double-cross the whole bunch up there in the Esmeralda Building. I'm sick of the whole game. Do you know, you poor mark, what they were going to do to you?"

"Sure," said he gleefully—like a boy.

"Sure!" exclaimed Josephine. "What do you mean?"

"Open the envelope," said he.

She tore it open and looked within. There was one newspaper and a sheet of the stationery of Marcellus Starr, Outfitter to his Majesty the Well Dressed Citizen. Mark had written on it:

"Of course you'll take this from me if you get the chance, and I am going to give you the chance. The reason you'll take it is because what I said was so—at the bottom you are the real thing and you'll stick to me. You won't let me make a mistake. That isn't in your heart. And I trust you so much that if you say I ought to send back the sixteen hundred dollars to the simpletons who let me get away with it, I'll send it back. You may have gone away before you read what I've written; but you will come back. You will see that fools may believe, but that only wise ones can have beliefs."

When Josephine had read this it dropped out of her hands and fluttered down onto the floor.

"Well?" asked Marcellus. "What do you say?"

"You win!" she whispered. "What are you going to do with me?"

"I'd like to take you into the firm," said he briskly.

At first she looked at him a little frightened. He thought that the atmosphere of old-fashioned gardens was stronger than ever. Then something of mischief came into her face. She said:

"That's good!"

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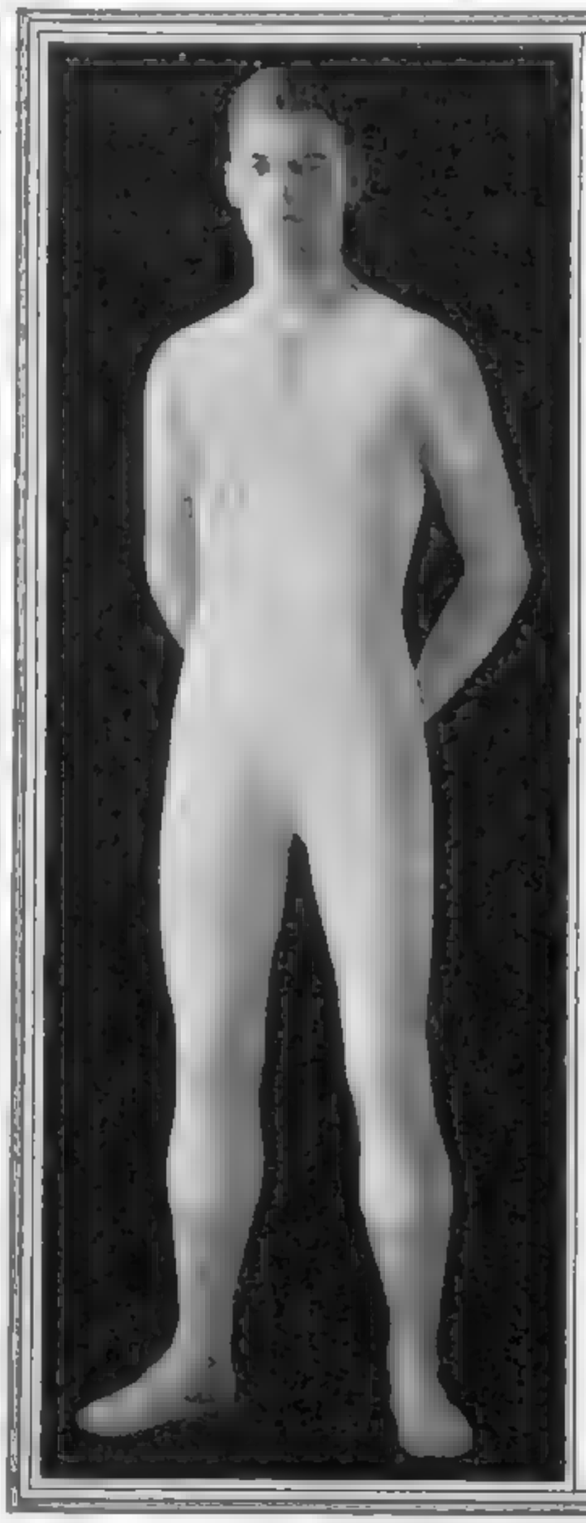

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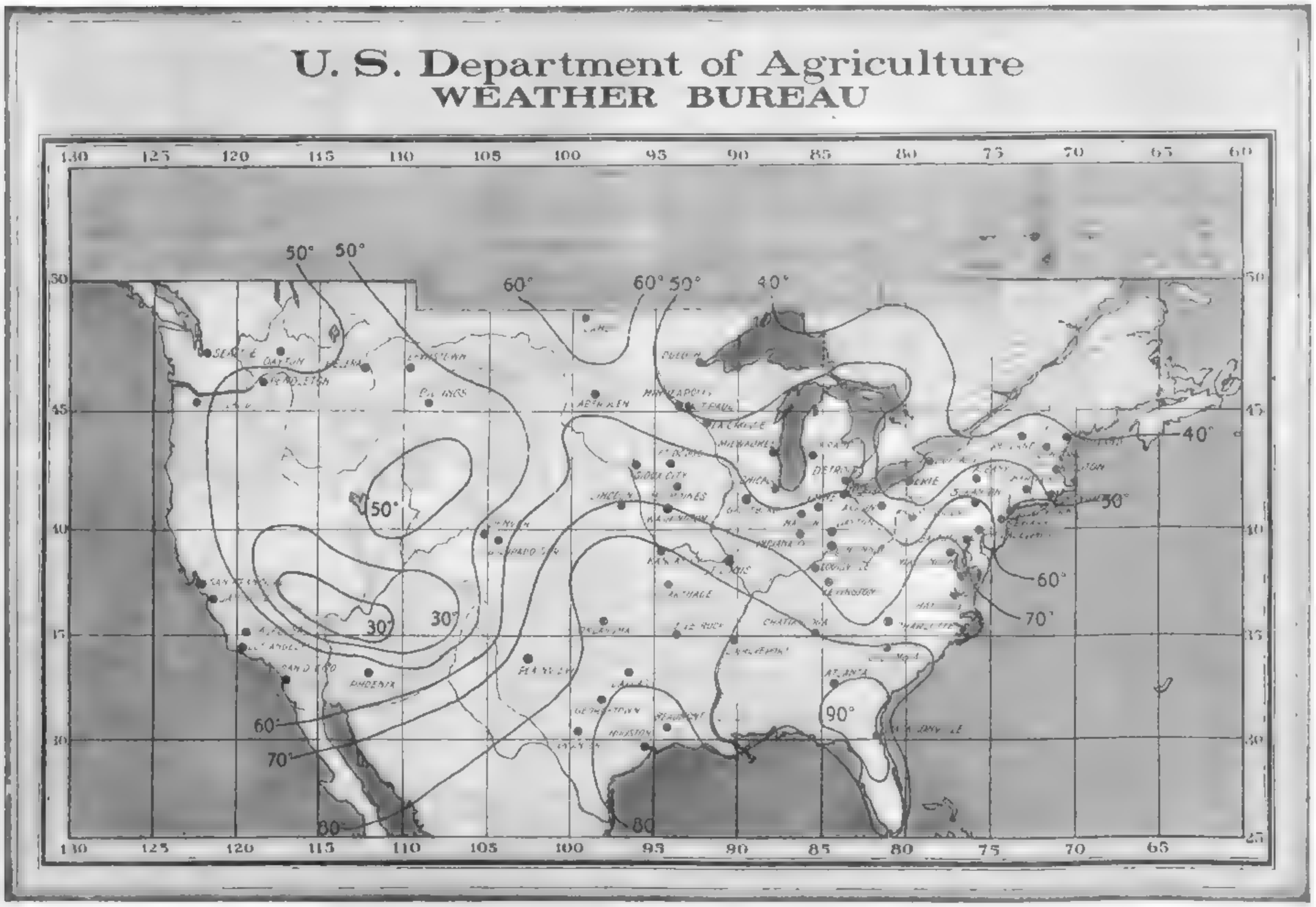

SATURDAY, May 1st, 1915, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the U. S. Government Weather Bureau at Washington marked this map showing weather conditions during the Great National Efficiency Test of the Franklin Car that day.

Throughout the Rocky Mountain States there was rain. In thirty localities high winds prevailed. At Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and other lake points there was a fifty-mile gale to contend with.

This automobile test was for the American public the most significant ever held.

Its effects will be felt by every American able to own and run a motor car—and there is an automobile to every seventh voter in the United States.

The Cost of Inefficiency

The nation's yearly tire bill is more than $200,000,000—its gasoline bill more than $150,000,000. Add the sums spent for repairs—for unnecessary wear and tear, and you have an annual expenditure startling even to a people like ourselves, accustomed as we are to big figures.

The waste due to inefficiency is a drain on the economic life of the country.

The subject of *Motor Car Efficiency* enlisted the special interest of the great American Universities and Technical Institutes.

Laboratory tests at Yale and at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, showing the remarkable efficiency of the Franklin in comparison with other cars, excited professional comment everywhere.

Other Universities took up the study of the Franklin principles.

The Engineering Department of the State University of Kentucky made "The Test of the Franklin Car" a thesis required for graduation.

This is an age of efficiency. Men's minds have a practical turn. So widespread became the interest, that to supplement laboratory tests a Great National Efficiency Test on the road was arranged.

The Great National Efficiency Test

Among the Supervisors of the test were representatives from the Engineering Departments of the following Universities: Toronto, Yale, Pittsburg, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Brown, Rochester, Syracuse, Kentucky, Ohio, Lehigh, Cincinnati, Nebraska, Washington, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Armour Institute of Technology, Stevens Institute of Technology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Pratt Institute.

At nine o'clock on the morning of May first, the Franklin Cars started in all parts of the United States and Canada, over all sorts of roads, and regardless of weather conditions.

Each car carried a Supervisor of Tests, who had already certified the preliminary details—the gasoline tested to prove that it was the ordinary commercial quality,

officially measured by the Sealers of Weights and Measures of the respective States; the routes planned so the cars would be compelled to go and return by the same roads to equalize any advantage of wind and grade; the car a regular model Franklin Car; the drivers men with experience on a par with the average automobile owner.

Results: 137 regular Franklin Cars, in 137 Cities, averaged 32.1 miles to a single gallon of gasoline—

The highest record 55 miles to a gallon of gasoline—

++ cars averaged +0 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

A New Standard for Measuring Motor Car Efficiency is Established

Here at last, with this remarkable record, the Franklin Car establishes a standard for comparison of automobile efficiency. It provides the public with a simple and definite means for judging automobile *values*—the best they have had since the automobile was invented.

Everybody knows how to judge the relative value of upholstery, paint, leather, fittings—the things on the outside of a car.

It is the things on the *inside*—things the buyer doesn't see—that burn up money.

If a car is not right in design, in construction, in material, it will show first in the *gasoline tank*.

Engineers determine the efficiency of an automobile by comparing the *useful power* delivered to the *driving wheels* with that which is lost by friction.

Gasoline Consumption will show up inefficient tires. They will use extra power in friction—*more gasoline is used*.

Gasoline Consumption will show up excessive weight. Excess weight requires more power to move—*more gasoline is used*.

Gasoline Consumption will indicate whether a car will last. Where more gasoline is used there is *friction*, and where there is friction there is wear and tear.

Gasoline Consumption will show up useless mechanical complications. The more working parts to a car the greater the friction—*more gasoline is used*.

The mileage secured from a gallon of gasoline is a true indication of the total efficiency of the whole car. It takes into account the efficiency of the tires, axles, universal joints, transmission, clutch, mechanical efficiency of the engine, thermodynamic efficiency of the engine—everything about the car.

Consider what this test of the Franklin Car means to you—to every owner of an automobile—to the scientific and technical men who watched the test from start to finish.

Think what it means when so little power is lost by friction; when the maximum of power is delivered to the driving wheels with an average of 32.1 miles to a gallon of gasoline the country over!

Only a Fine Car can do it.

You have had your experience. Now make your comparisons.

Sworn Final Results

City	Driver	Road	Record
[illegible] Neb	Fred M Ryan	Rough	41.6
Little Rock, Ark	J. F. Jones	Dry	43.1
Los Angeles, Cal	R. C. Hamlin	Good	35.1
Louisville, Ky.	G. M. Younger	Dry	36.8
Marion, Ind	M. F. Sawyer	Good	33.0
[illegible] Conn	J. L. Mayer	Dry	41.2
[illegible] Wis	Wm. F. Senger	Fair	51.2
Minneapolis, Minn	L. A. Mickey	Good	41.8
Moline, Ill	D. H. Duncan	Fair	25.1
Montreal, Can	H. Goodge	Muddy	24.6
[illegible] Wis	J. F. Strocbel	Dry	20.3
New Bedford, Mass	S. C. Lowe	Good	33.0
Newark, N. J.	W. J. Mallon	Dry	36.5
New Haven, Conn	Charles Tubman	Dry	5.0
New York City	[illegible] A. Tarrant	Wet	46.9
Oil City, Pa	H. S. Penny	Sandy	28.3
Oklahoma City, Okla	W. Lee	Good	36.3
Paris, Ky.	L. A. Weber	Fair	34.0
Pasadena, Cal	W. P. White	Good	41.4
Paterson, N. J.	Nicholas Hughes	Good	43.2
Peoria, Ill.	S. K. Hartsell	Good	41.3
Philadelphia, Pa.	[illegible] Sweetzer, Jr.	Wet	31.9
Phoenix, Ariz.	George Fairbanks	Wet	56.0
Pittsburgh, Pa.	W. Morris, Carr	Dry	34.2
Plainview, Texas	John J. [illegible]	Muddy	21.1
Portland, Me.	H. D. Crockett	Muddy	24.9
Port Huron, Mich.	F. C. Roby	Good	43.8
Rockford, Ill.	A. L. Wilcox	Wet	43.8
Portland, Ore.	O. [illegible] Broderick	Muddy	29.8
Redlands, Cal.	B. S. Hatfield	Muddy	26.0
Regina, Sask., Can.	A. O. Shaw	[illegible]	34.9
Remington, Ind.	J. B. Jones	Dry	25.5
Rochester, N. Y.	C. R. Mercereau	Good	41.5
Rockford, Ill.	L. J. Thesse	Fair	43.4
Rutland, Vt.	O. H. Coolidge	Muddy	26.6
Saginaw, Mich.	Fred H. Witters	Dry	25.1
San Antonio, Texas	L. F. Burdine	Dry	1.6
San Diego, Cal.	W. S. Steele	Muddy	29.8
San Francisco, Cal.	John F. McLean	Good	36.1
San Jose, Cal.	L. Nordenholt	Good	35.6
Saratoga Lake, N. Y.	L. F. Brown	Wet	30.3
Scranton, Pa.	J. D. De Witt	Rough	30.4
Seattle, Wash.	W. V. Wilkie	Good	39.3
Shelton, Pa.	C. H. Wagner	Dry	24.4
Shreveport, La.	J. M. Nelson, Jr.	Dry	1.2
Sioux City, Iowa	Thomas Murphy	Soft	35.5
Sioux Falls, S. D.	Knapp, Jewett	Good	1.1
South Bethlehem, Pa.	F. A. Sutter	Fair	25.8
Springfield, Mass.	J. G. Jaser	Heavy	36.1
Springfield, Mo.	H. T. Sears	Dust	26.9
St. [illegible], Mo.	J. B. Dozier	Wet	36.9
St. Paul, Minn.	A. B. Cook	Fair	41.8
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. W. Bird	Fair	41.7
Tipton, Iowa	Hoover Jones	Heavy	35.8
Toledo, O.	C. B. Sage	Good	41.7
Toronto, Ont., Can.	A. W. Wilson	Good	36.9
Trenton, N. J.	W. [illegible] Reynolds	Wet	28.8
Utica, N. Y.	W. W. [illegible]	Heavy	0.4
Vancouver, B. C.	C. D. Allen	Poor	0.8
Walla Walla, Wash.	R. H. Tatlow	Muddy	35.1
Walton, N. Y.	J. R. Bixler	Muddy	18.8
Washington, D. C.	D. S. Hemenway	Good	35.8
Waterloo, Iowa	R. H. Cramer	Fair	35.7
Watertown, N. Y.	Carl Dietz	Fair	27.7
West Bridgewater, Pa.	J. W. Fox	Rough	35.1
Wheeling, W. Va.	J. J. O'Keefe	Good	26.2
Williamsport, Pa.	S. V. Gutshall	Bad	20.3
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	W. S. Lee	Sticky	34.1
Wilmington, Del.	Peter Hanson	Fair	25.1
Worcester, Mass.	J. B. Williams	Muddy	29.7
Young Town, O.	Jacob Stutzenberger	Good	2.9

Make Your Own Comparisons

Many people do not want agents calling on them until after they look into and check up the facts—then make their own comparisons.

To any man or woman who cares enough about motor car efficiency—motor car economy—to write us, asking for *Franklin Facts*, asking us to show why the Franklin Car is the most efficient automobile in America today—why it is the easiest riding car—why it will go farther in a day, with the greatest comfort and least expense—we will send the proofs.

We rely entirely upon our certified facts, upon proven results. They mean so much to you, we want you to have them even though you do not buy another car in five years.

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Syracuse, N. Y.

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MADE IN JAPAN

(Continued from Page 17)

of course, was the secret of the movement on China, which already is the second-best customer Japan has, the United States being the first. A recent official report on this matter of trade expansion in China deals with the needs of the Chinese in and about Hong-Kong, where the British are in control, but where the war has given the Japanese a new opportunity.

This report says that the consumption of soap has recently received a marked impetus among the Chinese, but that they know so little about it they use washing soap for toilet purposes. Hence the Japanese are exhorted to pay little attention to packages and fancy wrappers, but to supply a better soap for washing purposes as well as for toilet purposes—the implication being, of course, that the Japanese should send over a washing soap that shall be better for toilet purposes—if the Chinese desire to use it thus—than the washing soap of other countries would be. It is pointed out that there is a good market for enameled ironware, as the stocks of German and Austrian goods of this kind are getting low, and no more are coming in; also, umbrellas are wanted, and cheap watches and cotton blankets, which Germany and Austria have been supplying.

Knitted underwear came from England; but England is too busy to send any now, and the Japanese think they can get that market, and they hope to drive out European and American glassware and German looking-glasses. Also, they have designs on canned goods—particularly canned awabi, which is a shellfish—and canned peas; on condensed milk, and on beer and papers of all sorts.

This is but a detail of the manner in which Japan looks out for her trade. They are alive to every opportunity. They will meet any price. They will meet any condition. They want business—and they need it. If by any chance the Chinese go back to queues you will find the Japanese there with plenty of round caps and plenty of queue strings and bandoline, and whatever else is needed for the propagation, cultivation and full fruition of queues.

Japanese Cotton Figures

If, this autumn, some enterprising American invents a novelty that looks as though it were salable, he will find the American market flooded with Japanese imitations of his invention before he has had time to get it under way. If this war continues another year Germany and Austria, and England, too, will be hard put to it to get back the trade they have lost because affairs at home forbade their holding it. They will find the Japanese are in their market with imitations and substitutes for their goods, and that they must be very cheap producers indeed if they can undersell these astute merchants and manufacturers.

The greatest single manufacturing interest in Japan is cotton spinning, and raw cotton is the most important article of import to that country. Mr. W. A. Graham Clark, of the American Department of Commerce, who spent several years investigating the cotton industry in Japan, says that in the ten years between 1900 and 1910 the importation of raw cotton amounted to 24.28 per cent of the total imports during that period, which amounted to almost two billion dollars. The import of raw cotton rose to 28.57 per cent of the total imports in 1911, and to 32.44 per cent in 1912. Japan ranks ninth in the number of spindles used for cotton spinning by the nations of the world, but sixth as a consumer of raw cotton.

This is because Japanese spindles work all the time—day and night.

The country takes $32,171,375 in cotton from the United States against $54,119,273 from British India and the remainder of a total import of a little more than a hundred million dollars from all other countries. The use of American cotton began with a sample bale in 1886.

The Japanese cotton-spinning mills have a paid-up capital of 82,522,909 yen, which is somewhat more than forty-one million dollars, and are controlled, as to prices, output and other details, by the Japanese Cotton Spinners' Association, which is a neat and effective combination that we might call a pool. The subject of Japanese cotton exports into China, and the effect on American cottons, is too intricate for

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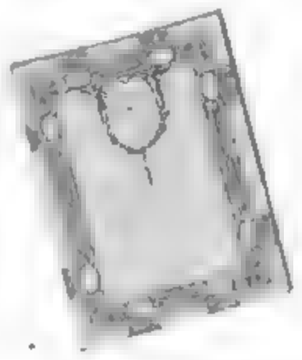

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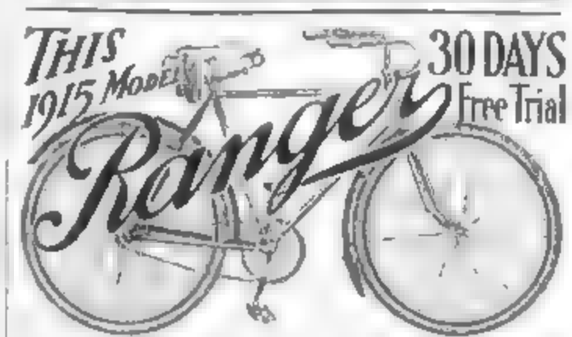
Constant excellence of product the highest type of competition.



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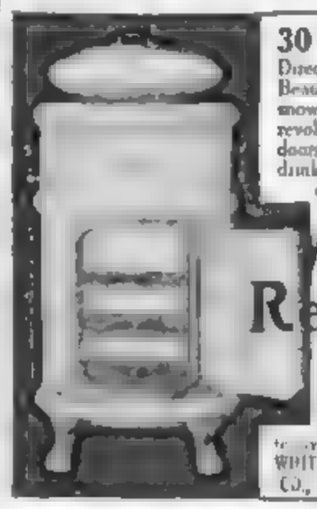
TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, parts and repairs for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 Ranger furnished by us.

It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and pleased. Do not buy a bicycle or a part from anyone at any price until you get our catalog and new special offers. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO, ILL.



30 Days' Free Trial

Direct to you at factory prices. Beautiful, sanitary Enameled snowy-white inside and out, revolving shelves, cork cushioned doors and covers; porcelain drinking water reservoir and cooling coil—attachable to city water system if desired.

White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Guaranteed 20 years, lasts a lifetime. Adopted and used by U. S. Government. Easy payment plan. Freight prepaid. Write today for handsome free catalog.

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO., Dept. E 1, Jackson, Michigan

BUCKSKIN
PLAIN & NON-SKID
Guaranteed TIRES

are cut from made from the p[illegible] and
[illegible] in appearance [illegible] But owing to the f[illegible] thus dispense with [illegible] credit loss [illegible] below with what you are [illegible] tires and you will find that we quote the lowest prices in America. You are not fair to yourself if you do not save this money

WHAT USERS SAY: G. T. Rogers, President Binghamton [illegible] way Company, Binghamton, N. Y., writes "I [illegible] to state that I have BUCKSKIN Tires on [illegible] that was [illegible] and up 10,000 miles [illegible] BUCKSKIN [illegible] have made 35,000 miles and are in fairly good condition. I take pleasure in stating these facts to you."

A FEW OF OUR MANY SIZES

SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID	SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID
[illegible]	$8.40	$9.40	33x4	$22.[illegible]	$23.25
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25.[illegible]	26.04
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	28.80	32.24
[illegible]	5.85	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	41.[illegible]
34x4	[illegible]	18.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

GUARANTEE: BUCKSKIN Tires are guaranteed [illegible] 4000 miles. If they don't, [illegible] unexpired mileage and we'll pay it in cash or [illegible] ways.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE FOLDER: Sent [illegible] on request. It contains complete list of sizes and prices [illegible] TERMS. When cash accompanies [illegible] prepaid express [illegible] quality. We also [illegible] National Bank of Carrollton [illegible] Company of Carrollton, Ohio. Use these [illegible]

THE L. & M. RUBBER COMPANY
Manufacturers of Rubber Goods Since 1904
Dept. "L" Carrollton, Ohio
Western Distributing Office, 318 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dimensions of The Great Ship: Length 500 ft. [illegible] passengers accommodated [illegible] (In service June 19[illegible])

A Good Night's Rest Be It East Or West

Whether your trip takes you East or West break its monotony. Get [illegible] night of refreshing rest on a [illegible] The great ship [illegible] and [illegible] world, and steamers [illegible] and "City of Buffalo"

Fare $3 Cleveland and Buffalo — Daily May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Cleveland 8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
Arrive Buffalo 7:30 a. m. (East. Time)
Leave Buffalo 9:00 p. m. (East. Time)
Arrive Cleveland 6:30 a. m. (Cen. Time)

Connections at Buffalo for [illegible] trading between Cleveland and Buffalo accepted for transportation on all steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via The [illegible] Line.

Send 3 cents for colored puzzle chart of the Great Lakes.

SEEANDBEE
Also ask for pictorial booklet (free)
The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Department R, Cleveland, Ohio

C&B LINE

No Place for Sincere Smokers

The telephone and telegraph are also government-owned, and tobacco is a government monopoly. I have not yet discovered what the object of the Japanese Government tobacco monopoly is. It may be to force the people to smoke the vile homemade cigarettes; or it may be for other reasons. In any event the import duty on cigars is three hundred and fifty per cent. Also, very few cigars are allowed in Japan even at that price. A pale, blond ten-pfennig German cigar can be secured for about fifteen cents, gold; and the Havana cigar, which sells ordinarily in the United States at two for a quarter, costs never less than forty cents, gold.

I never had the nerve to ask what a really good cigar would cost. At that, only a few brands are allowed in the country; and the selection of those brands was made by a man who knew nothing about cigars. They let in a few Manila cigars, but not the very best ones. A smoker who is accustomed to Havana cigars has a hard time of it in Japan; and a cigarette smoker who uses the ordinary brands sold in America or England—unless he has some smuggling facilities—is in desperate straits.

Most of the labor in the government tobacco factories is girl labor, and the girls work long hours for small pay. The native Japanese product of cigarettes and smoking tobacco—few cigars are made—is vile.

Little by little Japan is beginning to have the labor-union experiences that other countries have. The ordinary Japanese skilled workmen work at home, as I have shown, and it is hard to get them organized; but organizations are being perfected, especially among carpenters and printers and other men who work away from home. Japanese public men are aware that in due time they will have their difficulties. There was a street-car strike in Tokio a time ago, and also other labor disturbances. Organizations are growing. It is quite likely that some of these days there will be Japanese movements against child labor and long hours and low wages, and all that sort of thing, though these can be held off more easily than elsewhere because Japanese suffrage is so limited. Not one in a thousand of the ordinary workingmen has a vote.

EXTRA

SHAVING NEWS Saturd

New Way to Shave

Mennen Experiments Three Years—Produces Shaving Preparation Different From All Others.

Even With Dull Blade, It Makes Shaving More Comfortable.

Men can now shave without torture, and far more rapidly than ever before, as the result of three years' experiments, carried on by the Gerhard Mennen Co. This company's preparation, Mennen's Shaving Cream, makes it possible to shave even with a dull razor, without unpleasantness.

All the nuisances of shaving are caused by the composition of the soap used. Mennen's is entirely different in composition from the dry soaps still so widely used today. To this difference are due the remarkable results that can be obtained with it.

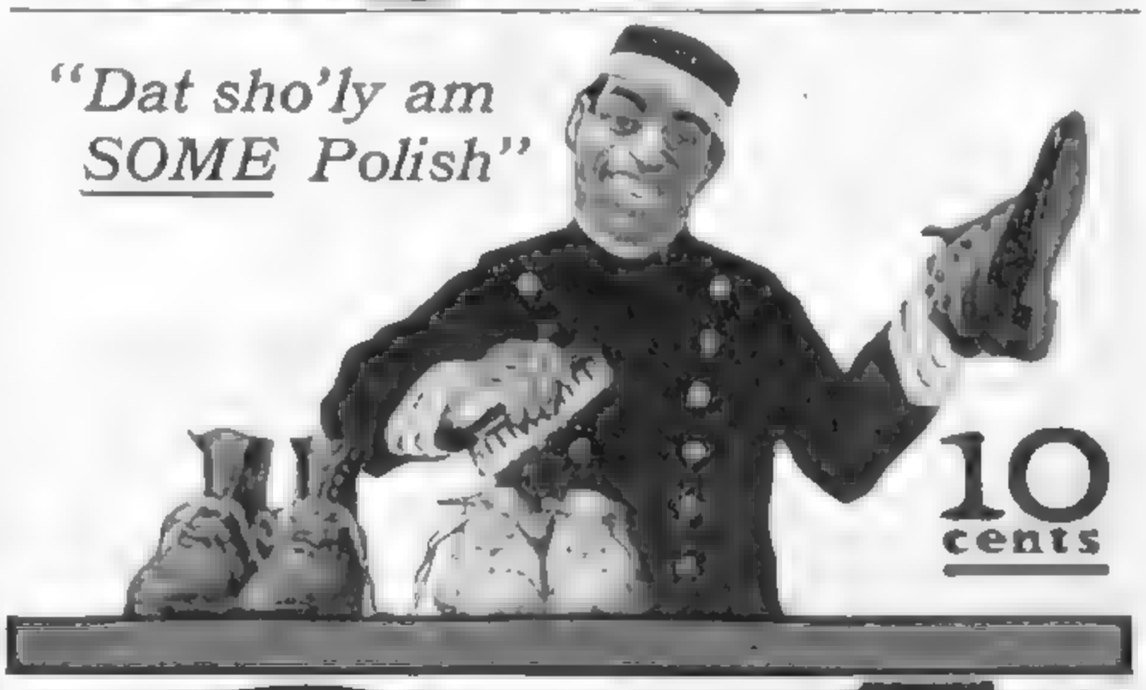
Because of its particular properties, Mennen's Shaving Cream really softens the beard without the objectionable rubbing in; makes relathering unnecessary; and because it contains no "free" caustic, it does not smart or irritate the face. In addition a large percentage of glycerine is present, giving the skin that soft, velvety feel.

Make This Novel Test

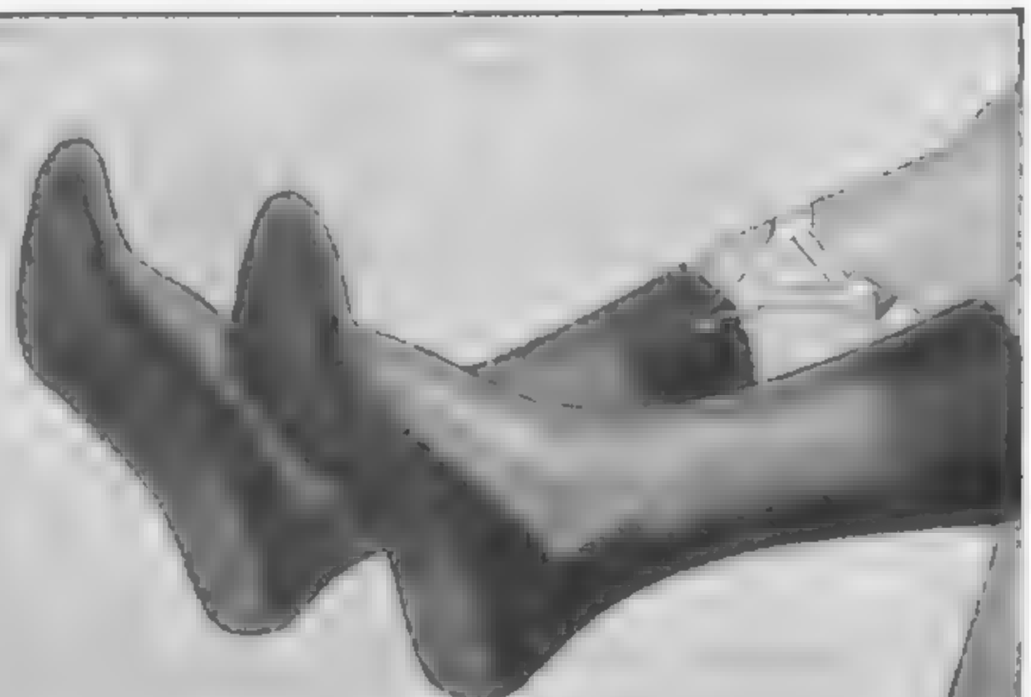
You can prove the truth of these statements by a novel experiment. Shave one side of your face with Mennen's, the other side with the preparation you now use; you will be amazed how differently your razor acts and how the two sides of your face feel; also at the shorter time it takes you to shave with Mennen's.

A medium-sized tube of Mennen's may be obtained by sending a dime to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Company Laboratories, 1405 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey.

With it will be sent, free, a trial can of the Mennen Talcum for Men, very necessary for after shaving, because it is a neutral tint and does not show on the face.



2 IN 1
Shoe Polishes
BLACK - WHITE - TAN
THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT., BUFFALO, N. Y.



On these feet are fine thin texture Interwoven Socks—Made as Interwovens only can be made—distinctive in their softness, coolness and durability. Their silky lustre and smooth, perfect fit will be found by you to be a source of continual satisfaction.

Interwoven

TOE AND HEEL

Socks

Your dealer will supply you, 25¢ up

HERZ ("The famous Bauge Miracle" of Europe) SPARK PLUG

Used by U. S. Army and Navy. WHY?

HERZ & CO., 25 W. 45th St., New York

PEERLESS CHECK WRITERS

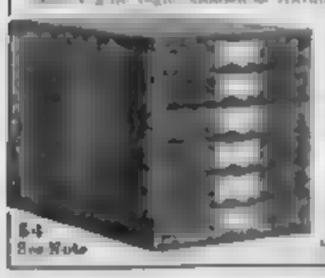
Why Carry Your Own Risk?

Peerless Check Protecting Company, Rochester, N. Y.

FILING DESKS keep your records at your finger tips

$25.00 Freight Paid See Note

For Blanks and Other Papers



The Wilson Mfg. Co.
68 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
New York Office, 73 John St.

The Song The Whole World Will Soon Be Singing

Don't miss it. We know you will like it even better than "Dearie," which sold over a million copies. "My Little Dream Girl" will linger in your memory. Send for it—10c Postpaid.

FREE Write For The Society List Of Best Dance Music

The New Dance Hits

By Heck	Fox Trot (Also Waltz)	10c COPY POST-PAID
Illusion	Waltzes	
Dicty Doo	Fox Trot	
Shaksperian Love	Fox Trot	
Zum	One Step	
Last Waltz	Waltzes	
Ballin' The Jack	Fox Trot	
Reuben	Fox Trot	
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Beautiful Eyes	Waltzes	25c
Sparkling Trot	One Step	

Above sheet music on sale at Woolworth's, Kress', McCrory's and Kresge's. You can also secure the music on Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe and Aeolian records.

JOS. W. STERN & CO., Publishers, 109 West 38th St., N. Y. City

In the old days, before the restoration, the merchant was the lowest of the four orders of society, which ran thus: samurai, or fighting men; farmers; artisans; and merchants. The samurai scorned money, and there was no idea of property—especially as to land values—among the upper classes; and the man who trafficked for gain was beneath contempt. The education of the better Japanese was confined to ethics, politics, history, literature and the military arts.

Money was considered a dirty thing. It was beneath the dignity of a daimio even to speak of money. Such things were for the vile merchants. Still, there were some commercial organizations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the government even deigned to borrow money from them. The Mitsui, a tremendous institution, and to-day one of the most powerful houses, if not the most powerful, in Japan, flourished then. The two commercial centers were Osaka and Yeddo, now Tokio.

After the country was opened and men who did not consider money such a bad thing after all began to take hold of affairs, Japanese business, both manufacturing and merchandising, underwent many rapid changes.

The people, however, naturally acute of mind and highly imitative, soon adapted themselves to business in the Western conception of it—not only in its good forms but in its shady methods. The Japanese took it all over, good and bad, and gained a rather unenviable name for sharp dealing and unscrupulous methods.

A feature of their merchandising, often discussed and not yet eliminated, is their inability to discriminate between the value—to them—of a large order and a small one. They do not—formerly more than now, but still to some extent—recognize quantity as an inducement for shaded prices. An American or a European, giving a large order, expects and demands a reduction in price for quantity, arguing that the greater quantity makes for bigger business, even if the profit on a unit is not so great.

Price and Quantity

The Japanese does not look at it that way—or did not in the beginning, and does not yet in many instances. He argues that if you order a dozen of an article of him it proves that you want that article, but if you order a gross it proves that you want it very badly and accordingly should be willing to pay at the same rate for your gross—if not more—as for your dozen; for the mere fact that you desire a gross proves you are very anxious for the article and should be prepared to pay for it.

And it works the other way about. A man I know had two customers in Japan—one in Osaka, who took a thousand dozen of his goods, and one in Kioto, who took a hundred dozen. Naturally the Osaka customer got a better price than the Kioto customer. In some way the Kioto man learned that the Osaka man got his goods of this kind for a lower price, and he straightway repudiated his contract and refused to pay for the goods until his price for a hundred dozen was made the same as the Osaka man's for ten times as many of the article.

Quantity as an inducement for a lower price cuts no figure with the Japanese—or did not. Of late, however, they have begun to assimilate that cardinal Western business principle; in fact, there are very few business principles or practices, either good or bad, the Japanese have not assimilated. They are the assimilating wonders of the world, the unparalleled imitators, the unrivaled adapters. Likewise they are keener in business, more eager for trade, willing to go farther for it and to make more concessions for it, than any of their competitors.

Again, they must have more trade. They must expand. For that reason they are already proving themselves formidable competitors, and will be even more formidable as the years go on.

YOU would never believe there could be so much comfort and leg freedom in garters as you'll find in Ivory Garters. Why, just the absence of pads wins men's favor, for it means a cooler, lighter garter for summer wear.

But we cut out metal clasps besides and use sanitary fasteners, which can't rust or corrode or tear the socks. And we left off the cords—Ivory Garters don't bind the leg or break easily. They lessen sweating and chafing.

They give you wear and comfort and satisfaction or your money back—that's our guarantee. 25c and 50c at most haberdashers'. If not at yours buy from us.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Dealers: Write for our proposition.
IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

HUGH McNALLY

was recently awarded a scholarship by the St. Louis University. He "passed" with an average of 91½.

While preparing for this severe test, and for several years previously, Hugh was one of the leading salesmen of a troop of *Saturday Evening Post*-*Ladies' Home Journal* boys.

Recently he earned a Shetland Pony Outfit as an extra prize for good work. His selling experience has helped him [illegible] his school work.

Our Plan Will Do As Much For Any Bright Boy

Thousands of boys are getting a splendid business experience and [illegible] earning their own spending money. Let us tell you how Hugh did it and how any other boy can do the same thing.

Sales Division, Box 893
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

TUXEDO—The Great American Smoke

Get busy! Get happy!

Those two great qualities—vigor and cheerfulness—stand out big in American life. In less than a hundred years this American energy and optimism have populated hostile plains, reared skyscrapers, founded fortunes and made America the hope of the whole world.

Anything that inspires these qualities in American men—anything that encourages wholesome cheer and generates useful energy—is sure to be hailed with delight.

IRVIN S. COBB
Famous Author, War Correspondent and Lecturer

"I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't say I like Tuxedo—because I do like it, very much."

Irvin S. Cobb

CLEMENT W. K. BRIGGS, M. D.
Prominent Physician and Surgeon of Chicago

"Physicians give their approval to Tuxedo because it's harmless and wholesome. I have never smoked a finer, cooler, more refreshing tobacco than Tuxedo."

Clement W. K. Briggs, M.D.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Tuxedo fills a man full of snap and good humor. Bound to, because it smokes so mild and easy, full of mellowness, without bite or irritation.

Thousands and thousands of up-and-doing, successful Americans in every walk of life gladly endorse this temperate, helpful tobacco—made from the rich, mild leaves of Kentucky's choicest Burley—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" so it absolutely cannot bite your tongue.

A tip to those Americans who want to put more vim and gusto into their lives: Get busy—Get happy—Get Tuxedo.

C. C. SHILLEN
Brig. Gen'l United States Army
Paymaster Gen'l United States Army

"Tuxedo is a tobacco that is always good. It is supreme in mildness and fragrance."

C. C. Shillen

R. F. BROUSSARD
Member of Congress from Louisiana and U. S. Senator Elect

"The mild and fragrant qualities of Tuxedo tobacco appeal to all smokers of cultivated taste. It is the only tobacco I use."

R. F. Broussard

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine wrapped moisture-proof pouch . . 5c **Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket** 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

D. W. GRIFFITH
Famous $100,000-a-year Creator of Moving Pictures

"A pipeful of Tuxedo is a wonderfully pleasant form of tobacco enjoyment, mild and soothing."

D. W. Griffith

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in the United States.

Address
TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Room 1187
111 Fifth Ave., New York

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

HERMAN NICKERSON
Sec'y Boston National Baseball Club
World Champions

"Give me Tuxedo every time. I find the last puff at night tastes just as cool, fragrant and satisfying as the first in the morning."

Herman Nickerson

A Helping Hand For Every Motorist

This Is To Be Taken Literally And Interests Every Car Owner!

SO FAR as we can, through our Service System, we will eliminate for *any* car owner all inconveniences in the use of tires.

If you use tires other than Fisk, we particularly invite you to stop in at one of our Branches the next time your tires need attention and thereby inform yourself as to the *substantial* qualities of Fisk Service.

To present Fisk Users we would say that the privileges enjoyed at your local Fisk Branch are to be found in every city where we are located.

Tourists should send for a list of Fisk Branch Addresses and Plan to take advantage of our Service even though they may not use Fisk Tires.

The Secret of the Success of the Fisk Service Policy is its uniformity. The Service is organized. There is nothing like it in the tire industry. We are building our business on an Established Reputation for Good Tires and for Courtesy and a Personal Interest in the requirements of *all* tire users.

Every car owner, regardless of what tire he may use, is *welcome* in any Fisk Branch. He will find there a spirit of accommodation which will add materially to his pleasure and convenience when his tires are in need of attention of any kind.

Fisk Tires Are An Extraordinary Buy

Prices are Low. There never was a time when Fisk Tires were better quality or gave more universal satisfaction. This statement can be easily verified by inquiry among Fisk Tire users.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

You Can Buy Fisk Tires From ALL Dealers—Fisk Branches in ALL Principal Cities

H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

permission to laugh at a spectacle that was not without humorous suggestions. But he kept them guessing. This is called knowledge of stage effects; also psychological insight; also cheap politics. Historians even refer to it as statesmanship.

Something that makes one hundred thousand New Yorkers gasp and stare is not necessarily news. An ingenious street sign or a five-dollar-a-day steeple jack could do it. But that not one of one hundred thousand omniscient New Yorkers knew whether to laugh, to curse or to weep at what they saw, made that sight very decidedly news. An interrogation mark in one hundred thousand otherwise empty heads loomed gigantic before the hairtrigger minds of the city editors. They sent their star men to get answers to the multitudinous questions, and if possible also the facts.

Just south of Thirty-fourth Street the Herald, Times, Sun and Evening Journal reporters overtook H. Rutgers. He made the procession halt. That made all Fifth Avenue halt. He waited until all the reporters were near him and then he spoke very slowly, for he guessed that shorthand and literature do not necessarily coexist.

"The sandwich men have formed a union. It includes sandwich men from the five boroughs. We are going to have an annual dinner at six o'clock—we are not fashionable folk, you know. There will be speeches. Did you ask why we should have a union? I'll tell you why—because we didn't have one; because employers have not thought of us as human beings but as human derelicts. A starving man who doesn't want to steal and is ashamed to beg will sandwich for thirty cents a day—ten hours; and he can't always collect his wages. And who is going to fight for him? When you think of the importance of all advertising, do you stop to consider the peculiar picturesqueness of advertising through sandwiches?

"In the Middle Ages they had their heralds and their pursuivants, the sandwich men of feudalism; and later the town criers; and later still us. Do you know in what esteem sandwich men are held in the south of France and in the Orient? Did you ever hear that sandwich men take the place of bells on Good Friday in Moldavia? Do you know why there are no commercial sandwich men in Russia or in Spain? Did you ever read what Confucius wrote about 'Those men who with letters on their garments dispel the ignorance of buyers,' and a lot more? Did you? Did any clergyman ever tell you that sandwich men are beyond the shadow of a doubt alluded to twice in the Old and five times in the New Testament? Don't you think that as intelligent investigators of industrial conditions and of the submerged tenth it would be worth your time to come to our annual dinner and hear our version of it? And also see how starving men eat their first square meal of the year?"

Of course it was pure inspiration, and as such, impressive.

"Yes, sir," respectfully replied the Evening Journal man, a tall, dark chap with gold-rimmed spectacles and a friendly smile. "What's the name of the restaurant?"

"Caspar Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant," said H. Rutgers.

"Spell it!" chorused the reporters; and H. Rutgers did so, slowly and patiently. At once the Evening Journal rushed off to telephone the caption of a story to his paper. That would enable the office to get out an extra; after which would come another edition with the story itself. He was the best headline reporter in all New York.

Long before the National Street Advertising Men's Association reached the Colossal Restaurant, Caspar Weinpusslacher converted himself into a Teutonic hurricane and changed thirty short tables into three long ones. On his lips was a smile, and in his heart a hope that glowed like an incandescent twenty-dollar gold piece; for Max Onthemaker had rushed in and gasped:

"He is a smart feller all right, what?" He gave an Evening Journal to Caspar Weinpusslacher, wherein he read this:

SANDWICH PARADE

PATHETIC PROTEST AGAINST INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY

PAUPERS WHO WILL NEITHER STEAL NOR BEG FORCED BY SOCIETY TO STARVE

SANDWICH WAGES TWO CENTS AN HOUR

MEN ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE NEW YORK

"The Sandwich-men's Union will hold its annual meeting at Weinpusslacher's Colossal Restaurant.

"The members have been saving up for this, their one square meal this year.

"They are paid from 20 to 40 cents a day and walk from 15 to 30 miles in the ten hours.

"Did you know that twice in the Old and five times in the New Testament mention is made of the sandwich men?

"Do you know why Spain and Russia alike permit no sandwich men to ply their time-honored occupation within their confines?"

There the article abruptly ended.

"Weinie," said Max exultingly, "this makes you! Be very nice to Mr. Rutgers. You'll have to pay him thousands of dollars ——"

"Then you vas in league mit him?"

"No, but he is a genius!"

"I thought he was German," said C. Weinpusslacher controversially.

"Get busy, Weinie. The crowd will be here in a minute. And don't ask Mr. Rutgers to pay for his dinner."

"Why not?" growled Weinie. He was on his way to a sure million. That made the growl natural.

"What is thirty dollars for their dinner to thirty thousand dollars' worth of free advertising?"

"Thirty dollars," observed C. Weinpusslacher thriftily, "is *Thirty Dollars!*"

"Bah!"

"I tell you it is, Onthemaker!" C. Weinpusslacher frowned pugnaciously. But Onthemaker knew his man, so he said:

"I'll get Meyer Rabinowitz to give us an option on the property to-night before he reads the newspapers. As Rutgers said, once your place is a success you'll have to pay any price the landlord wants. Meyer's got you! I can hear your squeals of agony already!"

Max shook his head so gloomily that C. Weinpusslacher actually began to tremble with joy. The thought of making money did not move him. The thought of losing money he had not made did move him. Oh, yes; born money-makers!

By the time H. Rutgers arrived at the Colossal Restaurant, Caspar Weinpusslacher, Esquire, and the Hon. Maximilian Onthemaker had constituted themselves into a highly enthusiastic reception committee, for the crowd that came with H. Rutgers filled the street so that all you heard was the squealing and cursing of persons that were pressed against iron newelposts of the old-fashioned stoops or precipitated into basements and cellars. Sixty policemen, impartially cursing the mayor, Epictetus and H. Rutgers, and yearning for the days of Aleck Williams, when clubs were made to be used and not to be fined for, endeavored to keep the crowd moving.

"You'll find everything ready, Mr. Rutgers," said M. Onthemaker. "Here is one of my cards. The name, you will see," he almost shouted, "is spelled with a *k*, not *ch*—O-n-t-h-e-m-a-k-e-r. Everything is ready, Mr. Secretary." He looked at the reporters out of a corner of his eye.

"And it won't cost you nothing, not one cent," interjected C. Weinpusslacher eagerly and distinctly. "Any feller wot's smart like you, Mr. Rutchers ——"

"And the poor starving men," quickly interjected Mr. Onthemaker, not wishing for character analysis yet, "who are the victims of a ruthless industrial system ——"

"Yah, sandwiches!" put in C. Weinpusslacher. M. Onthemaker grimaced horribly and C. Weinpusslacher was silent for a minute. Presently he told Rutgers:

"They get enough to eat there anyways, I bet you."

He glared with a sort of malevolent triumph at M. Onthemaker, until he heard the boss say in stern accents:

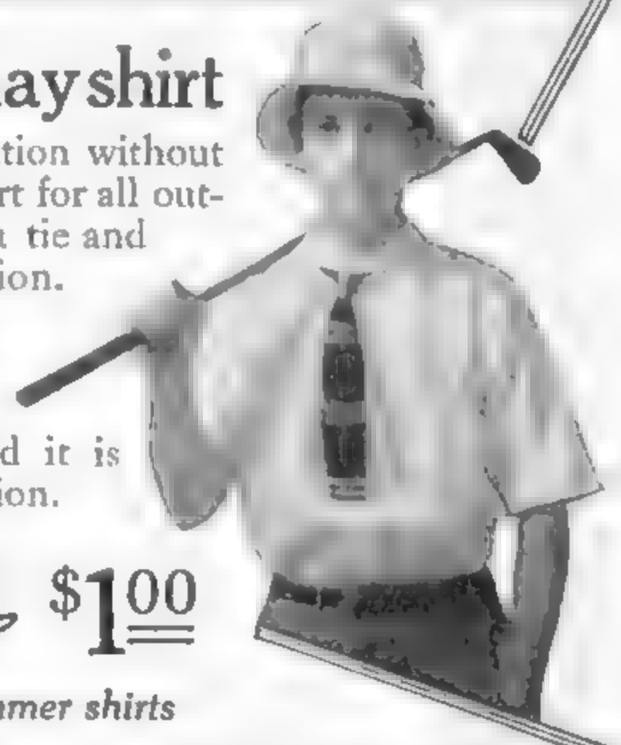
"That, of course, Weinpusslacher, includes a couple of beers apiece."

"Of course! Of course!" put in M. Onthemaker hastily. "The representatives of the press will sit at their own table at which I am to have the honor of presiding—Max Onthemaker, O-n-t-h-e-m ——"

"We got it down," the Evening Journal man assured him amiably.

C. Weinpusslacher was so angry that anybody should help him to make money when half the pleasure is in making it

Get this new play shirt



Don't start on your vacation without a Pongeplay—it's the shirt for all outdoor activities. Put on a tie and you're ready for any occasion.

The specially designed collar—long or short sleeves—with neat cuffs, mean real comfort—and it is great for work or recreation.

Pongeplay $1.00

—the last word in summer shirts

And, say—this shirt will give you more wear—more genuine satisfaction than you ever got from any shirt—no matter what you paid for it. The armholes won't bind—they're big and roomy. Shirt ever gap? Pongeplay won't; there's an extra button at the bottom to stop it. Roomy—but not too big—and fits you like a custom-made shirt.

All the stitching is extra strong, the buttons are sewed on tight, and you get a long-lasting, wear-ever shirt—made of pongee or chambray—in an original style for $1.00. Other Pongeplays made of crêpe, madras, or oxfords—$1.50 to $2.50.

SIGNAL SHIRT

Buy a Pongeplay at your dealer's

If it isn't a Pongeplay—don't buy it. Write us your size—enclose a dollar bill—and we'll send you, prepaid, a Pongeplay, we guarantee will please you. Money refunded if shirt isn't satisfactory.

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Company

Dept. F-1, 1260 Mound Ave. Racine, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of the Famous Signal Brand

When you buy any kind of soft [illegible] ask for Signals. For quality, style and workmanship [illegible] have no superior. The [illegible], and whatever style collar you like best—military, flat, detachable or attached, you can best fill your needs from the Signal line. The prices range from $1.00 to $2.50

The Patented Red Plug Prevents Slipping

SPRING-STEP HEELS

Walk on Rubber Cushions

"Put on a pair of Spring-Step Heels."

Say that to any reliable dealer. Already over 4 million up-to-date people have said it to their shoe dealers.

Learn the real joy of walking on Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

Ask for the Heel with the Red Plug

Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World.

EGYPTIENNE

"STRAIGHTS"

CIGARETTES

You can always tell an inexperienced smoker from an experienced one. The former judges a cigarette by its price—the latter judges by *Quality*. That's why so many connoisseurs smoke "STRAIGHTS." They *recognize* the fine aromatic fragrance, mellow flavor and delightful mildness of *100% Pure Turkish leaf*—the same high *Quality* they have found in *higher-priced* Turkish brands.

They don't regard "STRAIGHTS" as "a 10-cent cigarette" and they are *right*—"STRAIGHTS" costs more to manufacture and costs the dealer more.

We believe that practically every tobacco dealer in the U. S. now sells "STRAIGHTS," but if you should be unable to get them, send us your dealer's name and 10c for a package of 10, or $1.00 for a package of 100. Smoke as many cigarettes as you wish, and if not satisfactory return remainder of box and we will refund your money. The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

10 for 10c

LIKE AN OPERA WITHOUT MUSIC

is a moneyless vacation

HUNDREDS of young men and women will earn the money with which to defray their vacation expenses this summer by looking after the renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in their own neighborhoods.

The work is enjoyable because it is carried on out of doors and brings one in contact with the best people in the community. A few hours each week of aggressive, enthusiastic effort and the vacation will be realized.

There is a definite commission when the order is sent and then at the end of the month a check for salary.

These coming weeks are the pleasantest in the year for active work. We can appoint you as our local representative if you will write at once.

BOX 897, AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

yourself out of your fellow-men, that he said spitefully: "There will be free beer!"

Everything free for free men! A grunting murmur ran down the line of derelicts—the inarticulate tribute of great thirst to great leadership. In a hundred pairs of eyes a human hope kindled its fire for the first time in two hundred years! Great indeed was Hendrik Rutgers!

His faithful sandwiches would go through flame for him. A man who can get free beer for Sahara throats wouldn't mind a little thing like fire. He could put it out—with more beer. The political genius of this remarkable young man was never so clearly evident as in the manner in which he recognized the most remarkable platform in the history of party government when he saw it: "Free Beer!" Hendrik decided he would some day use it!

The boards were hung round the great hall in plain sight of the reporters, who copied the legends that all America might read. While they were writing Caspar was hiring thirty extra waiters and turning people away! Hendrik went from man to man, sternly warning that no one was to begin to eat until he gave the order. A violation of his order would entail the loss of the dinner and most of the scalp. He also said that they must not linger, and told them that two extra beers apiece would be awarded to the ten men who finished first. He had made up his mind that the cold and callous world should be told how starving men eat.

In a surprisingly short time one hundred complete dinners were in front of one hundred starving men. Six bartenders were busy filling schooners—in plain sight of the starving men. But the boss' awful frown held them in check. Each man began to tremble in advance, fearing he might not be one of the ten to win the extra schooners. The reporters looked at the hundred faces and began to write like mad.

Hendrik rose. There was an awed silence. The reporters stopped writing. One hundred inferior maxillaries began to castanet away like mad. The boss held up a hand. Then he said in measured tones:

"May God be good to us sandwich men again this year! Eat!"

When he said eat, men ate. Don't forget the moral effect of commanding and being obeyed. They flung themselves on the food like wild beasts, and made animal noises in their throats. They disdained forks, knives and spoons. They used claws and jaws on meat, coffee, bread, potatoes, soup or pie, whichever was nearest. No man wanted to be the last to finish.

"This is absolutely horrible!" exclaimed the Evening Post man.

"Pippin!" said the creative artist from the Sun.

All of them would treat it like a Belasco production—that is, they would impart to it all the dignity and importance of a political convention.

At 8 P. M. Hendrik Rutgers, man of destiny, rose to speak. He never even glanced in the direction of the reporters. He said very earnestly to his tattered cohorts:

"Comrades, ours is beyond question the only labor union in the United States, and for all I know in the entire world, that is not monopolistic in its tendencies. We are Individualists, because advertising is not a science or a trade, but an art, and we are artists. When the advertisers' greed saw the artists' hunger the result was that!" He pointed to five-score dehumanized faces before him.

"Great!" murmured the Sun man.

"Hereafter watch the sandwich men, and in one corner of the sign look for the union label—a skeleton carrying a coffin—to remind us that no matter what a man is when he is born, he goes to his Maker between boards. In death all men are equal and in his coffin a man is the ultimate sandwich!"

"That's literature!" muttered the serious young man from the Journal.

"We refuse to be thieves. Therefore we decline to do any sandwiching for disreputable people of any kind, class or nature whatsoever. We start with professional ethics, which is where most professions end. We who have been the lowest of the low class that work for their daily bread are now the S. A. S. A.—the Society of American Sandwich Artists. All we ask is permission to live! Our headquarters are going to be in the Allied Arts Building on Fifth Avenue."

His speech had quotable phrases. A country that once cast the biggest vote in its history for the Square Deal, in quotation marks,

(Continued on Page 45)

Will Your Teeth Be as Good

10—20—30 years from now as they are today? The answer depends largely upon whether you use a dentifrice which checks "Acid-Mouth"—the *cause* of 95 per cent. of all tooth decay.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

helps *save* teeth by neutralizing "Acid-Mouth." Get rid of "Acid-Mouth" and you remove the worst enemy of your teeth. Do you know that 9 out of every 10 people have "Acid-Mouth"?

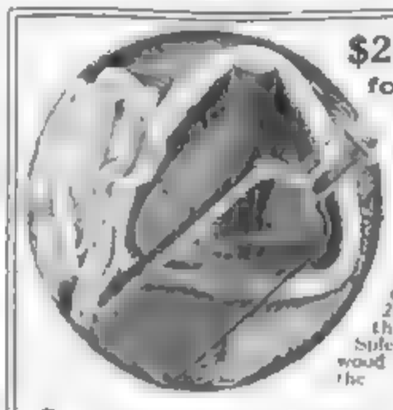
By helping to stop "Acid-Mouth," Pebeco gives you the best chance in the world to keep your teeth for life. Once the enamel is pierced, the bacteria of decay make short work of the soft, inside tooth. *Don't let them! Check "Acid-Mouth"!*

"I like real *workers*—men and women who *accomplish* big things. It's just natural that I should like Pebeco. It does a *real* work. Pebeco for me, every time."

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

LEHN & FINK
122 William Street New York
MAKERS OF PEBECO
Canadian Office: 1 & 3 St. Helen St., Montreal



$2.00 value for $1.35

Send name of your dealer and $1.35 for Splendola Mop with polishing cloth and a 25c bottle of the wonderful Splendola natural wood oil polish at the

Special Introductory Price

We make this offer, virtually giving

This mop is a wonder—big, thick, long fiber—can be taken off for cleaning or renewing in a few seconds—frame heavily padded—oil feeding

guitar shape gets into all corners—the finest floor polishing mop made. We want you to know it and

Splendola

Natural Wood Polishing Oil

is good for the varnish

Special offer

sure send us $1.35 with name of your dealer

C. F. ROBERTS CO., Inc., Detroit, Michigan

Wilson Bro's ATHLETIC UNION SUIT

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

Absolute Summer Comfort for the Body

HERE is the underwear that makes for a cool, comfortable, bearable summer. You men of action who love freedom of limb and chafe under garment restraint will find this union suit exactly to your liking.

It is made of soft, cool fabrics, sized for roomy fit without any clumsy fullness and made absolutely comfort-perfect by the original patented closed crotch. No edges or buttons between the legs—a single smooth thickness throughout the crotch, same material as garment. Separate openings front and rear—sized to allow the greatest convenience.

Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit is made sleeveless or half sleeves, knee or three-quarter lengths, in all the desirable imported and domestic tub-tested, woven fabrics. $1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Retailers who are seeking to provide the most desirable and up-to-date merchandise for their customers will show you Wilson Bro's garments in the full line of fabric styles. These progressive merchants are good men to deal with. They desire to give the greatest value for your money and thereby win your permanent trade.

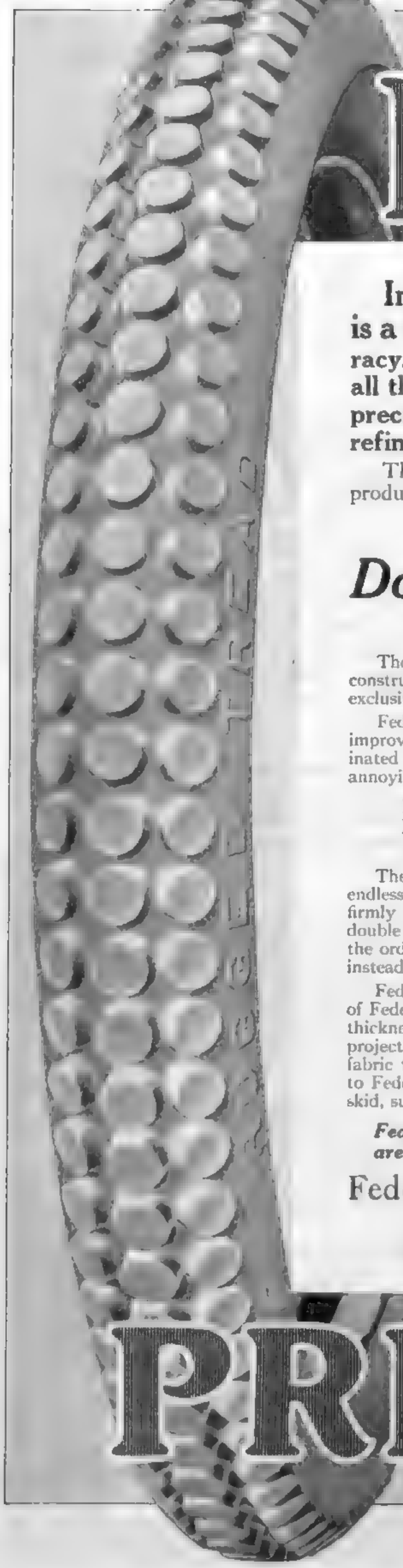
Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If your dealer does not handle them, write us and we will tell you how to get them.

Wilson Bro's—Chicago

MADE BY Wilson Bro's EXCLUSIVELY
LICENSED UNDER THE Klosed-Krotch PATENTS OCT 19 '09

Look for this label



FEDERAL

In the making of Federal Tires, there is a never-varying insistence upon accuracy. Throughout the Federal laboratories and all the departments of the great Federal factory, precision has been developed to a nicety of refinement which we believe stands unexcelled.

This superior precision is an important factor in the production of

The Exclusive Federal
Double-Cable-Base Tires
"Rugged" and Plain Treads

The many unusual and exclusive features of Federal design and construction *merit* the care with which we build Federal Tires. These exclusive features add hundreds of miles to the life of every Federal Tire.

Federal Double-Cable-Base construction is the greatest single improvement in the whole history of pneumatic tires. It has eliminated from the road-experience of Federal users the most common, annoying and costly tire troubles.

No More Rim-Cuts
No More Blowouts just above the Rim

No More Tube-Pinching
No More Danger of Tires Blowing Off

These troubles cannot occur with Federal Tires. For the heavy endless double steel cables in each base of the tire anchor the tire firmly to its rim so that it cannot "rock" and work loose. And the double cables permit the use of a soft, flexible bead-filler, instead of the ordinary hard, sharp-pointed bead-filler, and provide elasticity—instead of a cutting edge—at the flexing point just above the rim.

Federal scientific care is reflected just as fully in the tread design of Federal "Ruggeds." The studs of the outer rows are of graduated thickness tapering down to the outer edges. Therefore they cannot project beyond the center studs, after slight wear, and press into the fabric to break it and cause blowouts. Tapered studs add long life to Federal "Ruggeds." They make this the perfectly balanced non-skid, sure-traction tire.

Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires, "Rugged" and Plain, are made in Straight-Wall and Q. D. Styles in All Sizes.

Federal Rubber Manufacturing Co.
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities.
Dealers Everywhere.

PRECISION

(Continued from Page 42)

which boasts of the thorn that made a rose famous, is bound to be governed by phrases. The only exceptions are the Ten Commandments. Italicizing them does no good.

All the newspapers spread themselves on that story. In their clubs the managing editors heard their fellow-members talk about the parade, and this made each managing editor telephone to the city editor to play it up.

It was too picturesque not to be good reading, and since good reading is always easy writing both reporters and editorial writers enjoyed themselves. That made them artists instead of mere wage-earners.

V

HENDRIK RUTGERS possessed the same quality of political instinct that nearly made the luckiest man in the world president of the United States three times. It enabled Mr. Rutgers to jump into the very heart of a profound truth. It was no fault of his own. But once he landed he always stamped with both feet. This he did also by instinct. And then, when he perceived exactly what he had done, he proceeded carefully to pick out his own philosophical steps, in order to prove that he was coldly logical. Impulsive humanity distrusts all impulses in others. Leaders, therefore, are compelled to call them "carefully considered plans."

In all irreligious countries, as young Mr. Rutgers, astutely arguing backward, told himself, the people who buy and sell and vote are alive only to to-day and, therefore, dare not take heed of the hereafter. This has exalted news to the dignity of a sacred commandment.

In such communities success is necessarily a matter of the press agent. Who is the greatest of all press agents, working while you sleep and even when you blunder? The People! The front page of the newspaper is, therefore, the arena of to-day! To live in that page all you have to do is to become news. Once you become news, all the king-making reporters of all the nation-making newspapers become your press agents. The public does the rest—and pays all salaries.

Thrilled by his discovery, Hendrik called Max Onthemaker to one side, and with the air of a man risking one hundred and two millions of cash, said to him: "I have decided to make you chief counsel of my society. Your services will entitle you to represent me."

Never had man been so lavishly overpaid for breathing since the dawn of historical time! Hendrik went on, still imperial in bounty:

"I have in mind some great things. Every one of them will be worth as much space as the newspapers will give to this dinner. Do you see your chance?"

"I can't live on newspaper articles," began Max, elated but dissembling.

"You can die without them. Chronic obscurity, acute starvation," said Hendrik Rutgers in his clinical voice. "I not only do not propose to pay you a cent, but I expect you to incur all necessary expenses out of your private purse without a murmur—unless said murmur is intended to express your legal opinion and your gratitude. I shall give you an opportunity to represent my society"—you would have sworn he was saying "my regiment"—"in actions involving the most famous names in America."

"For instance?" asked Mr. Onthemaker, trying to speak skeptically, that his eagerness might not show too plainly.

Hendrik Rutgers named six of the mightiest.

"You're on, Mr. Rutgers!" said Max enthusiastically. "Now I think ——"

"Wait!" interrupted Hendrik coldly. "Never forget that I am not your press agent. You are mine."

"There will be glory enough to go round," said Max Onthemaker in his police-court voice. "When do we begin?"

"To-morrow."

"Yes, sir. And now ——"

"My now is your when! Your job is to find the legal way of helping the cause."

"I will!" promised Onthemaker heartfully.

The cause would be his cause. He'd fix it so they couldn't leave out his name. But Hendrik saw the gleam in the lawyer's eye. That's the worst of all thoughts of self. They invariably are undisguisable.

"The cause, Onthemaker," said Hendrik sternly, "is the cause of the Society of American Sandwich Artists. We are not associated to make money for ourselves, but for our employers. This is revolutionary. Moreover, we are not workingmen, but artists. Therefore our men love their work. We are law abiding. This will make the employers helpless to retaliate. We shall never do anything without invoking the aid of the law.

"That's where you come in. For I believe that the law will help the poor not less than the rich, if properly ——"

"Advertised," prompted Max. "I get you. In the forum of the people's liberties, the daily papers, is the place to try ——"

Hendrik held up a hand. He had chosen the right lawyer. The interpretation of the law depends exclusively upon the tone of voice. All reporters are trained to be judges of elocution. They have to be, in republics.

"To-morrow"—here Hendrik paused. Max's face paled slightly as he waited. What was coming? Hendrik finished—"I shall telephone to you!"

Max drew in his breath sharply. Hendrik then nodded. It meant:

"You have my permission to retire!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rutgers," said Max respectfully, and withdrew from the presence on tiptoe.

Hendrik then beckoned to his sandwich lieutenant.

"Fleming!" he said sternly.

Fleming threw up an arm defensively from force of habit—the slave's immemorial salute. Then he grinned sheepishly. Then he said eagerly:

"Yes, boss!"

"I'm going to make you chief of the Meal-Ticket Department and I expect you to maintain discipline. But if I ever hear of any graft, such as accepting bonuses"—he closed his jaws and his fists. When you close both at the same time you inevitably win the debate. It is, however, difficult.

"Honest, b-boss," stammered Fleming, his eyes on Hendrik's right fist. "Honest, I ——"

The boss' right unclenched itself. Fleming drew in a deep breath.

"Get the names and addresses of all the men here—in their own writing. Ask Onthemaker for a blank book, and when the men have signed give the book back to him. They've got to sign!"

Fleming's face was pale but resigned. Signatures are lethal weapons in all industrial democracies. Ask the note-teller in any bank. But the boss had said "Sign!"

Kismet!

"And you keep a book of your own, so that when I want ten or twenty men of a certain type and appearance you will know where to find them. I hold you responsible!"

Poor Fleming almost collapsed. Responsibility in a republic really means accountability. Our entire system of law is based upon the same confusion of definitions. Hendrik saw the fear of statutory punishment seep into his lieutenant's soul. He stopped it at exactly the right point.

"Fleming," he said kindly. "I trust you!"

Fleming felt himself decorated with the great modern order of unearned food. It made him into an active citizen.

"I'll get the men when you shout, boss!" he promised proudly, realizing the meaning of the duty of a voter.

However, it would not do to have your creatures think they also have the power to create. Therefore Hendrik said:

"If you don't ——"

"I'll g-get 'em for you, b-boss. Honest, I will!" meekly promised Fleming, taking his place in the ranks. He was an ideal cabinet officer.

Hendrik Rutgers did not know men. He guessed them. He thus saved himself the fatigue of thinking. Weinpusslacher swaggered by, counting his millions. He had begun to feel haughty. Hendrik stopped him by lifting his right forefinger and then smartly moving it Hendrikward.

"Weinie, I guess you're famous. You give the free meal tickets to Onthemaker. And don't try to cheat!"

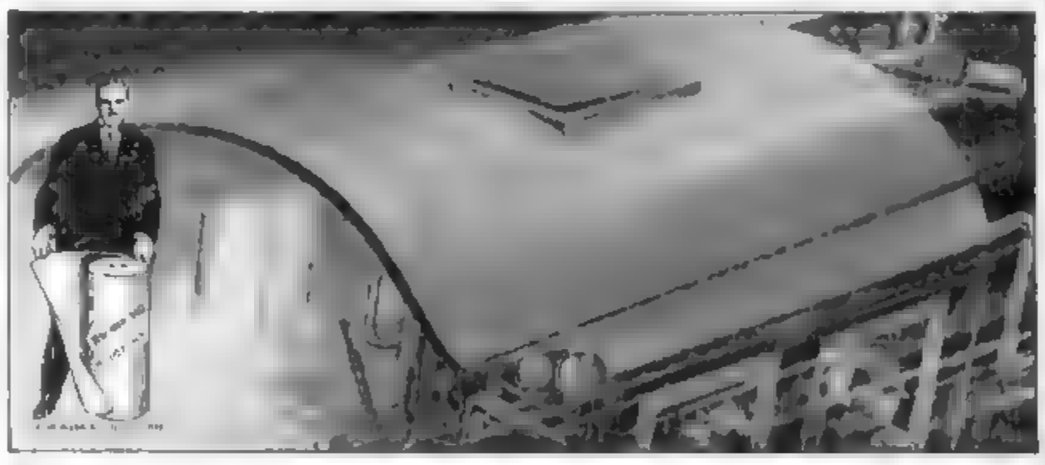
"I never do such ——" began Caspar angrily.

"You never will to me," interrupted Hendrik, making Weinie's unuttered words his own. It took away from Weinie all sense of proprietorship in his own property. This also is called genius.

Such men should be tax collectors instead of railroad bankers.

Hendrik glanced toward the reporters and saw that Mr. Onthemaker was talking to them and looking at him—looking at him

A Safety Self-Filler
The new Parker Self-Filler is now made with a safety cap, which locks the barrel and holds in the ink regardless of position in which the pen is carried. The pen point is always like a fresh dipped pen. This improvement adds the finishing touch of supreme utility to this great self-filling fountain pen. Perfectly smooth barrel without projecting outside mechanism or opening in the barrel.—Geo. S. Parker.
The Pen for Commencement Gifts and Vacation Days
PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN
1. New Parker Self-Filler—
2. New Parker Self-Filler—Fitted with
3. Jack Knife Safety—Upside down or
4. Transparent Bakelite Pen—Shows the Lucky Curve at work and tells you when
With Level Lock Clip
PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York City Retail Store in the Big Woolworth Building



Roofing on locomotive cabs must withstand the greatest extremes of heat, cold and wind; it must defy sparks and smoke. Railroads protect locomotive cabs with

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

Cover your home and other buildings with RU-BER-OID and you will end repair bills. It is the original pliable, ready-to-lay roofing. RU-BER-OID roofs laid more than 20 years ago are still weather-proof.

RU-BER-OID roofing is made of the best materials obtainable and water-proofed with a compound containing high-grade animal and vegetable substances. It contains no asphalt, coal tar or cheap mineral oils. Its quality has never varied.

RU-BER-OID is *solid through and through*. Beautiful Colored RU-BER-OID (Ka-lor-oid) comes in Tile Red and Copper Green. The attractive colors are permanent—*built into* the roofing.

RU-BER-OID costs more than ordinary roofings, but it is *cheaper by the year*. It is sold by the best dealers in each locality.

The U. S. Appellate Court has enjoined Imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" [illegible] Get the genuine Ru-ber-oid Lock Corner Rubber-oid Man" (shown above) on every roll.

Building Books Free

Contain practical plans and helpful illustrations. Valuable to any property owner. Mark the book that interests you and mail the coupon now.

The STANDARD PAINT CO.
NEW YORK and CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board, and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 563 Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. City
Send me samples of Ru-ber-oid and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a ——————

- ☐ Roofing a Home
- ☐ Building a Poultry House
- ☐ Building a Bungalow
- ☐ Building a Barn
- ☐ Building Your Own Garage
- ☐ Covering Your Factory
- ☐ Artistic Roofs
- If a dealer, check here ☐

Name
Address

Four distinguished advocates, one of whom has had Postal protection for several years

Let the Postal solve your life insurance problem

The Postal Life *employs no agents;* substantial savings thus effected go to *you* because you deal *direct.* You get *more* insurance for the *same* money, or the *same* insurance for *less* money. The Postal writes all standard policy-forms, and all are officially approved.

It is the Company of—

SERVICE

The Postal arranges your insurance wholly by correspondence or on personal application at its home office. No agent [illegible] to call. Everything suitable is and white, to be considered at your leisure. A policy is mailed to you *on approval,* and if you become a policyholder the Postal organization, including its Health Bureau, is always at your service for consultation and advice.

SAVING

1. On entering the Company you get a *Commission Dividend,* corresponding to the agent's commission, less a moderate advertising charge.

2. Every year after the first you get a *Renewal Commission Dividend* and *office-expense saving* aggregating

9½%

Guaranteed in the Policy.

3. Beginning at the close of the second year you get *Annual Contingent Policy-Dividends* based on the Company's earnings.

SAFETY

The Postal sets aside the full legal reserve, now $9,000,000, and has ample funds in banks, and a special deposit of $100,000 with the State of New York. Insurance in force, $44,000,000. It is now paying, and promptly, more than $1,000,000 annually in dividends and policy claims. It is under the strict supervision of the New York State Insurance Department and of the United States Postal authorities.

Find out now what the Postal can save *you* at *your* age

[illegible] information as per May 29th *Saturday Evening* [illegible] and be sure to give [illegible] and *exact date of birth.* No agent will be sent to visit you. Savings thus effected will go to *you,* because you deal *direct*

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM R MALONE PRESIDENT

THIRTY-FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Salesmanship For Boys

JUST as the cooperative and continuation schools afford boys the opportunity of learning the trades while they are pursuing their regular school studies, so the Curtis Plan for boys is a school for salesmanship without interference with the boys' other duties. The plan is indorsed by educators of national reputation. For example:

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: I am glad to tell you that we appreciate what you are doing with your boys through your Sales Division. I feel that the training the boys get in this work is of inestimable value to them.

We have quite a number of these boys who attend our Continuation School during the entire morning and sell your periodicals in the afternoon. I feel that the work they are doing under the direction of your Sales Department is of distinct educational value. You are making men. Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) R. L. COOLEY, Director of Industrial Education.

If you have a boy, and if you want him to earn his own spending money and at the same time get a splendid business training which will be of value to him as long as he lives, we should like to hear from him.

Thousands of other boys are now getting this training by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours on Thursdays and Fridays. You owe it to your boy to give him this chance.

A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary, including a booklet which has interested thousands of parents, entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

Address: *Box 895, Sales Division*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

both ingratiatingly and proudly. He therefore knew that Max was being quoted by the newspaper men, and the only subject on which they would quote him was Hendrik Rutgers. He also knew that the desire for reflected glory in all newspaper-reading countries is so strong that Max would be a great political historian. The best way to blow your own horn is to lend it to an obscure friend.

Hendrik Rutgers left the Colossal Restaurant certain that he was news, and that his job consisted of continuing to be news. To become news, and then to continue to be news, a man must be plausible, persistent and picturesque. There was no altitude of success to which he might not climb, provided he lost six-sevenths of his name and mutilated his surname in like degree. He must become two letters—H. R. He thus would become an immortal during his own lifetime, which was immortality enough for any man who merely wished to acquire fame, wealth and one wife in his own country. So brightly lighted was his road that he knew exactly where to plant each foot—in the front page!

He must organize. The fact that he had nothing to organize but his own success-compelling machinery enabled him to think not only logically but brilliantly. It was the nicest kind of responsibility, one that it did not occur to him to shirk. He must do it all. Therefore he must make others do the work. Much thus depended upon the selection of the underlings. But this man, who by now was a million miles beyond all bank clerks, knew exactly what he needed, which made it easy for him to know exactly whom he needed. This knowledge would establish the basis on which the workers must work.

He sought a newspaper-advertising agency, ordered the manager to insert in all the morning papers the same advertisement, in large type with triple spacing, to show that money was no object. This always impresses people who wish to make money. The advertisement read:

WANTED—First-class Advertising Canvassers. I am anxious to pay fifty per cent more than is customary to such men. This does not mean you, my hungry and hopeful friend! Apply between 9 and 10 A. M. to H. R., Allied Arts Bldg.

P. S. The better the men the fewer I need. The fewer I use the greater the profit to the lucky ones. Keep away unless you are a Wonder.

It was the first time that an advertisement for Help Wanted had contained a postscriptum. H. R. added one because he knew that the unusualness of it would make professional people talk. Every experienced advertising man must realize that H. R. had not written an advertisement, but had dictated a brief letter to him. The signer was too busy and too much in earnest to compose a regular advertisement.

Genius neglects no opportunity, however slight. Consider the small but efficient yellow-fever microbe.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sea Telephones

WIRELESS telephony has now progressed so far that a new ocean liner, which made its first trip this summer, was equipped with a wireless telephone. Other steamers of the same line have been so equipped and it is possible for their captains to converse whenever the ships are within a few miles of each other.

Long-distance wireless telephony is still in the experimental stages, with many hard nuts to crack.

One of the big difficulties is to put enough power into electrical impulses. It will take from fifty to one hundred horse power behind every spoken word to carry it across the Atlantic by wireless waves.

Only a very tiny fraction of one horse power is in the impulses conveyed into the transmitter, and also in the electric waves that carry the vibrations along a long-distance telephone wire on land.

In wireless telephoning transmitters are used which will greatly magnify the amount of electricity that makes the wireless waves; but magnifying it up to fifty horse power develops so much heat that the difficulty is to make a transmitter which will not be put out of business by heat.

"What good is a shirttail anyway?"

Truth Test No. 1—Ask any man if his shirttail isn't forever making him uncomfortable by riding up.

Truth Test No. 2—Ask any man if his drawers are not always working down.

If he says "YES" to both questions he is honest.

Men abandon the old shirt for **OLUS** because shirt and drawers are joined together.

OLUS costs no more than the ordinary shirt—simply includes a pair of drawers for a useless shirttail, plus everlasting comfort.

[illegible] Wear only an under-[illegible] OLUS; no further under-wear [illegible]

$1.50—$2—$2.50—$3—$3.50 and up

OLUS ONE PIECE PAJAMA for [illegible] and comfortable sleep. No [illegible] to [illegible] or come loose. For Men and Women. **$1.50** up

OLUS booklet on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us

Phillips-Jones Company, Inc.
1199 Broadway, Dept. P, New York

MONEY FOR BRAINS

Large corporations [illegible] young men. Executives' salaries [illegible] are willing to pay such men well. [illegible] to qualify for these important positions. A college education opens the doors of opportunity.

If you want one of the big jobs, prepare yourself by acquiring a college education. You can do this, without investing a dollar, by devoting your spare time to getting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal.* We'll tell you how.

Educational Division, Box 892
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

[illegible] World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new [illegible] cial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM
315 Essex Building Kansas City, Missouri

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE · SWEET · WHOLESOME

TRAVELING SALESMEN who visit County Seats [illegible] also. Hundreds excellent [illegible] can [illegible]

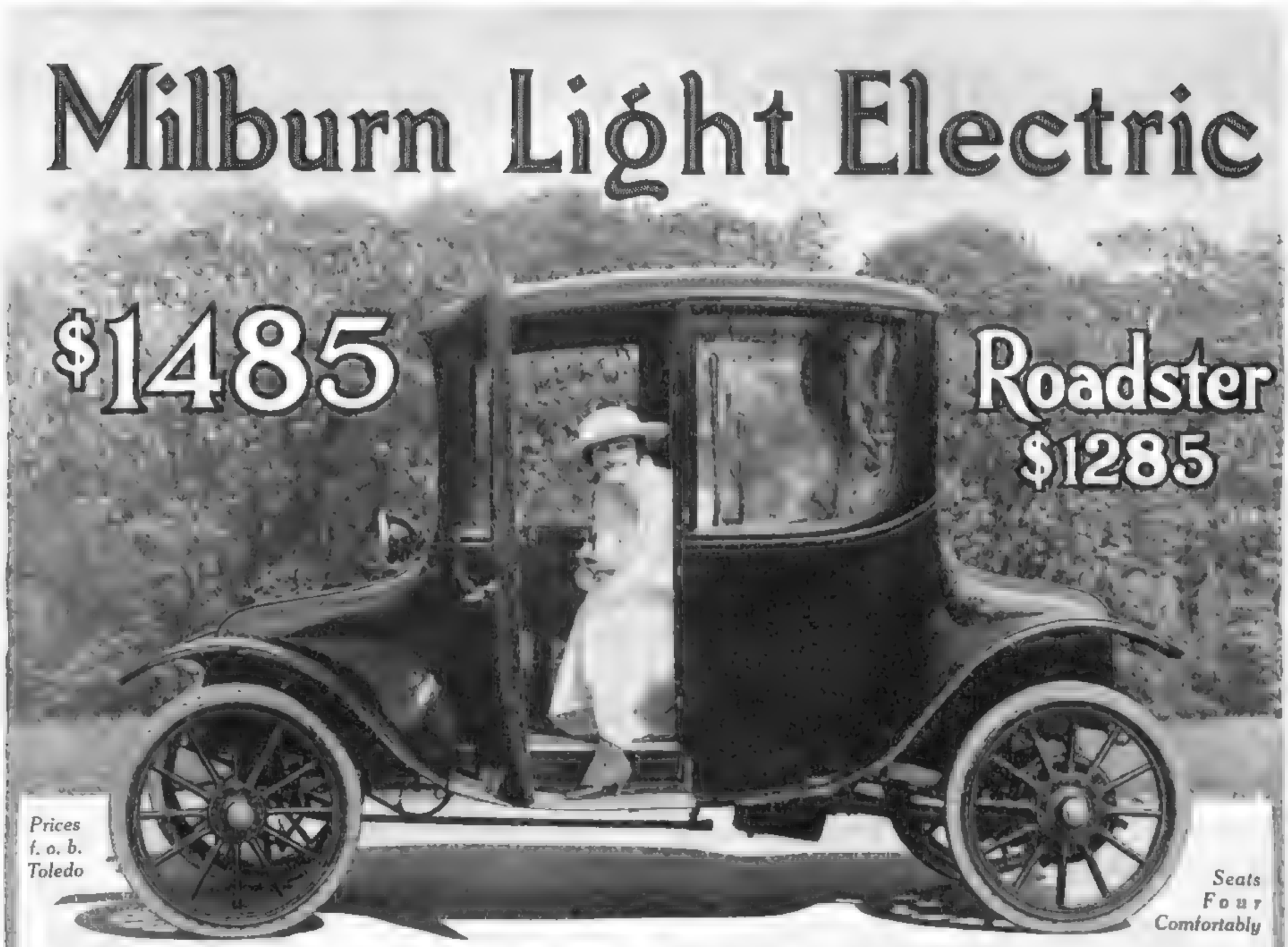
A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EXTENDED [illegible] FOLDED

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Milburn Light Electric



The Car You'll Use Most

With a garage full of all kinds of cars, you would drive your Milburn a hundred miles for every ten you'd drive other types of car.

We have observed it carefully—it is an invariable fact.

It is so easy to just get in your Milburn and go—it is so cool and clean—it is so little effort to drive—it travels along so smoothly and quietly—its elegance and luxury so completely satisfy one's pride.

And this marvel of motor car *luxury* the Milburn—is also the utmost in motor car *economy*.

Have your touring car for the purely pleasure trips, but have your economical Milburn for all the uses of convenience.

And if you must do with one car, get the car you would use most—the Milburn *Light* Electric.

The price is $1485 for the Coupé—($1285 for the Roadster)—about half that of other electrics—and the Milburn is built for durability; none is more fully or more reliably guaranteed. The following specifications attest highest quality standards throughout:

General Electric Controller	Hess-Bright Bearings	*Cord Tires
Worm Gear	Cantilever Springs	100-inch Wheel Base
General Electric Motor	Aluminum Body Panels	Mechanical Window Lifters

*Motz Cushion Tires, special equipment, $35.00 extra

Home Charging

The Milburn Light Electric Charger, developed by us, offers a practical and economical solution of the home charging problem.

To Dealers

It is a Milburn year. The light electric has made good—stands first in popular favor—deservedly so.

We have capable dealers in most of the larger cities. We want live dealers in *every* city. Especially—we want dealers in the *smaller* cities where lack of charging facilities has until now barred the electric.

Not only have we developed the no-competition, most-in-demand electric, but also the Milburn Light Electric Charger, which is inexpensive and makes charging as simple as switching on a light.

It will pay you handsomely to promptly investigate this remarkable opportunity.

Write today for complete, descriptive catalogue. Please address Dept. 27

THE MILBURN WAGON COMPANY (Established 1848) TOLEDO, OHIO

Prince Albert Tobacco is so good you feel like you could just eat the smoke!

Yes, sir, P. A. puts a razor edge on your smoke-appetite-division that's nobby enough to be photographed! No other pipe and cigarette tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because *no other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert.* The patented process fixes that—and removes the tongue-bite and throat parch! Let *that* digest!

P. A. in the toppy red bag, 5c

And that line of conversation is 24 kt., whether you play P. A. in your old jimmy pipe or roll it into a makin's cigarette. For you can put your little old blue-pencil O. K. right here that Prince Albert is a regular double-header for a single admission—as joy'us to your tongue and taste one way as the other!

Will the "rollers" kindly step forward for a spell and get some of this listen into their systems? Because Prince Albert certain and sure jams more joy into a makin's paper than ever before was figured up on two hands!

In the plain language of the hills, you can't any more resist such makin's tobacco than a bullfrog can pass up a piece of red flannel! Because P. A. hands to you *everything any cigarette roller ever dreamed-out*—rare flavor, and aroma, and mildness, and body; absolutely the best bet—the best smoke you or any other man ever did roll and put the fire to! Men, we tell you to wise up.

P. A. is crimp cut and stays put—which means rolling P. A. is as easy as falling off a log. And it's good to remember P. A. is put up in the toppy red bag especially for you "rollers." Sells for the price of a jitney ride, 5c. That bag's protected three ways to keep the *goodness in!* Glassine on the outer side, then the red cloth, then heavy, prepared paper, then good old P. A.! *Can't beat that!*

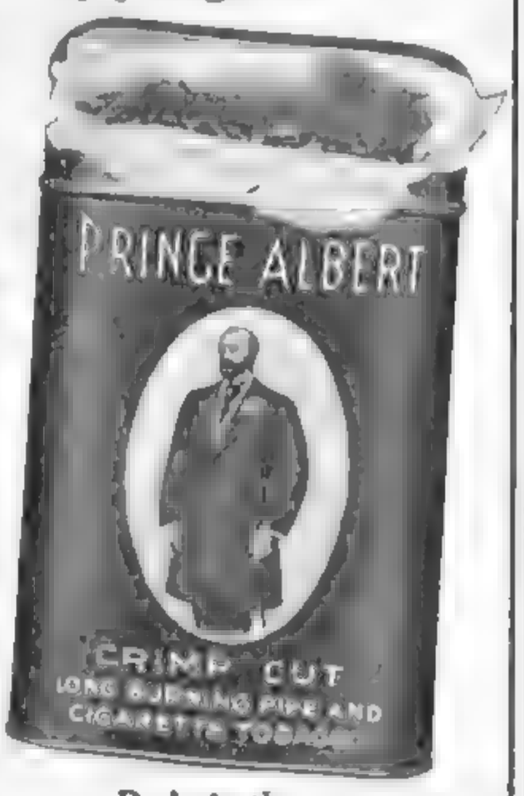
Now, will the "pipers" kindly open both ears? Here's tobacco that has made it possible for *three* men to smoke pipes where *one* smoked before!

Any way you hook it up, Prince Albert is *tobacco insurance!* Yes, sir, it guarantees your future as well as your *present* smokings! And just makes your tongue so jimmy pipe joy'us that your smoke appetite grows whopping big.

Prince Albert is universal tobacco—kind of hits the right spot in men not only in home-towns, but all over the world. It's so kindly, so downright good in its dealings with the tenderest tongues, you just can't help getting chummy with it.

You men who "dassn't," we say you go to P. A., *natural-like!* Because there isn't a bite in a barrel of this national joy smoke.

Unlimber your old jimmy pipe! Dig it out of the dark corner, jam it brimful of P. A. And make fire with a match! Me-o-my! And that's first-hand, inside information!



P. A. in the tidy red tin, 10c

You get acquainted with Prince Albert in the toppy red bag, 5c; or tidy red tin, 10c; but for the double-back-action-joy, you buy a crystal-glass pound humidor. *And then you're set!* You see, it has the sponge-moistener top and keeps P. A. at the highest top-notch point of perfection. Prince Albert is also sold in pound and half-pound tin humidors.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1915 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

SUSPICION

(Continued from Page 7)

"Betty, be careful not to let Mr. Fenton suspect that I'm here."

"Mr. Fenton? What has he to do with it? Speak out, Murray."

"Mr. Fenton is your uncle's guest, and you like him. But Mr. Fenton's business here is to prevent me from raising this money."

"Why, Murray! I can't believe such a thing of Mr. Fenton."

"It's true."

"Mr. Fenton a spy in Uncle's house? Impossible." She wheeled and clattered rapidly down the steps.

"Betty, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

Betty did know; and Duncan knew she knew. Watching her pass out of the front gate, anybody would have known that she was headed somewhere with a definite purpose.

Murray Duncan could scarcely remember back to the time when he had spent an hour of daylight cooped up in one small room. After a full hour and a quarter the gate clicked. It wasn't Betty or the Colonel, but Old Reliable, shuffling toward the house with two suitcases, which had Murray's initials painted on the end. Zack must not set them down in the hall where Fenton might see. Almost as the thought crossed Murray's mind he saw Fenton himself turn the corner. Murray ran down and cautiously opened the garret door. Zack must have tarried below; he came upstairs only a few steps in advance of Fenton. Duncan heard him drop the suitcases and grumble: "Mister Murray oughter come here in de fust place; den I wouldn't had to tote dese gripsacks plum' from de hotel."

Then Fenton strolled in with easy self-assurance. "Hello, Uncle Zack; thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"No, suh; jes' holdin' a little civil conversation wid myself." Zack resented Fenton's taking possession of Colonel's biggest chair, just as if the whole place belonged to him.

"We are going to have company?" with a shrewd glance at the baggage.

"No, suh; dese is jes' some ole gripsacks what Cunnel had."

"What does R. M. D. stand for?"

"Dunno, suh; I ain't dat much of a scholar."

"I thought possibly Mr. Duncan might be expected?"

Duncan heard Zack answer: "I dunno what is become o' Mister Murray."

The white man lowered his voice so Duncan could not hear distinctly; but Duncan knew that Fenton was offering Zack money, for the negro chuckled:

"Lordee! I wish I had seed him, jes' about one dollar's wuth."

Duncan tingled to step out and confront him, but Betty's voice came singing up the main stair. She entered the room with an exclamation of surprise: "Oh, Mr. Fenton!"

"Yes, I came back hoping to find you."

"Zack," the girl said, and Duncan knew she was pointing to his satchels, "put Mr. Duncan's baggage in the West Room. And tell Alec to have the car ready, so he can catch the ten-thirty train for New Orleans."

Zack went shuffling out, which left Betty alone with Fenton; so Duncan could no longer listen at the door. He crept upstairs without a sound.

Fenton preened himself upon the promptness with which Betty had eliminated Zack. It was a favorable straw. If Fenton had been thinking less of the woman he might have noticed that she carried a loosely wrapped package in her hand.

Loosely wrapped packages meant nothing to Fenton. But she suddenly thought of it, and held the package behind her with both hands. This left her enticingly vulnerable to a front attack. Betty's eyes were very bright, lips red and trembling, with a bosom that rose and fell.

They were both standing near the table. He advanced. "Miss Spottswoode—Betty—I don't know what moment I may be called away, and I must have your 'Yes.'"

Although he felt that the game was now in his own hands, Fenton played it with consummate art and more than a touch of Nature. But it's a woman's game, and a woman is never so distractingly attractive as when she deceives one man for the sake of another. Betty drooped her eyes, and Fenton misunderstood.

"Marry me to-day, and we'll go home to little old New York!"

Involuntarily she glanced toward the garret rail where Murray's suitcases had been lying, and Fenton caught the look.

"Betty, you can't be considering that man. I've just beat him in a financial transaction. By this time to-morrow he'll be a pauper."

"Are you sure?" A cold-blooded but a very proper question.

"Absolutely sure." Fenton poised himself easily on his feet and rested easy in his mind. With his personal attractions, social prestige and financial desirability, it never occurred to Mr. J. Lawrence Fenton that he need ask any woman twice.

"Betty"—he caught one hand; she had to let him have it, or drop the package—"marry me to-day!"

"Oh, please, please——"

"Yes, now, at once."

"Mr. Fenton, do be considerate. Wait until to-night, when he's gone. He leaves at ten-thirty for New Orleans. Can't you understand how it is?"

Fenton thought he understood, and the thinking made him jubilant—he had taken away from Duncan both the girl and the mine.

"Give me time to think," she begged.

"Until ten." Fenton tried not to dictate the terms, but his tone was more aggressive.

Thoroughly in command of every faculty, Betty met his eye: "I shall give you my answer to-night at ten-thirty."

"Then let it be ten-thirty," was the ultimatum.

"Now, Mr. Fenton, won't you be very considerate and leave me quite alone?"

Betty did not know exactly how she managed to hasten Fenton out of that house, but she could not feel safe until he had gone. At the gate he turned and threw a kiss. He seemed so very certain she would be following with her eyes.

"Ugh!" the girl shuddered, and flew to the garret door.

"Oh, Murray, come quickly!" Her voice rang out with such quivering tremolo that Duncan ran down the stairs. She backed away from him, into the middle of the room; and then—it wasn't as Betty had planned—she broke down utterly.

"Betty, dear, what is the trouble?" He would have put an arm about her, but she pushed him off.

"Please, Murray; please don't touch me. I am so ashamed."

"You? Ashamed? Of what?"

"I'm just a common liar."

"You told him that——"

"I didn't tell him; only let him believe it." She straightened up defiantly. "No, I'm not ashamed. I'd do it again, and more. I heard him; I stopped on the stairs to listen. It was a humiliating thing to do; but he was offering money to Zack to find out where you were. Then I let him make love to me, to get rid of him so you could go. Oh, Murray, please don't look at me like that! Did I do so very wrong?"

Duncan could not bear the thought, and his face showed it. Betty's lips were quivering again. She had almost forgotten the packet of money.

"Murray, you must go now. Here's the money. Hurry, dear, hurry."

Duncan stood bewildered. It was a new kind of Betty that thrust that awkward-looking bundle into his hand, a humiliated Betty, a Betty who was ashamed to look at him. There were so many different kinds of Betty that he didn't know how to take her. This Betty, flushed, excited and semi-hysterical, was not the calm and determined little woman who had left him in the garret.

Slowly he unrolled the newspaper wrapping and glanced at those neat packets of currency.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The Colonel did get it!"

"Yes." Betty turned. "Now I must get you something to put it in." She ran toward her own room, Duncan bounding after and catching her at the door.

"Little sweetheart, I haven't seen you for three years; we must have one hour in the honeysuckle arbor."

"That's foolish!"

"Foolish!" Duncan tossed the money on the table and touched the chain at her throat. "Foolish! Betty, dear, do you remember the night I clasped that chain round your throat, and you kissed me? That was

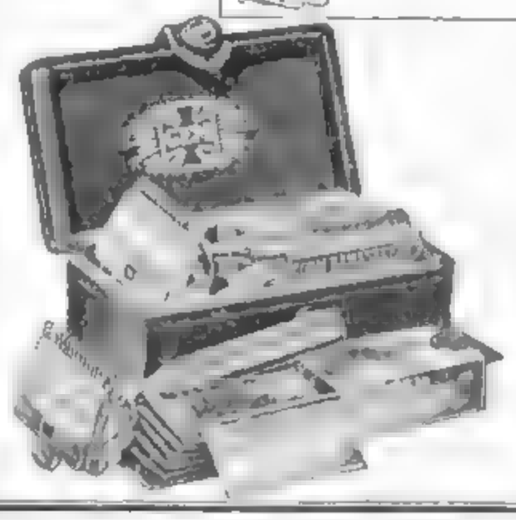
Gem Damaskeene Blades

Most razor blades look very much alike, but the difference is soon revealed in the shaving—use the Gem Damaskeene Blades

7 for 35c
(50c in Canada)

Then you'll have proof of their superiority—fit most safety razor frames.

Patticake, patticake, shaving man,
Go buy a GEM as quick as you can
Test it and try it in every way—
Best of all safeys! you'll surely say.
- One Dollar -



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DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The wise man's choice because it gives *real* shaving service—*every* day.

Complete outfit with 7 blades, in handsome case $1.00

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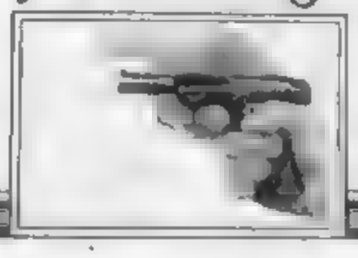
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

NEW HAMMERLESS
SAVAGE
The ONLY Automatic that has
Five Safeties

10 Shots Quick
(VS. 6 or 8 in all other automatics)

Aims Easy as Pointing Your Finger



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For their STYLE—
For their QUALITY—
For their SERVICE.

Wear them for their appearance when you try them on before your dealer's mirror—

Wear them for the confidence you can feel that this appearance is there to stay—

Wear them with the full knowledge that they are "*thoroughbreds*"—built to hold their own and look fit under stress and strain—

Wear them because half-a-million men and several thousand dealers have proven, year after year, that no other clothes offer so much value for so little money as Michaels-Stern Clothes.

$15.00 to $30.00, anywhere in the United States.

Write for the Michaels-Stern Calendar in full color

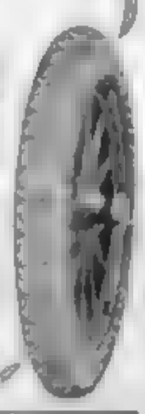
Michaels, Stern & Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Avoid 99% Of Your Tire Troubles

No more punctures and blow-outs—no more tires cut by broken glass or bottles—no more getting out in the dust or mud to repair tires or change wheels when your car is equipped with

HIGHWAY TIRE PROTECTORS

Prevent skidding—save tires [illegible] are guaranteed to run 20,000 miles when equipped with Highway Protectors. Think of the saving in money—think of the saving of time, trouble and annoyance. You can't afford to be without Highway Tire Protectors. [illegible] money back if not [illegible]



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Highway Tire Protectors are sold on the "show me" basis. They make good or we don't want your money. Write quick for circular and liberal free trial offer

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31—2nd St. Stevens Point, Wis.

PATENTS

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1861.—602 F Street, Washington, D. C., New York City and Chicago. Manufacturers buy good patented ideas. BOOKLET FREE.

the first woman kiss. As a child you always ran to meet me with a kiss, laughing with those big brown eyes that gazed so straight into mine. But that night, Betty, dear, that wonderful night, you could not look straight at me; your eyes drooped and turned away, just as they droop now. There was something else in them, something else."

The soft red flush crept into her cheeks. Her eyes did droop, then came up squarely.

"Betty, dear, you had taken my little playmate from me and given me a woman. I must have my hour in the honeysuckle arbor."

"No." She shook her head, and meant it. "You must go, I'm so afraid."

Before he could stop her she was gone, returning almost instantly with a hand satchel. "Now, Murray, put that money in here. Get it out of sight quickly."

He had not thought of the money. Mechanically he opened the packet—they opened it together—four packets marked $5000, two marked $1000, with a yellow envelope containing smaller bills and some silver.

"A little over twenty-two thousand," he counted wonderingly. "Betty, why did the Colonel get that much?"

"Please don't stop to talk. Please ——" Hastily she stacked away the money, closed her satchel with a snap and gave it to him. "Now I'll order the car—to the back gate."

Murray looked up at the big clock; it was one-ten. "No, Betty, I ——"

"Well, if you want Mr. Fenton to beat you, I don't." Betty had already got to the door. She halted, hesitated, then marched back with decision.

"Murray, there have never been deceptions between us. That was my money."

"Yours?"

"Yes, lying idle in bank from the sale of Duck Swamp."

Slowly he shoved the satchel across the table. "Betty, I can't take a girl's money."

"Not this girl's?" She came directly to him, with brave clear eyes that never flinched. "You are going to take it. And—and you are going to take me."

"Take you?"

She gave him no time to consider, but, sobbing like a frightened child, threw herself into his arms. "Yes, yes, you have been away from me for three years. I don't know how long we should be separated this time."

Neither of them knew what she was saying. But his lips were at her throat, his heart beat against hers, and they understood.

This tempestuously tearful little Betty was different from all the other Bettys. Duncan fought against himself and tried to reason with her. He spoke of the rough life at the mines, civil war in Astorga, hardships, dangers, so many objections that she stepped back with big, startled eyes. "Then you—do not—want me?"

"Want you!" He crushed her to him, and she lay quite still.

"Now that's settled, we must hurry," she said. "Uncle may come in, and he wouldn't let me go." Like a swift brown flash, with tousled hair and tear-dabbled eyes, Betty was gone. Then she ran back excitedly: "Here comes Uncle. Don't let him know I'm going; and don't tell him you have that money."

"The money? Why?"

"Mr. Fenton will see him trying to borrow, and ——" She was gone again.

It took a few seconds for Duncan to comprehend. Above all they must deceive Fenton. The Colonel was absolutely incapable of concealments. If he knew that Murray had succeeded in getting the money, and was safely on his way, Fenton would guess it from the first glimpse of the old man's face. Betty had a wise little head; she grasped by intuition what Duncan must figure out.

Murray had scarcely time to hide his satchel in the garret before the Colonel called him: "Come down, boy; it's all right. Ranse Gordon will close our loan at two o'clock."

"But, Colonel ——"

"Good thing you didn't go downtown," he laughed. "Bill Henshaw is rarin' and chargin'—I walked my legs off." Colonel took the floor, striding back and forth, telling how he had lathered those bankers who were under Fenton's thumb. Murray didn't dare look at this generous-spirited old man who had taken his quarrel upon himself.

"But, Colonel ——" Again he checked himself, and fought down that stinging sense of ingratitude. Betty was right; and the Colonel would ultimately forgive any trick to beat Fenton.

The telephone rang. With buoyant energy Spottiswoode answered:

"Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Spottiswoode. That you, Ranse? Yes. What? Can't close that loan? Why? You agreed to it. Other circumstances have intervened? Listen to me, Ranse Gordon; you'll have to make those excuses to my face. I'll call at your office in five minutes." Up went the telephone and up sprang the Colonel. "Murray, did you hear what Ranse Gordon said?"

"Yes. Fenton must have been to see him."

Spottiswoode snatched his hat and rushed to the stairway. For an instant Duncan stood undecided, then followed to tell him. "Wait, Colonel; wait!"

"Wait for nothing; got to settle first with Ranse Gordon."

Duncan started running after him, when Betty appeared from somewhere and clung to his arm. "Let him go, Murray! Let him go, I say!" She drew Duncan back into the hallway and shut the big doors.

"Now get the satchel. Oh, do be quick. Your suitcases are in the West Room. I'll call the auto."

While Duncan hurried to the garret Betty rushed downstairs and out through the back hall.

Fenton caught suspicion from the others. Betty had completely misled him, until he got to thinking it over, stopped in the street and hastened back. He had slipped in at the side gate, and no one knew he was hiding downstairs in the big parlor. When Betty rushed through the lower hallway, calling for Alec to bring her car, Fenton bounded up the steps three at a time. The upper room was empty, quite empty. He looked, listened, and could hear nothing. Once he glanced at the telephone, and took a step toward it. Then someone moved in the room above; a man's heavy footsteps came down the garret stairs. At the same time Betty was running up the front stairs, with Zack behind her. This cut Fenton off from leaving as he came, so he passed into his own room and silently locked the door. Exit from there was easy, as he had taken precaution to observe. Then he knelt at the keyhole and listened.

First Murray Duncan crossed his line of vision and dropped a small satchel on the center table. Fenton could not see Betty, but she darted in, speaking excitedly: "Zack, Mr. Murray and I are running away to get married."

The old negro seemed no less surprised than Fenton. "Runnin' away? Lordee, Miss Betty, I 'lowed Mister Murray stood all right wid Cunnel!"

"Don't stand there and talk. Get his baggage to the car in the alley." Betty glanced at the big clock, which showed 1:18, and ran out. The raging man behind his door had not yet heard Duncan speak.

In fact Duncan had said nothing, his face betraying the indecision of his mind. His silence gave Zack a chance.

"Mister Murray, I he'ped dat gal's ma run off de time she married Marse John. I 'members real good ——"

"Never mind that!" Duncan's voice shut him up sharply. "Go get my bags. No, wait; I'll get 'em myself. I have to put something in them." Duncan went out, stopping at the door to call: "Watch that satchel, Zack; it's got our money in it." His abrupt steps passed along the cross hall and Fenton knew that Zack was now alone.

It scared Zack, the way that white man looked when he burst out of his room and made straight for the table. Zack had suspicions; he grabbed the satchel and backed off.

"Old man, what's in that bag?"

"Nothin' 'tall, suh." Zack held the satchel behind him while Fenton pressed closer.

"Let me see it."

"Dis is Mr. Murray's gripsack."

"What's in it? Here"—producing a roll of bills—"here's a hundred dollars."

Zack never glanced at the money, but continued backing.

"Give it to me!" Fenton seized the satchel; Zack hung on like a bulldog. The tense white face came closer to the black one, and whispered: "Then you get out of here with it. Hide that money until to-morrow and I'll give you a thousand dollars."

Money didn't tempt Zack. "Mister Fenton, please, suh, leggo Mister Murray's gripsack!" he said.

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To be balked by a shambling old negro—the infuriated Fenton lost his head. He tried to hurl Zack from him. They struggled toward the door, and Zack felt his fingers slipping.

"Oh, Cunnel! Cunnel!" Fenton clutched his throat. "Run here, Mister Murray; run, Miss Bet——" Zack's breath shut off, but his fingers held.

Duncan came running, which again blocked Fenton's exit by the front and forced him into his own room. With a caution in his fury he locked the door, and crouched to listen.

"What's the matter, Zack?"

"Miss Betty's—automobile; it's waitin' in de—alley."

Fenton listened intently for Zack to tell Duncan of his struggle for the satchel. But Zack didn't tell, not a word. Negroes always got the worst of it when they toted tales between white folks.

Fenton determined to wait until the room was clear; then he could reach the telephone and have Duncan stopped at the station. Or he could have him arrested as a fugitive on a telegram to New Orleans. The Zunita Company had not yet come to the end of its long, long arm.

Betty hurried in, dressed for the train. Duncan ordered Zack: "Get my suitcases, quick."

The young people talked jerkily until Zack returned, then started him to put their bags in the car.

Fenton could not see what happened, and could only hear in snatches.

"Now, Betty, you swing to this like grim death." That's when Duncan took the girl's suitcase and gave her the lighter money satchel. "Zack, go ahead."

Betty paused a moment to glance round the dear old disorderly room that she was leaving, then followed Murray. Zack halted abruptly and dropped the suitcases. There stood the Colonel. Betty stepped behind the door, so that her uncle saw only Murray and the negro. The next second the Colonel saw nobody except Murray, for Zack was gone.

The Colonel was flushed with indignation and the anger of unmerited defeat. His shoulders drooped wearily. Duncan had never before observed that the stalwart Colonel was growing old.

"Well, Murray, Fenton has beat us." He stood with bowed head contemplating the baggage. "What does this mean?"

"We—that is, I—am going."

"You must not go without the money. Wait until ——"

"We can't lose another minute." It was Betty, stepping from behind the door.

"You?"

"Yes; I'm leaving on the one-forty-five with Murray. We have the money."

So many extraordinary things had happened to Colonel Spottiswoode that his mind worked slowly; so many irritating things that his temper worked rapidly. His tall figure filled the door as he looked from Betty to Murray. "You have the money?"

Betty nodded.

"Where from?"

"I drew mine this morning."

"Good girl, I never thought of yours. But ——" A puzzled expression flickered across his face, and Murray wouldn't look at him. That's when the Colonel's temper began to heat.

"Why didn't you tell me? Had me puffing back and forth, busier'n a switch engine, cussin' bankers ——"

Betty interrupted nervously: "We were letting you go on just to deceive Mr. Fenton."

Then the Colonel's temper got lost permanently. "Making a fool of me to deceive Fenton! I ——"

"No, no, Colonel," Duncan protested.

"You had that money when I was cussin' Ranse Gordon ——" The Colonel proceeded to state explicitly and in detail what he thought of them both, all of which Fenton heard through the door.

"Good-by, Uncle." Betty muffled his denunciations with a kiss.

The old man shook her off. "Good-by? You are not going one step."

"Uncle, don't say that!"

"I do say it. For the first time in your life, I forbid you."

Very pale now, but equally determined, Spottiswoode to Spottiswoode, she answered him: "For the first time in my life I shall disobey you."

From sheer surprise the Colonel dropped into a chair beside the table. With clenched hands and colorless face the young girl fronted him. Her voice was tense and strong and determined, but full of respect and, above all, full of love:

"Now, Uncle Beverly, listen to me—you who have been father and mother to me. You have taken me everywhere with you, taught me to ride, to shoot, to love your plantation work, to live your life, to think your thoughts. I am exactly what you have made me."

She knelt beside him, caught his hand and gazed up into his face while her voice came lower:

"Do you remember two barelegged children hunting plums through the Sherwood thickets? Murray was bigger and stronger; he always helped me over the rough places. Now, Uncle Beverly, Murray has come to a rough place."

She sprang up. Her voice rang out, clear and untrembling: "Who but you taught me the shame of deserting a friend? Who but you taught me that the Spottiswoode women should be as honest, as loyal and as brave as the Spottiswoode men?"

The old Colonel had dropped into that chair with a shock of surprise and sorrow most profound, that Betty should defy him. At first he looked straight ahead and would not meet her eye. Slowly his expression changed as this girl of the Spottiswoodes flung back at him the teachings and the ideals of his own lifetime. A glint of glory shone in his eyes. Momentarily his head sank, then he manned himself and rose, towering high above her.

Without speaking one solitary word he proudly lifted his gray head and opened wide his arms.

"Oh, Uncle Beverly, Uncle Beverly!" Again she was the sobbing child, cuddled close against him, while he extended a hand to Duncan.

"You are right, Betty; go with him to the ends of the earth." His voice wavered. "Here, I mustn't let you children miss that train. Zack! Zack!"

There was no Zack, so he waved them out. "Get along, both of you; I'll bring these bags."

Betty ran to the head of the stairs, Duncan hurrying after with a suitcase. The Colonel picked up Duncan's bags and followed. Colonel had scarcely reached the head of the stairs when Fenton darted from his room to the telephone:

"Central, give me the chief of police! Don't bother me about the number I want the chief of police. Quick!"

Mad with rage, he could have been heard almost to the street, and the Colonel wasn't that far. The old man blew in like a whirlwind, strode to that telephone and jerked it loose from the wires. Fenton scrambled to his feet and stood dumfounded, with the bulky wrath of Spottiswoode between himself and both doors. Sternly the old man pointed to a chair:

"Fenton, you are the first damned scoundrel that I ever invited to remain in my house. Sit down."

Duncan and Betty ran back, pausing in the doorway. Without taking his eyes off Fenton, Colonel motioned them to be gone:

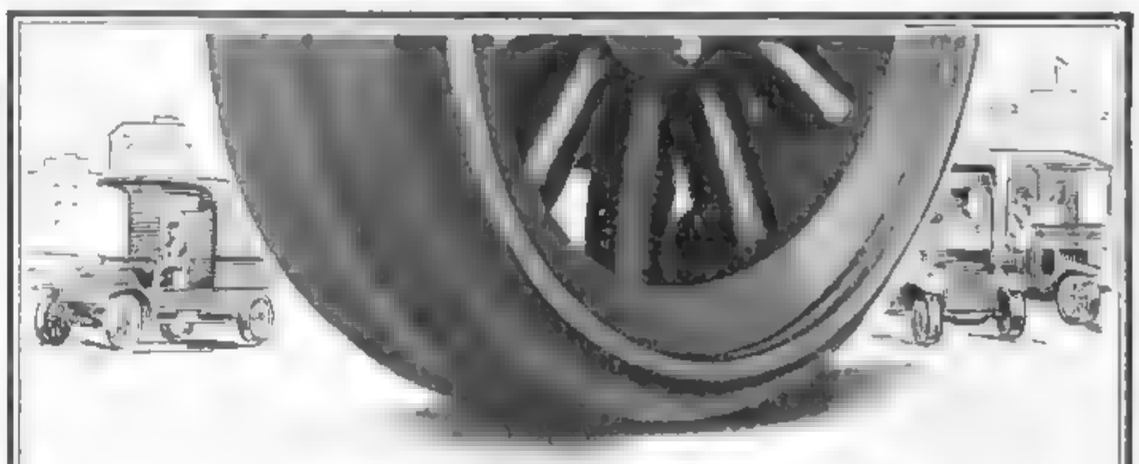
"Murray, you drive the car. Send Alec and Zack to me. I'll hold this fellow. Sit down, Fenton; sit down."

With a shrug of bravado Fenton relaxed into a chair. "And how long do you suggest that I remain?"

"No longer than is absolutely necessary. Betty, wire me when your ship sails. Good-by."

It was a long, long sitting, and Fenton grew weary. There was no sparkle to a conversation with two negroes who got sleepy and a white man who didn't. Somewhat after noon next day Zack brought a telegram, which the Colonel read with a grim smile.

"Now, Zack, put Mr. Fenton's baggage in the car, and tell Alec to deliver him to any hotel or railroad train with my compliments."



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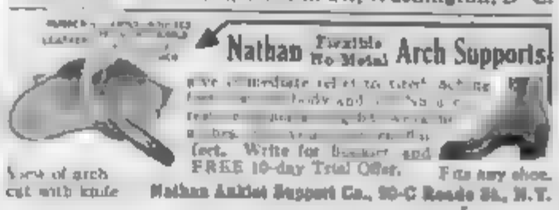

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A LITTLE TASTE OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 10)

wherein the Blue Star Navigation Company chartered from J. B. Hudner, managing owner of record, the American Steamer Unicorn for sixty days from date, at the rate of three hundred and twenty-five dollars a day, said managing owner to pay all expenses of operating said Unicorn.

"Huh!" Mr. Hudner snorted. "I'd like to know what the devil Cappy Ricks wants of my Unicorn when he's got her infernal sister rotting in the mud of Oakland Creek? There's something rotten in Denmark, Mr. Peasley. There always is when that old scoundrel Ricks does incomprehensible things."

"Very likely he's up to some skullduggery, sir," Matt opined.

"I wish you had informed me of the identity of your client, Mr. Peasley," Hudner complained. "I don't like to sign this charter."

"I cannot help that now, sir," Matt retorted. "You have agreed in writing to charter the vessel to any responsible person I might bring to you, and I guess the Blue Star Navigation Company comes under that head. Please sign the charter."

Mr. Hudner sighed and gritted his teeth. Instinct told him there was deviltry afoot, but in an evil moment he had sewed himself up and he had no alternative now save to complete the contract or stand suit. So he signed the charter party and retained the original, while Matt Peasley, with the duplicate in his pocket, hastened back to Cappy Ricks' office.

"Matt," said Cappy approvingly, "you're a born business man, and it will be strange indeed if you don't pick up a nice little piece of money on this Unicorn deal." He glanced at his watch and then turned to his daughter.

"Florry, my dear," he said, "would you like to go uptown with your daddy and Captain Peasley for luncheon?"

Matt Peasley grinned like a jack-o'-lantern.

"Fine!" he said enthusiastically.

Florence withered him with one impersonal glance, saw that she had destroyed him utterly, relented, and graciously acquiesced. When they left the office Matt Peasley was stepping high, like a ten-time winner, for he had suddenly made the discovery that life ashore was a wonderful, wonderful thing. There was such a lilt in his young heart that, for the life of him, he could not forbear doing a little double shuffle as he waited at the elevator with Cappy and his daughter. He sang:

"The first mate's boat was the first away;
But the whale gave a flip of his tail,
And down to the bottom went five brave boys,
Never again to sail—
Brave boys,
Never again to sail!

"When the captain heard of the loss of his whale,
Right loud-lee then he swore.
When he heard of the loss of his five brave boys,
'Oh,' he said, 'we can ship some more brave boys—
'Oh,' he said, 'we can ship some more!'"

Cappy winked slyly at his daughter, but she did not see the wink. She had eyes for nobody but Matt Peasley, for he was a brand-new note in her life. They were half through luncheon before Florry discovered the exact nature of this fascinating new note. Matt Peasley was real. There was not an artificial thought or action in his scheme of things; he bubbled with homely Yankee wit; he was intensely democratic and ramping with youth and health and strength and the joy of living; he could sing funny little songs and tell funny little stories about funny little adventures that had befallen him. She liked him.

After luncheon Cappy declared that Matt should return to the office with him, while Florry instructed the waiter to ring for a taxicab for her. Later, when Matt gallantly handed her into the taxi, he asked innocently:

"Where are you going, Miss Florry?"

"Home," she said.

He looked at her so wistfully that she could not mistake the hidden meaning in his words when he asked, with a deprecatory grin:

"Where do you live?"

"With my father," she said, and closed the door.

When Cappy and Matt returned to the Blue Star offices they were informed that Mr. Alan Hayes was patiently awaiting the arrival of the managing owner of the Lion. Matt concluded to remain secluded in Mr. Skinner's office while Cappy went into his own office and met Mr. Hayes. Two hours later Cappy summoned Skinner and Matt to his sanctum.

"Skinner," he said briskly, "have you bought any shingles?"

"I have not," said Mr. Skinner.

"Have you sent out those telegrams to the dealers?"

"Not yet, Mr. Ricks. I was going to have them filed just before we close the office."

"Well," said Cappy smilingly, "don't accept any quotations until to-morrow and don't send out those telegrams until further advice from me. I locked horns with that man Hayes, and I think I gored him, Matt. It appeared he called on me first; and when I quoted him four hundred dollars a day on the Lion, he favored me with a sweet smile and said he could get the Unicorn for three-fifty. So, of course, I had to explain to him that he couldn't, because I wouldn't charter her at any such ridiculous figure! That took the ginger out of him and we got down to business, with the result that I've given him a forty-eight-hour option on both boats at four hundred dollars a day each, with a commission of two thousand dollars cash in full to him."

"Why, he told me he would get two and a half per cent commission!" Matt declared. "He figured he'd have an income of twenty dollars a day for the next four years."

"I know he did, Matt," said Cappy dryly; "but you know, Matt, you must never pay a broker two and a half per cent commission when you know who his principals are! If he insists, you do business direct and eliminate him entirely. So I just told this chap bluntly that I knew he was representing the Mannheim people; but that, nevertheless, I would pay him two thousand dollars immediately on the signing of the charter: and if he didn't like that I would do business direct. Naturally he isn't fool enough to toss away two thousand dollars, and something seems to tell me he'll urge his principals to take the boats at our figure, Matthew!" And the graceless old villain chuckled and dug his youngest skipper in the short ribs. "Let this be a lesson to you, my boy," he warned him. "Remember the old Persian proverb: 'A shut mouth catches no flies.'"

Cappy's prediction proved to be correct, for the following morning Hayes telephoned that the Mannheim people desired the steamers at Cappy's figures, the charter parties, signed by Cappy, were forwarded to Seattle, and in due course were returned signed by the charterers; whereupon Cappy exercised his option, procured by Matt from Hudner, to charter the Unicorn for four years additional.

"What did Hudner have to say for himself?" Cappy queried when Matt returned from the latter's office, after finally completing the deal.

"Not a word! He looked volumes, though, sir."

"Serves him right. That man, sir, is a thorn in the side of the market. However, since we're making a daily profit on him we can afford to speak kindly of the unfortunate fellow, Matt; so sit down and we'll figure out where we stand on the Unicorn. She costs us three-twenty-five and we've chartered her at four hundred—a daily profit of seventy-five dollars, of which you receive thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. That makes eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars monthly income for you, my boy; and, believe me, it isn't to be sneezed at. Meantime you and I, as partners, owe me a thousand dollars commission to that Seattle broker; so I'll have Skinner make a journal entry and charge your account five hundred dollars. There's no need to pay it now, Matt. Wait until the vessel earns it."

"The vessel might sink on her first voyage and that would cancel the charter," Matt replied; "so I guess I'll be a sport and hold up my end. You paid out the hard cash and took a chance, and so will I." And, with the words, Matt drew from his pocket the Black Butte Lumber Company's check for a thousand dollars, indorsed it and passed it over to Cappy Ricks. "We're equal partners, sir," he said, "and I pried

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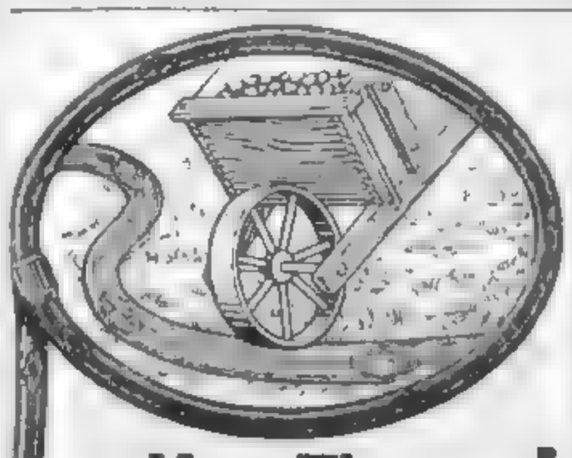

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that thousand out of Hudner on the side as a commission for chartering the Unicorn to you. Half of it is yours and I owe you the other half; so there you are!"

Cappy Ricks threw up his hands in token of complete surrender.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "Damned young scoundrel! You Yankee thief, haven't you any conscience?" And he laid his old head on his desk and laughed his shrill, senile laugh, while tears of joy rolled down his rosy old cheeks. "Oh-h-h-h, my!" he cackled. "But wait until I get Hudner among my young friends at the Round Table up at the Commercial Club to-morrow! Oh! Oh! Oh! To think of a young pup like you coming in and chasing an old dog like Hudner round the lot and taking his bone away from him!"

He turned to the general manager:

"Oh, Skinner! Skinner, my dear boy, this will be the death of me yet! Remember that old maid stenographer Hudner stole away from us, Skinner? Remember? Oh, but isn't he paying for her through the nose? Isn't he, Skinner? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, what a lot of fun there is in just living and raising hell with your neighbor—particularly, Skinner, when he happens to be a competitor."

When Cappy could control his mirth he handed the money back to Matt.

"Oh, Matt, my dear young bandit, I'm human. I can't take this money. It's been worth a thousand dollars to have had this laugh and to know I've got a lad like you growing up in my employ. You're worth a bonus, Matt; I'll stand all the commission. Soak Hudner's thousand away in the bank, Matt; or, better still—— Here! Here; let's figger, Matt: You had sixteen hundred saved up and you've loaned a thousand on that mortgage. Now you've made a thousand more. Better buy a good thousand-dollar municipal bond, Matt. That's better than savings-bank interest, and you can always realize on the bond. I'll buy the bond for you."

"Thank you, sir," Matt replied.

IV

CAPPY RICKS sat in his private office. His eyes were closed. He was thinking deeply, for he had something to think about. Coming in from his club the night before he had observed that Florry was entertaining company in the billiard room, as the crash of pool balls testified. He had scarcely reached his room on the second floor, however, when the pool game came to an end and he heard voices in the drawing room, followed presently by a few random chords struck on the piano, and a resonant barytone was raised in the strangest song ever heard in that drawing room—a deep-sea chantey.

Cappy was no great shakes on music, but before he had listened to the first verse of Rolling Home he knew Captain Matt Peasley for the singer and suspected his daughter of faking the accompaniment. He listened at the head of the stairs and presently was treated to a rendition of a lilting little Swedish ballad, followed by one or two selections from the Grand Banks and the doleful song of the Ferocious Whale and the Five Brave Boys. Then he heard Florry laugh happily.

Cappy was thinking of the curious inflection in that laugh now. Once before he had heard it—when he courted Florry's dead mother; and his old heart swelled a little with pain at the remembrance. He was wondering just what to do about that laugh when Matt Peasley was announced.

"Show him in," said Cappy; and Matt entered.

"Sit down, Matt," said Cappy kindly. "Yes, I sent for you. The Gualala will be in to-morrow and you've had a fine two-weeks' vacation. What's more, I think you've enjoyed it, Matt, and I'm glad you did; but now it's time to get down to business again. I wanted to tell you that the skipper of the Gualala will expect you to be aboard at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

Matt studied the pattern of the office rug a minute and then faced Cappy bravely:

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Ricks, more than I can say; but the fact of the matter is I've changed my mind about going to sea again. It's a dog's life, sir, and I'm tired of it."

"Tired at twenty-three?" said Cappy gently.

Matt flushed a little.

"Well, it does appear to me kind of foolish for a man with an income of more than eleven hundred dollars a month to be going

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to sea as second mate of a dirty little steam schooner at seventy-five dollars a month."

"Well, I can hardly blame you," said Cappy gently. "I suppose I'd feel the same way about it myself if I stood in your shoes."

"I'm sure you would," Matt replied.

Fell a silence, broken presently by Cappy's:

"Huh! Ahem! Harumph!" Then: "When I came in from my club last night, Matt, I believe Florry had a caller."

"Yes, sir," said Matt; "I was there."

"Huh! I got a squint at you. Am I mistaken in assuming that you were wearing a dress suit?"

"No, sir."

"Whadja mean by wasting your savings on a dress suit?" Cappy exploded. "Whadja mean by courting my Florry, eh? Tell me that! Give you an inch and you'll take an ell! Infernal young scoundrel!"

"Well," said Matt humbly, "I intended to speak to you about Miss Florry. Of course now that I'm going to live ashore ——"

"What can a big lubber like you do ashore?" Cappy shrilled.

"Why, I might get a job with some shipping firm ——"

"You needn't count on a job ashore with the Blue Star Navigation Company," Cappy railed. "You needn't think ——"

"Have I your permission to call on Miss Florry again?" Matt asked humbly.

"No!" thundered Cappy. "You're as nervy as they make 'em! No, sir! You'll go to sea in the Gualala to-morrow morning—d'ye hear? That's what you'll do!"

But Matt Peasley shook his head.

"I'm through with the sea," he said firmly. "I have an income of eleven hundred dollars a month ——"

"Oh, is that so?" Cappy sneered. "Well, for the sake of argument, we'll admit you have the income. We don't know how long you'll have it; but we'll credit your account on the books while we're able to collect it from the charters, and I guess we'll collect it while the Unicorn is afloat. But having an income and being able to spend it, my boy, are two different things; so in order to set your mind at ease, let me tell you something: I'm not going to give you a cent out of that charter deal ——"

Matt Peasley sprang up, his big body aquiver with rage.

"You'd double-cross me!" he roared. "Mr. Ricks, if you weren't ——" He paused.

"Shut up!" snapped Cappy, undaunted. "I know what you're going to say. If I wasn't an old man I'd let you make a jolly jackanapes of yourself. Now listen to me! I said I wasn't going to let you have a cent out of that charter deal—and I mean it. If you couldn't say Boo! from now until the day you finger a dollar of that income you'd be as dumb as an oyster by the time I hand you the check. What do you know about money?" he piped shrilly. "You big, overgrown baby! Yah! You've had a little taste of business and turned a neat deal, and now you think you're a wonder, don't you? Like everybody else, you'll keep on thinking it until some smart fellow takes it all away from you again; so, in order to cure you, I'm not going to let you have it!"

"I'll sue you ——"

"You can sue your head off, young man, and see how much good it will do you. You surrendered to me your option that Hudner gave you on the Unicorn, and you failed to procure from me in writing an understanding of the agreement between us regarding this split. You haven't a leg to stand on!"

Matt Peasley hung his head.

"I didn't think I had to take business precautions with you, sir," he said.

"You should take business precautions with anybody and everybody."

"I thought I was dealing with a man of honor. Everybody has always told me that Cappy Ricks' ——"

"How dare you call me Cappy?"

"—— word was as good as his bond."

"And so it is, my boy. You'll get your money, but you'll wait for it; and meantime I'll invest it for you. As I said before, you've had a taste of business and found it pretty sweet—so sweet, in fact, that you think you're a business man. Well, hereafter you'll remember, when you're making a contract with anybody, to get it down in black and white; and then you'll have something to fight about if you're not satisfied. Now by the time you're skipper of steam you'll be worth a nice little pile of money; you can buy a piece of the big freighter I'm going to build for you and it'll pay you thirty per cent. Remember, Matt, I always make my skippers own a piece of the vessel they command. That gives 'em an interest in their job and they don't waste their owner's money."

"I won't be dictated to!" Matt cried desperately. "I'm free, white and "

"Twenty-three!" jeered Cappy. "You big, awkward pup! How dare you growl at me! I know what's good for you. You go to sea on the Gualala."

"I must decline ——"

"Oh, all right! Have it your own way," said Cappy. "But, at the rate you've been blowing your money in on Florry for the past two weeks, I'll bet your wad has dwindled since you struck town. I've put that thousand dollars out on mortgage for you, and Skinner has the mortgage in the company safe, where you can't get at it to hock it when your last dollar is gone. And he has the bond there too; so it does appear to me, Matt, that if you want any money to spend you'll have to get a job and earn it. I have the bulge on you, young fellow, and don't you forget it!"

Matt Peasley rose, walked to the window and stood looking down into California Street. He was so mad there were tears in his eyes, and he longed to say things to Cappy Ricks—only, for the sake of Miss Florence Ricks, he could not abuse her sire. Once he half turned, only to meet Cappy's glittering eyes fixed on him with a steadiness of purpose that argued only too well the fact that the old man could not be bluffed, cajoled, bribed or impressed.

Presently Matt Peasley turned from the window.

"Where does the Gualala lie, sir?" he asked gruffly.

"Howard Street Wharf, Number One, Matt," Cappy replied cheerfully. "I think she had bedbugs in her cabin, but I'm not sure. I wouldn't go within an acre of her myself."

Matt gazed sorrowfully at the rug. Too well he realized that Cappy had the whip hand and was fully capable of cracking the whip; so presently he said:

"Well, I've met bedbugs before, Mr. Ricks. I'll go aboard in the morning."

"I'm glad to hear it, Matt. And another thing: I like you, Matt, but not well enough for a son-in-law. Remember, my boy, you're only a sailor on a steam schooner now—so it won't be necessary for you to look aloft. You see, do you not? You want to remember your position, my boy."

And then Matt Peasley smiled, for he could always smile when he had definitely made up his mind to a definite course of action. He turned at the door and looked back at Cappy Ricks, bending on the latter a glance of cool disdain and defiance that would have been worth a dollar of anybody's money to see.

When he was gone Cappy's face twitched a little, but that was all. He took down the telephone and called up his daughter.

"Florry," he said gently, "I want to tell you something."

"Fire away, pop!" she challenged.

"It's about that fellow Peasley," Cappy replied coldly. "I wish you wouldn't have that big, awkward dub calling at the house, Florry. He'll fall over the furniture the first thing you know, and do some damage. I think a lot of him as a sailor, but that's about as far as my affection extends; and if you insist on having him call at the house, my dear, my authority over him as an employee will suffer and I'll be forced to fire the fellow. Of course I realize what a pleasant boy he is; but then you don't know sailors like I do. They're a low lot at heart, Florry, and this fellow Peasley is no exception to the general rule."

Cappy paused to test the effect of this broadside. There was a little gasp from the other end of the wire; then a click as his daughter hung up, too outraged to reply.

Cappy's kindly eyes twinkled merrily as he replaced the receiver on the hook.

"What a skookum son-in-law to take up the business when I let go!" he murmured happily. "Oh, Matt, I'm so blamed sorry for you; but it's just got to be done. If you're going to build up the Blue Star Navigation Company after the Panama Canal is opened for business, you've got to know shipping; and to know it from center to circumference you've got to be master of sail and steam, any ocean, any tonnage."

Mr. Skinner bustled in with the mail.

"Skinner," said Cappy plaintively, "what's the best way to drive obstinate people south?"

"Head them north," said Mr. Skinner.

"I'm doing it," said Cappy dreamily.

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FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 12)

Madame had not suspected. There were other hedges in the neighborhood, and the artificial one had been well contrived. Halfway through the field the party paused by a curious elevation, flat, perhaps twenty feet across and circular.

"The cyclone cellar!" some one said. "We will come here during the return fire."

But one look down the crude steps decided me to brave the return fire and die in the open. The cave below the turf-covered flat roof, turf-covered against the keen eyes of aëroplanes, was full of water.

And now we had reached the battery, and eager gunners were tearing away the trees and shrubbery that covered them. In an incredible space of time the great gray guns, sinister, potential of death, lay open to the bright sky. The crews gathered round, each man to his place. The shell was pushed home, the gunners held the lanyards.

"Open your mouth wide," said the officer in charge, and gave the signal.

The great steel throats were torn open. The monsters recoiled, as if aghast at what they had done. Their white smoke curled from the muzzles. The dull horses in the road lifted their heads.

And over there, beyond the line of poplar trees, what?

One by one they fired the great guns. Then all together, several rounds. The air was torn with noise. Other batteries, far and near, took up the echo. The lassitude of the deadlock was broken.

And then overhead the bursting shell of a German gun. The return fire had commenced!

I had been under fire before. The sound of a bursting shell was not a new one. But there had always before been a strong element of chance in my favor. When the Germans were shelling a town, who was I that a shell should pick me out to fall on or to explode near? But this was different. They were firing at a battery, and I was beside that battery. It was all very well for the officer in charge to have said they had never located his battery. I did not believe him. I still doubt him. For another shell came.

The soldiers from the farmhouse had gathered behind us in the field. I turned and looked at them. They were smiling. So I summoned a shaky smile myself and refused the hospitality of the cellar full of water.

One of the troopers stepped out from the others.

"We have just completed a small bridge," he said—"a bridge over the canal. Will madame do us the honor of walking across it? It will thus be inaugurated by the only lady at the front."

Christening the Footbridge

Madame would. Madame did. But without any real enthusiasm. The men cheered, and another German shell came, and everything was merry as a marriage bell.

They invited me to climb the ladder to the lookout in the tree and look at the enemy's trenches. But under the circumstances I declined. I felt that it was time to move on and get hence. The honor of being the only woman who had got to the front at Ypres—or at any place else that I ever heard of, except for three nurses at Pervyse, farther north—began to weigh heavy on me. I mentioned the passing of time and the condition of the roads.

So at last I got into the car. The officers of the battery bowed, and the men, some fifty of them, gave me three rousing cheers. I think of them now, and there is a lump in my throat. They were so interested, so smiling and cheery, that bright late February afternoon, standing in the mud of the battlefield of Ypres, with German shells bursting overhead. Half of them, even then, had been killed or wounded. Each day took its toll of some of them, one way or another.

How many of them are left to-day? The smiling little officer, so debonair, so proud of his hidden battery, where is he? The tiny bridge, has it run red this last week? The watchman in the tree, what did he see, that terrible day when the Germans got across the canal and charged over the flat lands?

The Germans claim to have captured guns at or near this place. One thing I am sure of: This battery or another, it was not taken while there were men belonging to it to defend it. The bridge would run red and the water under the bridge, the muddy field be strewn with bodies, before those cheery, cool-eyed and indomitable French gunners would lose their guns.

The car moved away, fifty feet, a hundred feet, and turned out to avoid an ammunition wagon, disabled in the road. It was fatal. We slid off into the mire and settled down. I looked back at the battery. A fresh shell was bursting high in the air.

We sat there, interminable hours that were minutes, while the battery and the chauffeur dug us out with spades. We conversed of other things. But it was a period of uneasiness on my part. And, as if to point the lesson and adorn the tale, away to the left, rising above the plain, was the church roof with the hole in it—mute evidence that even the mantle of righteousness is no protection against a shell.

Inspecting the Batteries

Our course was now along a road just behind the trenches and paralleling them, to an anti-aircraft station.

I have seen a number of anti-aircraft stations at the front: English ones near the coast and again south of Ypres; guns mounted, as was this French battery, on the plain of a battlefield; isolated cannon in towers and on the tops of buildings and water tanks. I have seen them in action, firing at hostile planes. I have never yet seen them do any damage, but they serve a useful purpose in keeping the scouting machines high in the air, thus rendering difficult the work of the enemy's observer. The real weapon against the hostile aëroplane is another machine. Several times I have seen German *Taubes* driven off by French aviators, and winging a swift flight back to their lines. Not, one may be sure, through any lack of courage on the part of German aviators. They are fearless and extremely skillful. But because they have evidently been instructed to conserve their machines.

I had considerable curiosity as to the anti-aircraft batteries. How was it possible to manipulate a large field gun, with a target moving at a varying height, and at a speed velocity of, say, sixty miles an hour?

The answer was waiting on the field just north of Ypres.

A brick building by the road was evidently a storehouse for provisions for the trenches. Unloaded in front of it were sacks of bread, meal and provisions. And standing there in the sunshine was the commander of the field battery, Captain Mignot. A tall and bearded man, essentially grave, he listened while Lieutenant Puaux explained the request from General Foch that I see his battery. He turned and scanned the sky.

"We regret," he said seriously, "that at the moment there is no aëroplane in sight. We will, however, show Madame everything."

He led the way round the corner of the building to where a path, neatly banked, went out through the mud to the battery.

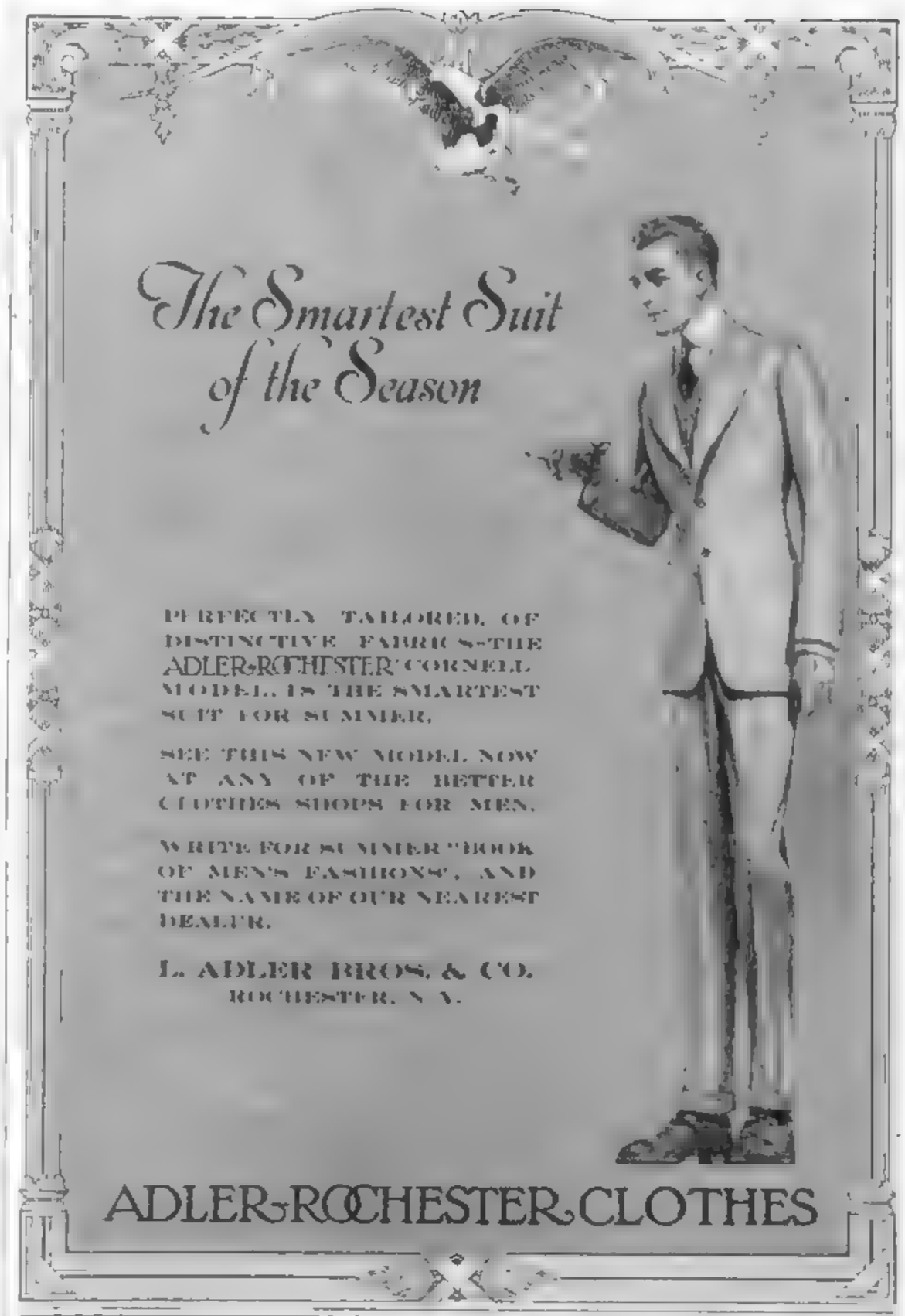
"Keep to the path," said a tall sign. But there was no temptation to do otherwise. There must have been a hundred acres to that field, unbroken by hedge or tree. As we walked out, Captain Mignot paused and pointed his finger up and somewhat to the right.

"German shrapnel!" he said. True enough, little spherical clouds told where it had burst harmlessly overhead.

As cannonading had been going on steadily all the afternoon no one paid any particular attention. We walked on in the direction of, but not particularly near to, the trenches.

The gunners were playing prisoner's base just beyond the guns. When they saw us coming the game ceased, and they hurried to their stations. Boys they were, most of them. The youth of the French troops had not impressed me so forcibly as had the boyishness of the English and the Belgians. They are not so young, on an average, I believe. But also the deception of maturity is caused by a general indifference to shaving while in the field.

But Captain Mignot evidently had his own ideas of military smartness, and these lads were all clean-shaven. They trooped in from their game, under that little cloud of shrapnel smoke that still hung in the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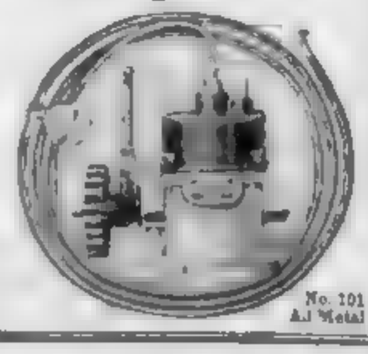

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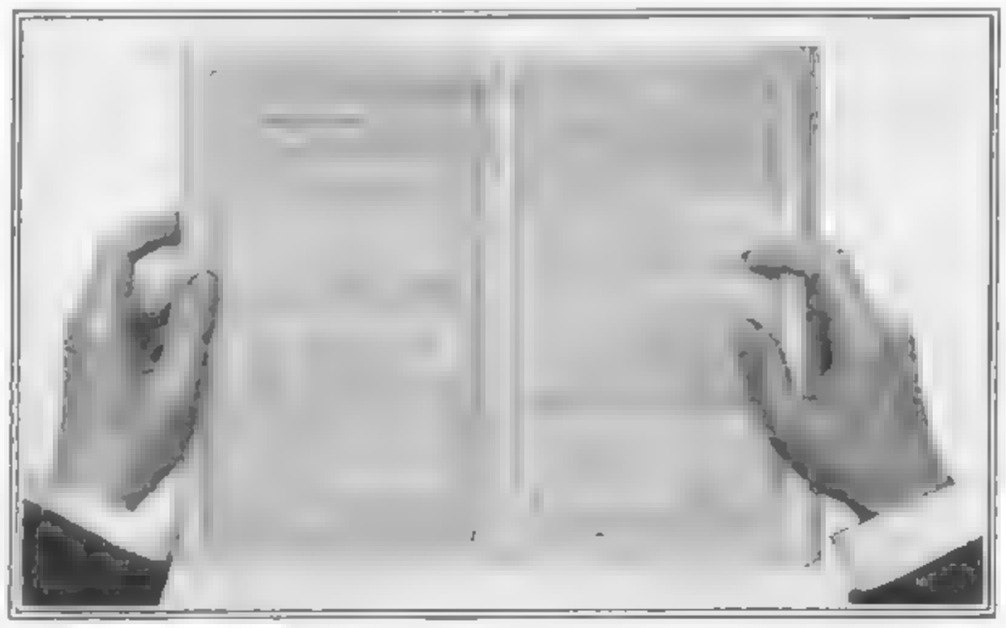

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THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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sky, for all the world a crowd of overheated and self-conscious schoolboys receiving an unexpected visit from the master of the school.

The path ended at the battery. In the center of the guns was a raised platform of wood, and a small shelter house for the observer or officer on duty. There were five guns in pits round this focal point and forming a circle. And on the platform in the center was a curious instrument on a tripod.

"The telemeter," explained Captain Mignot; "for obtaining the altitude of the enemy's aëroplane."

Once again we all scanned the sky anxiously, but uselessly.

"I don't care to have anyone hurt," I said; "but if a plane is coming I wish it would come now. Or a Zeppelin."

The captain's serious face lighted in a smile.

"A Zeppelin!" he said. "We would with pleasure wait all the night for a Zeppelin!"

He glanced round at the guns. Every gunner was in his place. We were to have a drill.

"We will suppose," he said, "that a German aëroplane is approaching. To fire correctly we must first know its altitude. So we discover that with this." He placed his hand on the telemeter. "There are, you observe, two apertures, one for each eye. In one the aëroplane is seen right side up. In the other the image is inverted, upside down. Now! By this screw the images are made to approach, until one is superimposed exactly over the other. Immediately on the lighted dial beneath is shown the altitude, in meters."

I put my eyes to the openings, and tried to imagine an aëroplane overhead, maneuvering to drop a bomb or a dart on me while I calculated its altitude. I could not do it.

Next I was shown the guns. They were the famous seventy-five-millimeter guns of France, transformed into aircraft guns by the simple expedient of installing them in a pit with sloping sides, so that their noses pointed up and out. To swing them round, so that they pointed readily toward any portion of the sky, a circular framework of planks formed a round rim to the pit, and on this runway, heavily greased, the muzzles were swung about.

Aerial Artillery Drill

The gun drill began. It was executed promptly, skillfully. There was no bungling, not a wrong motion or an unnecessary one, as they went through the movements of loading, sighting and firing the guns. It was easy to see why French artillery has won its renown. The training of the French artilleryman is twice as severe as that of the infantryman. Each man, in addition to knowing his own work on the gun, must be able to do the work of all the eleven others. Casualties must occur, and in spite of them the work of the gun must go on.

Casualties had occurred at that station. More than half the original battery was gone. The little shelter house was splintered in a hundred places. There were shell holes throughout the field, and the breech of one gun had recently been shattered and was undergoing repair.

The drill was over and the gunners stood at attention. I asked permission to photograph the battery, and it was cheerfully given. One after the other I took the guns, until I had taken four. The gunners waited smilingly expectant. For the last gun I found I had no film, but I could not let it go at that. So I pointed the empty camera at it and snapped the shutter. It would never do to show discrimination.

Somewhere in London are all those pictures. They have never been sent to me. No doubt a watchful English government pounced on them in the mail, and, in connection with my name, based on them most unjust suspicions. They were very interesting. There was Captain Mignot, and the two officers from General Foch's staff; there were smiling young French gunners; there was the telemeter, which cost, they told me, ten thousand francs, and surely deserved to have its picture taken, and there was one, not too steady, of a patch of sunny sky and a balloon-shaped white cloud, where another German shrapnel had burst overhead.

The drill was over. We went back along the path toward the road. Behind the storehouse the evening meal was preparing in a shed. The battery was to have a new ration that night for a change, bacon and

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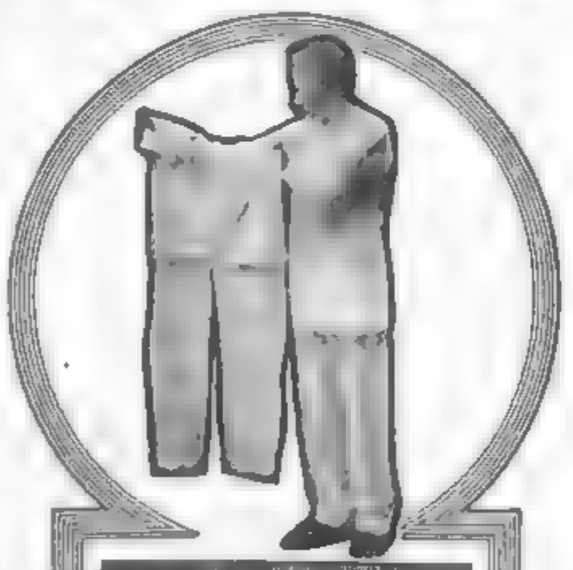

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codfish. Potatoes were being pared into a great kettle and there was a bowl of eggs on a stand. It appeared to me, accustomed to the meager ration of the Belgians, that the French were dining well that night on the plains of Ypres.

In a stable near at hand a horse whinnied. I patted him as I passed, and he put his head against my shoulder.

"He recognizes you!" said Captain Mignot. "He too is American."

It was late afternoon by that time. The plan to reach the advanced trenches was frustrated by an increasing fusillade from the front. There were barbed-wire entanglements everywhere, and every field was honeycombed with trenches. One looked across the plain and saw nothing. Then suddenly as we advanced great gashes cut across the fields, and in these gashes, although not a head was seen, were men. The firing was continuous. And now, going down a road, with a line of poplar trees at the foot and the setting sun behind us throwing our faint shadows far ahead, we saw the flash of water. It was very near. It was the flooded river and the canal. Beyond were the Germans. To one side the inundation made a sort of bay.

It was along this part of the field that the Allies expected the German Army to make its advance when the spring movement commenced. And as nearly as can be learned from the cabled accounts that is where the attack was made.

A captain from General d'Urbal's staff met us at the trenches, and pointed out the strategical value of a certain place, the certainty of a German advance, and the preparations that were made to meet it.

It was odd to stand there in the growing dusk, looking across to where was the invading army, only a little over three thousand feet away. It was rather horrible to see that beautiful landscape, the untraveled road ending in the line of poplars, so very close, where were the French outposts, and the shining water just beyond, and talk so calmly of the death that was waiting for the first Germans who crossed the canal.

I went into the trenches. The captain was very proud of them.

The Latest Thing in Trenches

"They represent the latest fashion in trenches!" he explained, smiling faintly.

It seemed to me that I could easily have improved on that latest fashion. The bottom was full of mud and water. Standing in it, I could see over the side by making an effort. The walls were wattled—that is, covered with an interlacing of fagots which made the sides dry.

But it was not for that reason only that these trenches were called the latest fashion. They were divided, every fifteen feet or so, by a bulwark of earth about two feet thick, round which extended a communication trench.

"The object of dividing these trenches in this manner is to limit the havoc of shells that drop into them," the captain explained. "Without the earth bulwark a shell can kill every man in the trench. In this way it can kill only eight. Now stand at this end of the trench. What do you see?"

What I saw was a barbed-wire entanglement, leading into a cul-de-sac.

"A rabbit trap!" he said. "They will come over the field there, and because they cannot cross the entanglement they will follow it. It is built like a great letter V, and this is the point."

The sun had gone down to a fiery death in the west. The guns were firing intermittently. Now and then from the poplar trees came the sharp ping of a rifle. The evening breeze had sprung up, ruffling the surface of the water, and bringing afresh that ever-present and hideous odor of the battlefield. Behind us the trenches showed signs of activity as the darkness fell.

Suddenly the rabbit trap and the trench grew unspeakably loathsome and hideous to me. What a mockery, this business of killing men! No matter that beyond the canal there lurked the menace of a foe that had himself shown unspeakable barbarity and resource in plotting death. No matter if the very odor that stank in my nostrils called loud for vengeance. I thought of German prisoners I had seen, German wounded responding so readily to kindness and a smile. I saw them driven across that open space, at the behest of frantic officers who were obeying a guiding ambition from behind. I saw them herded like cattle, young men and boys and the fathers of families, in that cruel rabbit trap and shot by men who, in their turn, were protecting their country and their homes.

I have in my employ a German gardener. He has been a member of the household for years. He has raised, or helped to raise, the children, has planted the trees, and helped them, like the children, through their early weakness. All day long he works in the garden among his flowers. He coaxes and pets them, feeds them, moves them about in the sun. When guests arrive, it is Wilhelm's genial smile that greets them. When the small calamities of a household occur, it is Wilhelm's philosophy that shows us how to meet them.

Wilhelm was a sergeant in the German Army for five years. Now he is an American citizen, owning his own home, rearing his children to a liberty his own childhood never knew.

But, save for the accident of emigration, Wilhelm would to-day be in the German Army. He is not young, but he is not old. His arms and shoulders are mighty. But for the accident of emigration, then, Wilhelm, working today in the sun among his Delphiniums and his iris, his climbing roses and flowering shrubs, would be wearing the helmet of the invader; for his vine-covered house he would have substituted a trench; for his garden pick a German rifle.

Joffre's Policy in Three Words

For Wilhelm was a faithful subject of Germany while he remained there. He is a Socialist. He does not believe in war. Live and help others to live is his motto. But at the behest of the Kaiser, Wilhelm too would have gone to his appointed place.

It was of Wilhelm then, and others of his kind, that I thought as I stood in the end of the new-fashion trench, looking at the rabbit trap. There must be many Wilhelms in the German Army, fathers, good citizens, kindly men who had no thought of a place in the sun except for the planting of a garden. Men who have followed the false gods of their country with the ardent blue eyes of supreme faith.

I asked to be taken home.

On the way to the machine we passed a *mitrailleuse* buried by the roadside. Its location brought an argument among the officers. Strategically it would be valuable for a time, but there was some question as to its position in view of a retirement by the French.

I could not follow the argument. I did not try to. I was cold and tired, and the red sunset had turned to deep purple and gold. The guns had ceased. Over all the countryside brooded the dreadful peace of sheer exhaustion and weariness. And in the air, high overhead, a German plane sailed slowly home.

Sentries halted us on the way back holding high lanterns that set the bayonets of their guns to gleaming. Faces pressed to the glass, they surveyed us stolidly, making sure that we were as our passes described us. Long lines of marching men turned out to let us pass. As darkness settled down, the location of the German line, as it encircled Ypres, was plainly shown by floating *fusées*. In every hamlet reserves were lining up for the trenches, dark masses of men, with here and there a face thrown into relief as a match was held to light a cigarette. Open doors showed warm, lamp-lit interiors and the glow of fires.

I sat back in the car and listened while the officers talked together. They were speaking of General Joffre, of his great ability, of his confidence in the outcome of the war, and of his method, during those winter months when, with such steady fighting, there had been so little apparent movement. One of the officers told me that General Joffre had put his winter tactics in three words:

"I nibble them."

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